

The REAL HOME





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The
REAL HOME

by
MRS. VESTA J. FARNSWORTH



"Be it ever so humble, there's no place
like home."— *Payne*.

"Peace and rest at length have come,
All the day's long toil is past;
And each heart is whispering, 'Home,
Home at last!' "— *Hood*.

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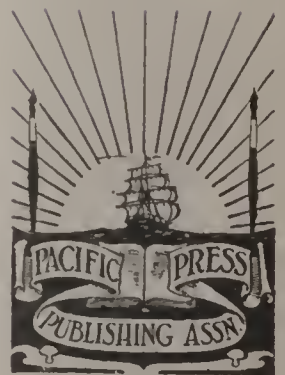
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Dedication



O those who have homes, and those who have none; to those who, while striving, have not yet reached the ideal home life; to all who seek to make the home below a training ground to prepare for the home above,—this book is lovingly dedicated by

The Author.

PREFATORY

A GIFTED author wrote a book. One of its readers expressed to the writer the pleasure experienced while reading it. He bluntly replied: "I don't care whether you were *pleased* with it or not. What I want to know is, *Did it do you any good?*"

This simple book deals with heart-gripping themes. It was written with the hope that it might *do* good, and assist its readers to *be* good. By blessed experience we have learned the value of the Christian home, and would share that experience with others.

The author would gratefully acknowledge the assistance gained from stories, facts, and illustrations gleaned from many sources. Where it was possible to ascertain the name of the authors, due credit has been given. Some "fugitive articles and poems" of great value have been used without credit.

Thanks are also due the Editor, the Publishers, and the many friends and comrades who have helped bring the work to completion by kindly criticism and helpful suggestions.

V. J. F.

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IDEAL HOMES

"O little homes, ye little homes of love!
Strength of a man; a woman's song; laugh of a child;
Warmth of a fire; glow of a lamp; wild
The wind without, and grim the skies above.

O little homes, set close at every hand!
Ye narrow, walled-in worlds of joys and fears,
Built of the commonplace, of smiles and tears,
Ye are the heart and sinew of the land!"

CHAPTER ONE

“HOME, SWEET HOME”

A YOUNG woman accepted a position as teacher of violin in a select, private school.

She spent her last evening at home playing for father, mother, big brother, and little Ted.

After listening to selections from the great masters, brother said, “Now play the ‘Home Tune.’ Mother will play the accompaniment.”

This tune was the girl’s own composition, one she had written for those she loved best.

“Here we are sitting around the fire,” she said, as she played the low, bass notes.

Brother interrupted, “Yes, and then father and mother begin to talk together.”

The musician smiled. This music needed no interpretation in *that* home. Clearly, tenderly, came the tones, until the last floated away softly on the evening air.

The time came when a noted musician the girl greatly admired visited the school where she taught. The principal told her she must play before him and a distinguished company which had been invited.

When the appointed hour came, the girl tremblingly stood before her audience. “I will play a very simple melody called the ‘Home Tune,’ ” she announced.

And as she played, the eager, restless group before her faded, and she saw only the dim,

sweet picture of her own fireside. She saw her dear, patient father. She saw her mother. She heard big brother say, "Now *I* come in," and three-year-old Teddy proclaim, "An' now the fairies dance an' sing!" Then she saw them sitting quietly, dreaming before the dying embers.

The music ceased. The master violinist came to her side and asked that it be repeated. When the last notes were finished, he said:

"This music is *different*. I spend my life trying to find music for the hearts of the people. I find that which is brilliant, sentimental, but oh, so rarely, *real*. Your music *plays true*."

Life in the home always "plays true." There is the truest representation of real life. The merry laugh rings out. Peace and contentment are there, and joy presides. At other times, there are heartbreaking sadness and bitter weeping. Alas that there should ever be cruel anger and raging passion, bitterest sorrow and the silence of death!

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Ye are the heart and sinew of the land!"

God made the first home. He made it right. It was a pattern for all future earthly homes. He founded it on the marriage relation. One very good man and one winsome woman under-

took the making of a perfect home. According to Will Carlton,

"This Adam and Eve more advantages carried
Than any young couple that ever was married.
They'd a nice, cozy home, unencumbered and free,
Save a slight reservation on one little tree; . . .
And if, when Eve spied that large serpent one day,
She had acted the usual feminine way
And piercingly screamed, and run, reckless and blind,
As if Satan were only two minutes behind;
Then Adam, manlike, had soothed sweetly her fright,
Saying, 'What do you fear? 'Tisn't poison; 'twon't bite;'
Then, catching a club, he had towered up above it,
And promptly had pounded the devil out of it,
'Twould have saved some hot tears, some hard toil, some
disgrace,
And been a great thing for the whole human race.

.

"So the Science of Home is the chiefest of all:
To ward off these dangers that ever befall;
To beat back these devils of discord and sin
That always are striving to steal their way in;
To use all the means God hath placed in our sight,
To keep our homes innocent, happy, and bright;
For a home that rejoices in Love's saving leaven,
Comes deliciously nigh to the splendors of heaven."

The earthly home should be a foretaste of the heavenly. The first church on earth was a home, and the home is the main pillar of the church. The home is a loving place; and if love is not there, it is unfit to be a living place.

IDEAL HOMES

The ideal home is a center of service, first to its own inmates, and reaching beyond them, extends its saving influence afar. In wise and uplifting ways we may share with others.

Young men and women may be invited to enjoy its blessings, and thus be encouraged and strengthened to meet temptation.

One writer has said that “in the word ‘home’ should lie the wealth of all languages, of all affections, of all virtuous joys, of all pure memories, of all innocent hopes. It is the patter of little feet, the gleeful laughter of childhood, the happy song of the maiden, the cheerful laugh of the lad, the merry pastime, the sweet vespers of evening when toil is ended, the united meal, the household stories, the music and innocent diversions, the various interests and plans revolving about a common center.

“Home for those consigned to toil, whether in office, shop, or field, is where affection gives the welcome kiss, where the home circle opens wide its arms and throws around you its golden bands of love, and hushes every sigh with words of welcome, and offers rest to the tired of body, brain, and heart. Oh, how I wish we had more homes, for then we would have a better, brighter, happier world!”

Where we love is home —

Home that our feet may leave, but not our hearts;

The chain may lengthen, but it never parts.—*Holmes.*

HOME DEFINED

A British periodical offered a prize for the best definition of home. More than five thousand answers were received, among them the following:

"A world of strife shut out; a world of love shut in."

"The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is mother."

"Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit."

"The place where the great are sometimes small, and the small sometimes great."

"The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world."

"Where you are treated best and grumble most."

Margaret Sangster says:

"A home in which father and mother unite in training their children, is the one retreat on earth that gathers to itself the light of heaven."

"The ocean voyager has often seen an island lying sweet and calm, a harbor safe and serene, where storm and tempest have no power to harm. That harbor, that island, may be likened to the Christian home. Not that there are no troubles, no sorrows, otherwise we should be in heaven, to which we have no symbol which so nearly approaches the perfection of that fair land as the model home."

If things are right at home, to its inmates they are right everywhere; if things are wrong there, to them the whole world is wrong. The home life overtops and undergirds the whole of other life, whether public or private. Dr. Talmage wrote: "The highest house of Congress is the domestic circle: the rocking-chair in the nursery is higher than a throne. George Washington commanded the forces of the United States, but Mary Washington commanded George."

Calvin Coolidge, Vice President of the United States, declares:

"The destiny, the greatness, of America lies around the hearthstone. If thrift and industry are taught there and the example of self-sacrifice oft appears; if honor abide

there, and high ideals; if there the building of fortune be subordinate to the building of character, America will live in security, rejoicing in abundant prosperity and good government at home, and in peace, respect, and confidence abroad. If these virtues be absent, there is no power that can supply these blessings. Look well, then, to the hearthstone. Therein all hope for America lies."

LOVE IN THE HOME

True love begins at home, and, reaching thence,
Twines sympathetic arms round all our race,
And fills our interval of time and sense
With airs from heaven, its native dwelling place.

For home shall be a type of that above,
Like Israel's desert temple long ago,
Built of the same grand masonry of love
As that bright dwelling place to which we go.
—T. R. Williamson.

Naught but loving hearts can make a true home. There may be wealth, honor of men, costly furnishings, plenty of *things*; but these never make a happy home. Nothing but love for the Father above and love for one another can bring true peace and joy to the home circle.

Sometimes there is in the heart love which remains unexpressed. This is like a world which has a sun, but dark clouds prevent its warmth and comfort shining through. If illness comes, if death divides, then love finds words and expresses itself in deeds; but it may be too late then to satisfy the hungry heart of husband, wife, or child.

A good home is an invincible armor that protects man, woman, and child in this evil world.

If there is no love for home, something is wrong. In his own home a man is necessary. It is he, not another, whose coming is waited for, longed for, and grieved for. It matters little elsewhere whether he comes or goes. At home he can tell his loneliness. There he reveals his failures, and is not ashamed. There he confesses his sins, and is forgiven. He shares his inmost soul with no other but the one whom he has made queen of his heart and home.

The wife in the ideal home is quickly recognized by a brooding tenderness. She scorns to utter words of blame, and to be irritable. She will not wreck the evening's joy by careless, unloving words that cause the forehead to become anxious, and bring a mist to the eyes.

The ideal home will be more than a place to eat and drink, to work and sleep. There will be frolics and games for the children. Father and mother will plan and be a part of all their pleasures.

There will be neatness and order, pictures, books, music,—such as can be afforded,—in a home that attracts and holds. Gratitude will be felt and expressed for favors received from heaven and from one another. Gloomy moods, cloudy faces, surly manners, nagging, complaining, worrying, fretting, faultfinding, make a dwelling a haunted house from which its inmates gladly escape.

The government of state or nation is of small importance when compared with the government

of the millions of homes in our country. No administration can be so harmful as bad administration of government at home. No statesmanship can save us when lawlessness and anarchy rule there. If its homes are right, the nation prospers.

CHRIST IN THE HOME

But after all, that home which locks and bars its doors to the Saviour of men is a barren waste. It may be complete in every other sense, but the "one thing needful" is lacking, while the less pretentious, the humble home may be as a palace, because "the Lamb is the light thereof." He illumined the peasant home in Nazareth; He was its light, its joy, its burden bearer. He was welcomed to the Bethany household, and brought to it physical and spiritual life.

To many now dark and troubled homes He would bring peace and rest if His presence were welcome. Many alienated husbands and wives need His forgiving spirit, His forbearance, His love. Many broken-hearted fathers and mothers who mourn over wayward sons and daughters, greatly, oh, so greatly, need His help and wisdom. Straying children are listening for His loving call. Everywhere there are perplexed, weary souls, sick in body and mind, who need Him as their Helper, their Healer. We *all* need Him, or life at home, in business, in the church, will be a failure. "Behold, I stand at the door, and knock," He says. Shall we not let Him in?

It has been said that John Howard Payne's immortal lines should be our national hymn. We might make a worse choice.

Long ago twenty thousand people assembled in New York City to hear Jenny Lind sing. She sang selections from Beethoven, Handel, and other artists, and the great audience was charmed by the sweetness of her voice. But suddenly she paused. The Swedish nightingale seemed to be pluming her wings of song for loftier flight. Then came in tender tones,

“Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.”

The vast concourse caught its breath. The people forgot where they were. Then they burst into wildest applause. The voice of the singer was silenced. Men and women wept.

Why?—Because “home” touches the heart as does no other theme. Home is the Inspiration Point of life. The earthly home may become as a little heaven below where preparation is made to enter the heaven above.

Two birds within one nest ;
Two hearts within one breast ;
Two spirits in one fair,
Firm league of love and prayer,
Together bound for aye, together blessed.

An ear that waits to catch
A hand upon the latch ;
A step that hastens its sweet rest to win ;
A world of care without,
A world of strife shut out,
A world of love shut in.

—Dora Greenwood.

CHAPTER TWO

COURTSHIP AND MARRIAGE

“It is not good that man should be alone!”

Joy, joy to you who sound the wedding bells!

In Eden’s bowers regained you may have known

“It is not good that man should be alone.”

And some glad day, before the great white throne,

You, hand in hand, may gather immortelles.

— *S. J. Townsend.*

DR. CORTLAND MYERS is authority for the statement that three thousand marriage ceremonies are performed in the world every day.

A man uses great care in selecting a partner in business. If he wishes to purchase a jewel, he takes more time to examine the gem than the casket that contains it. A partnership in business can easily be dissolved. A precious stone may be exchanged or sold. But how much more care is necessary in selecting a companion for life, one concerned not in business only, but in every relation and interest as long as both shall live!

If a man purchases a house, he inquires about its situation, whether he can secure a perfect title, the cost of the property, and whether it is adapted to his needs; yet a man and a woman unite their interests in marriage without serious reflection as to whether they are adapted to each other, or whether their union will prove a blessing or a curse. Surely more foresight and good

judgment should be used in such a choice than in a business transaction.

Too many look upon marriage as a trivial ceremony instead of a life partnership; hence, on every hand are disappointed, unhappy, miserable married men and women, and homes filled with discord and distress. Upon no other choice in life does so much of earthly happiness or unhappiness depend.

Many have no higher motive in marriage than to please themselves. A young man is attracted by a pretty face and pleasing manners. A young woman sees the prospect of a home, some one to love and care for her; and nothing further is considered. Neither understands that true love is based on unselfish sacrifice for the one beloved, on giving rather than on receiving.

PREPARATION NEEDED

One who intends to enter the marriage relation should question his motive. Does it spring from selfishness, or from pure affection? Much that is called love is base passion. True love can afford to wait. It thinks of the welfare of the one beloved, instead of selfish gratification. It does not take for its measuring rod, "I," "me," and "mine."

A young man should have good health before he plans to marry. To be clean in body and mind is necessary if he would be a good husband. It is well for him to obtain his school education before marriage, for he will find him-

self seriously handicapped if he undertakes to finish a college course afterward.

In ancient times a young man's ability was questioned. Was he industrious? Could he provide for a wife and family?

Before a young man loses his heart, he will do well to study the thirty-first chapter of Proverbs. Will the girl he loves develop into the wife there described? The following qualities also are worthy of consideration:

She keeps her own room in order.

She is a good housekeeper.

She can bake good bread, and prepare tasty, inexpensive meals.

She can do plain sewing.

She is neat and modest in her dress instead of stylish and extravagant.

She is intelligent, and possesses a practical education.

She is not quick-tempered and easily offended; neither is she sullen and moody.

The one chosen for a wife should be an earnest Christian.

HOW TO CHOOSE A HUSBAND

How shall a young woman know that her admirer is worthy of consideration as her future companion? She will do well to learn whether he possesses these qualifications:

Is he a Christian? If not, he lacks the one thing needful.

Has he bad habits of any kind? Is he addicted to vice? Does he drink, use tobacco, play games of chance, or keep bad company?

Has he a practical education? Is he studious and a lover of good literature?

Is he industrious? Has he entered some line of business in which he has begun to win success?

Is he cheerful and social, or gloomy and morose?

How does he treat his mother and sister? Does he expect them to wait on him? How does he treat all women?

Is he kind to animals, or does he delight in tormenting them?

Is he a spendthrift? Does he spend money freely for clothes, amusements, or pleasure of any kind, or is he saving and economical?

Is he selfish and overbearing in his dealings with others, or is he generous and kind in all his associations?

If a young man does not have these credentials of character, wait a while, young woman; keep on in your own preparation to match grace with grace until the right one comes to claim you.

A husband needs training to become the head of an efficient, happy home.

STUDY THE MARRIAGE RELATION

Ruskin says: "Marriage . . . is only the seal which marks the vowed transition of temporary into untiring service, and of fitful into eternal love."

Marriage is one of God's best gifts to man. It is a sacred covenant, based on mutual regard and affection, that the parties will live together as husband and wife until death separates them.

He who gave Eve to Adam as a helpmeet, performed His first miracle at a marriage festival. In the festal hall where friends and kindred rejoiced together, Christ began His public ministry. Thus He sanctioned marriage, recognizing it as an institution that He Himself had established. . . .

The family tie is the closest, the most tender and sacred, of any on earth. It was designed to be a blessing to mankind. And it is a blessing wherever the marriage covenant is entered into intelligently, in the fear of God, and with due consideration for its responsibilities.—*"The Ministry of Healing,"* pages 356, 357.

True marriage is a Christian institution. There is a legal or civil marriage, into which the contracting parties may enter without regard for God in their personal experience, and without His blessing upon their union. The civil marriage, though not ideal, is a protection to the family and the home, and often human affection binds hearts closely together. In this country, Christian marriages are also civil or legal.

SHOULD CHRISTIANS MARRY UNBELIEVERS?

Christian young people will not enter into a lifelong alliance without asking counsel of God. They will be willing to accept His choice, to abide by His decision. The man and woman who become interested in each other will inquire if God approves their union. A power we do not possess is needed to read hearts and to know the



Young people should also ask counsel of their parents. Father is a better judge of men than his daughter can be.

future. They should ask if their choice is His for them. He will not disappoint the earnest seeker. But many fear to trust His choosing; they rely on their own wisdom.

Young people should also ask counsel of their parents. Father is a better judge of men than his daughter can be. Mother's clear eye can often read clearly the character of the young woman who interests her son, and will discern whether she will develop into a good wife. It is unfair to parents not to ask their advice on a matter so important.

It is a serious mistake for a Christian to marry an unbeliever. "Only in the Lord," is the Bible rule. Even a professed Christian man and woman may not be fitted to live together

as husband and wife; much less can those live in harmony who have little or no sympathy with one another's religious convictions. "Unless you would have a home where the shadows are never lifted, do not unite yourself with one who is an enemy of God."

"Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." Such a yoke will become galling, as many have proved by sad experience. One earnest Christian young woman who made the experiment wrote:

"I have a good home, a good husband, and all, but oh, I am so starved for a different plan and way of living. I find all is true that has been written regarding this most important undertaking. The world is so full of things that seem good, and being constantly in it, takes all else away. Not that I have a desire for the world, but it takes time and energy, so that the all-important thing of seeking God is let go, and one awakens to find himself lost. I do love Him, but feel now as though I should like to sound into the ears of every one who is harboring such a thought, that it is an unwise step, a dangerous one, a sad one, instead of a happy one as we plan.

"Yes, there is all power in prayer, but I have let go somehow; and now I seem to have a brass heaven above and no help seems near. I believe in God, but power is lacking."

Love is the most vital principle of life. It gives zest to joy, and lightens burdens; there is peace and harmony when the love of God and union in His service bind hearts together. There can be no real love where the golden cord of Christian fellowship is lacking. Marriages between Christians and unbelievers are wholly unadvisable — yes, *wrong*; for the path before

them is filled with clouds and tempests, and ends in darkness, unless, as sometimes happens, the unbeliever becomes a Christian.

Those who marry expect to increase their happiness. But there must be union of sentiment, a planning and a working together for the same object. To the true Christian the hope of heavenly joy, union with Christ, comes before every other consideration; therefore, there can be no true union between one who lives for this world and one whose life is hid with Christ in God.

Yet in spite of warnings and the experience of those who venture on forbidden ground, some will argue that *their* case is different; that they feel sure they will be able to save the object of their affections.

One wife thus relates her experience:

“Oh, I want to be nearer and nearer each day to God, but it seems that my cares and the indifference of my husband cause me to be negligent of my duty! The cares of my household would be nothing if I could only lean upon my husband to lead in spiritual things. But he is not converted; and while he does not oppose me, yet at times I feel crushed and withered spiritually because I cannot converse with him on subjects that are nearest and dearest to my heart; in other words, I cannot feel free in my spiritual life. ‘Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers,’ is God’s admonition to us; and yet we are like Eve; we disbelieve God’s judgment, and taste the forbidden fruit, and like her also, we receive the recompense for our sins, and many are the lives that are blighted as the result. Oh that young people could realize the danger of marriage with unbelievers!

"I feel more every day my need of my husband's help with my little ones. I am too weak to lead them alone. I pray that the time may be hastened when his heart may be made right with God, and we in harmony may live for eternity."

There are many who lament their mistake when too late. Some will decide wisely to follow the Bible rule, and will be warned by the unsatisfactory experience of others.

Those who are united to unbelievers carry the heavy end of the load. Where they most need help and sympathy, it is lacking. They have no one with whom to share their highest joys or their deepest griefs. In one sense they walk alone. The house is divided. Unity cannot exist. Under such pressure many have become discouraged and have abandoned their faith.

COURTSHIP

It is well for young people first to be comrades, without being sentimental. Traits will be manifested in their associations which indicate strength or weakness of character, and it is wise to become well acquainted before marriage.

It is well always to remember that true love "seeketh not her own;" it is unselfish. This trait may be cultivated during courtship, and bear its blessed fruit later in married life.

Let those who are contemplating marriage weigh every sentiment and watch every development of character in the one with whom they think to unite their life destiny. Let every step toward a marriage alliance be characterized by modesty, simplicity, sincerity, and an earnest purpose to please and honor God. Marriage affects the after life both

in this world and in the world to come. A sincere Christian will make no plans that God cannot approve.—“*The Ministry of Healing*,” page 359.

BE HONEST AND SINCERE

In courtship there must be absolute sincerity. To strive to win affection, or to accept it without striving, and then toss it aside as a worthless thing, is unworthy of any man or woman. Never flirt. Let your attitude in all affairs of the heart be perfectly honorable. Do not accept loverlike attentions from a person you do not love.

Some seem to regard it as creditable to have a new lover every few weeks. Such persons do great injury to themselves and to others.

Dr. Cortland Myers deals thus with these hypocrites:

There is a foul fiend dressed in the bright garments of frivolity and flirtation. He is guilty of the blackest crimes. In the whole list of sins, his is, in some respects; the meanest. His name is “Flirt,” and he is only the shadow of a man. He is the shell without the kernel, a painted, polished surface that has no heart and fountain of real life below.

The young woman, the girl, who follows this unholy pastime, is not a flower of humankind, but a mere bit of thistledown floating in its lightness on the winds of social falsehood; a butterfly in seeming, all airy and bright-colored, but under the wings, a mere loathsome caterpillar, with a contorted body and no soul at all. The most despicable of all the members of the human family is the one who trifles with those eternal verities of love, of the heart, and of the sweet and solemn pledge of holy betrothal. . . .

The need of this hour is to restore to the promise of marriage its rightful sanctity. There is more solemnity here than even at the marriage altar. The latter is only the repetition of the former; the one only the publication

of the other, that was performed in the secret silence of the soul with ten thousand angels for witnesses.—“*The Lost Wedding Ring*,” pages 46-50.

A visitor, while passing through a hospital for the insane, came to a padded cell, in which was a girl whose clawlike hands clasped the iron bars that inclosed her. Her sad face peered out between them, and her low moans were pitiful to hear.

“What brought her here?” was asked.

“Her lover was untrue, and she became insane years ago on account of it,” was the answer.

There is a just God who will avenge such wrongs. It is an awful sin to trifle with a loving heart, to deceive, mislead, and betray.

MANNER OF COURTSHIP

“Avoid the appearance of evil,” is a wise maxim to follow during the interesting and thrilling days of courtship. Young women and young men will do well to safeguard their reputation. They should not permit liberties or conduct which would compromise them in any way. Nothing should be done of which they will ever feel ashamed, and which will bring regret in after years. Let them be afraid of familiarity, and let it be known that it will not be tolerated.

Take time to become acquainted. *Don't be in a hurry.* If you are in doubt, wait. When sure that preparation of body, soul, and heart is complete, and that the marriage ceremony

will only ratify what has already been done in heaven, then the marriage day may be appointed.

WEDDING BELLS

A deep and holy joy pervades all the plans for this occasion. Since marriage is a Christian institution, one of the keepsakes brought from Eden, it is certainly appropriate that everything connected with it should be in harmony with the Creator's idea.

Jesus will be present at the wedding if He is invited. His presence will not lessen joy, but increase it. It is questionable whether He would approve of all the expense and outward show customary at worldly weddings, and it would be well to pause and ask whether this or that will please Him when laying plans for this pleasant occasion. None will ever regret that they consulted His wishes.

There will be joy, real joy, in the hearts of those most interested. The pleasure of the expectant bridegroom is a type of the rejoicing our Master feels in His chosen ones. "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so shall thy God rejoice over thee." He knew that every bride would think of her wedding outfit, for He asks, "Can a maid forget her ornaments, or a bride her attire?" The day a young woman is united to her beloved should be one of the happiest in all her life, and she should look her best.

Still, the sensible bride will hesitate before spending so much upon finery for her wedding

that she will be a further burden on those who have educated and cared for her all her life. She will not have her mind so occupied with clothes that there will be no time to think of the untried future. The thoughts of a bride before her wedding day are long, long thoughts. They are too sacred to be spoken. In mute expectancy and tender trust, they reach to the future with the husband to whom she is giving all her heart.

She remembers so many who have been unhappily married. They started as though they expected wedded life to be a pleasure excursion instead of a serious problem to be studied, a mine where rich nuggets await the seeker of wealth.

It is to be feared that many brides give more attention to the wedding gown, the many costumes she thinks necessary, the bridesmaids and how they will appear, the wedding feast, and the expected presents, than to the heart preparation, the unselfish purpose, that should fill every bride with inexpressible longing.

There seems to be an appropriateness in having the marriage solemnized in a church; but if the parties choose otherwise, let the wedding take place at home, surrounded by the dear ones. Marriage is a holy, sacred institution, and should be celebrated as such. The wedding may be conducted in such a way that the day will ever be gladly remembered.

And now the feast is spread. The minister has arrived. The hour strikes. The wedding

march begins; then comes the ceremony. There is a holy hush as the vows are spoken. Christ Himself seems to place His hands on the bowed heads as the officiating minister of God offers prayer for the two made one. Then, amid smiles and tears, greetings and congratulations are showered upon the happy couple.

THE MINOR CHORD

But where is mother after they have sped away for the honeymoon?—She is found in her own room, father sitting beside her, their hands clasped. There are tears on mother's cheek, a quiver in her voice. Yes, she is glad Dorothy is married, but oh, how she will miss her!

One daughter, the eldest of a large family, who had shared home burdens until her wedding day, could hardly understand why mother pressed her so closely to her quivering, agonized heart as she left home after her marriage, and the first letter received from her father said: "Your mother and I were like David's men at Ziklag, the day after you left us. We wept until we had no more power to weep."

Fathers and mothers know so well the experience retold in the following lines:

A humble cottage 'neath the hill,
Where children laugh and romp at will —
With parents' tender love and care,
How could their lives be else than fair?
Oh, let them all be glad to-day,
For swift the years will pass away,

And when they're women grown, and men,
'Twill never be the same again.

The wedding bells may sweetly ring,
And glory be on everything;
But when one leaves the dear home nest,
'Tis lonelier for all the rest.
And if they one by one shall leave,
How can the parents help but grieve?
All come and go, and love — but then,
'Tis never quite the same again.

Ah, well! perhaps 'tis better so,
That deeper meanings we may know.
There is no loss, no grief, no pain,
That may not bring its own sweet gain;
And in that blessed land above,
There'll be again one home, one love,
Then one in heart, and one in name,
At last 'twill ever be the same.

— *Mrs. Frank A. Breck.*

The wonderful day is over. The bride has folded her veil and laid it away,—the veil she will wear but once in all her life. A piece of her wedding gown, a bit of her cake, and flowers from her bouquet, as keepsakes,—all, all are laid aside.

And then a sense of new responsibility comes over the bride. She is a *married woman*. She is to be the mistress in a new home. What does the future hold for her and her husband? Will they be simply husband and wife, or will they be as well the best of friends, enjoying to the full the good things of life?

CHAPTER THREE

WEDDED LIVES

A STORY is told of Archbishop Ryan, who went to a mining district to administer confirmation to a class about to enter the Catholic Church. During the service a nervous little girl was asked what matrimony was.

“Oh,” she replied, “it is a state of terrible torment which those who enter are compelled to undergo for a time in order to fit them for a better world!”

“No, no!” interrupted an assistant priest, “you are thinking of the definition of purgatory.”

“Let her alone,” said the old archbishop, laughing. “What do you or I know about it? Maybe she’s right.”

Whether married life becomes purgatory or paradise depends on the persons who enter this sacred union. Many seem to think that matrimony is a state of bliss where troubles come no more; no, not exactly that, but where there will be much less to trouble them; and so they paint an imaginary picture of married life, lovely as a summer day.

These persons soon awake from their pleasant dream; and sad indeed it is if they have not prepared for coming storms and tempests. After the excitement of the wedding is over and the honeymoon has dipped silently into life’s

restless sea, the trying hour comes. If any deception has been practiced, the persons involved are undeceived, for now they become really acquainted. The feverish desire for possession is gone. The business of adaptation is before them. They must learn how to live together happily and peacefully.

It is a great attainment for two frail, sinful hearts to become one. Two different musical instruments are not easily kept in tune; there must be constant adjusting and tuning. What can be expected, then, of two human harps with a thousand strings to be kept in unison and harmony? In keeping the wedded harps in tune, the husband must do his part, the wife hers.

One young wife confided this to her mother: "You know, mamma, a woman has to be very generous to be married. She has to care ever so much more about some one else than about herself or her work in the world or even about how much *her husband cares for her*. She must like *helping out* better than *being helped out*, or she can't be happy."

Helen Hunt Jackson has expressed the same thought:

"Oh, Love is weak
Which counts the answers and the gains,
Weighs all the losses and the pains,
And eagerly each fond word drains,
A joy to seek!

"When Love is strong,
It never tarries to take heed,

Or know if its return exceed
Its gift; in its sweet haste no greed,
No strife, belong.

“It hardly asks
If it be loved at all: to take
So barren seems, when it can make
Such bliss for the beloved’s sake
Of bitter tasks!

“So much we miss
If Love is weak! so much we gain
If Love is strong! God thinks no pain
Too sharp or lasting to ordain
To teach us this.”

Surely this sentiment is an essential factor of all true happiness in married or single life. If the husband will apply to himself the Scriptural measure, “Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it,” he will be all a wife should desire. He will not absent himself from wife and home unless it is necessary. When compelled to be away, his thoughts, his love, will be for the absent one. His feelings are well expressed in Robert Cameron Rogers’ beautiful stanzas entitled “The Rosary”:

“The hours I spent with thee, dear heart,
Are as a string of pearls to me;
I count them over, every one apart,
My rosary,—my rosary.

“Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer
To still a heart in absence wrung;
I tell each bead unto the end,—and there
A cross is hung!

“O memories that bless and burn!
O barren gain and bitter loss!
I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn
To kiss the cross, sweetheart,
To kiss the cross.”

“She that is married careth . . . how she may please her husband.” That *should* be her care. There is no one whom she will desire so much to please. Her thought, her effort, will be to make her husband happy. The hours will be long when he is absent. There will be an emptiness in her heart till he returns. While she will not make heavy demands on his time or strength, she longs to have him near. If far away, perhaps for weeks or months at a time, she feels, if she does not say,—

Dear heart, thy absence brings the night,
Time seems to pause with nothing bright;
And every hour is long and drear,
And life is changed without you near.

Thy voice is like the robin's song
That trills so sweet as spring grows strong;
Thine eyes convey a tender light,
So full of love and deep delight.

Thy words fall softly on my heart,
And dormant pulses beat and start;
Then all the world grows fair and new,
When you return, my lover true.

I bid time pause, whene'er you stay,
And hasten fast, when far away;
Oh, fondly think of her so true,
That lives alone for love of you!

— Louise L. Matthews.

Husband and wife will cleanse themselves of selfishness which fails to safeguard their hours of companionship. He will exert his best powers to become worthy of her hovering love, she will preserve the faith so dear to both in the hours of courtship. There will be no settling down in saddened silence.

But there will be trials hard to meet that must be borne together. In such times let this excellent counsel be followed:

Though difficulties, perplexities, and discouragements may arise, let neither husband nor wife harbor the thought that their union is a mistake or a disappointment. Determine to be all that it is possible to be to each other. Continue the early attentions. In every way encourage each other in fighting the battles of life. Study to advance the happiness of each other. Let there be mutual love, mutual forbearance. Then marriage, instead of being the end of love, will be as it were the very beginning of love. The warmth of true friendship, the love that binds heart to heart, is a foretaste of the joys of heaven.—“*The Ministry of Healing*,” page 360.

Marriage gives no life insurance on happiness. It is not a panacea for the ills of life. It is not a bed of roses without thorns. Yet it opens wide the door to joys like those of Eden.

A weary husband reached his home after a trying day. As his glance fell on the cheerful lights, the tidy rooms, the simple meal waiting his coming, he caught his wife to his heart, and exclaimed, “O darling, you are a homemaker!” The words were but the expression of his inmost thought, and the wife felt that never had he spoken praise so sweet.

The wife is truly the homemaker. Upon her management, good judgment, neatness, order, taste, energy, cheerfulness, depends the structure which we call *Home*. It is her business, her calling, to bring inside the walls of her dwelling an indefinable atmosphere that rests a tired man and makes him hasten his steps as he turns the last corner. Here peace, rest, hope, culture, companionship, make the home a haven to body and soul.

A lady wrote congratulations to some newly married friends, and received this reply:

"I want to tell you that Mr. A. and I both appreciated the little message of good wishes for our happiness that came from you and your husband. I do not know of any of our friends who, from an intimate knowledge of the word, could include more in a wish for our 'happiness' than you. And I must tell you that you two did more to establish the foundation for happiness for us than any one else in the world. That may surprise you, but it is true. My short stay in your home upset some of my ideas very materially, and established other ideals that, as I said before, laid the foundation for our complete happiness. It was this way:

"While our engagement was in no sense a 'business deal,' we had agreed that it should be my privilege to continue my work; to do this, I had made the bargain with Mr. A. that we would room, and board at the restaurant, as we had been doing, and that I should continue my hours at the office as before. Having made the bargain, I knew that Mr. A. would never ask me to do differently, and the matter was settled.

"I never realized that our room would never be a 'home,' and that the restaurant would never really feed us, until I visited you. Your home simply breathed peaceful, deep-seated contentment and happiness. Your husband was evidently still in love with his wife. You had been a success in the art of homemaking; and with it all, you held an active part in the world's work.

"I began a mental comparison as to which plan would make the most contented husband, and decided that the chances were with Mr. C.'s and your plan. The more I saw of you two in your home, the more homesick I became; and before I left, I had decided a few things. When I saw Mr. A., I told him I had decided to keep house and have my office at home; that I could burn the beans and write letters at the same time just as well as not. He never doubted my ability along that line; but he was surprised that I had changed my mind, and more pleased than I had imagined he would be. When I told him that you were responsible, he said that he should always owe you a debt of gratitude and bless the day I visited you.

"And so you see you are missionaries in more ways than one. As a result we are housekeeping, and far happier than we would otherwise have been. It keeps me a little busier, but it is well worth the extra effort. So I must vote you my lasting gratitude for the lesson on life that you taught me. My thoughts of your home are of the sweetest. No experience in my life ever appealed to me more; and if, as a homemaker, I shall succeed as well as you have, my dear friend, my life's dream will be fulfilled."

Little had this friend thought, when entertaining her guest, that that guest was taking note of what was passing in the home. She was amazed at the appreciation expressed, for she had never supposed her homemaking was noticed by any outside her own family.

Every true man wants a *home*, not a boarding place. The modern custom of renting apartments and eating in restaurants deprives the wife of the privilege of being a homemaker. It robs husband and children of all that clusters about the name of home. It allows the wife too much time for idleness.

She must do something; so, when not employed there, she spends her time riding, visiting, attending theaters and movies, or studying the fashions. It is small wonder that both husband and wife tire of such a life, grow weary of each other, and that another case is brought into the divorce courts. Give us back the old-fashioned home with all it stands for, and it will add to the happiness and well-being of its inmates!

“NEUTRAL TERRITORY”

In some families husband and wife do not share confidences. They watch each other and guess what is going on underneath.

One husband tells of an arrangement that from the first brought peace to his home.

“Three years without a semblance of a quarrel!” he said.

“And do you want to know how we do it?—The big chair deserves all the credit. When we were married, we had less than a hundred dollars with which to buy furniture. A quarter of it went into the purchase of a chair big enough to hold us both. Now it holds her and me and a little chunk of a fellow besides.

“That chair was ceremoniously christened ‘neutral territory.’

“A house rule was made that whenever anything went wrong, the offended should summon the offender into the good-natured depths of ‘neutral territory’ to talk things over quietly and sanely. In ‘neutral territory’ no high-pitched voices or excitable states of mind are permitted. The stories that big chair could tell would fill a book, but it has never failed to accomplish marvels as a friction eliminator.

“Talking it over is the best medicine for all misunderstandings, provided we talk on ‘neutral territory’; talk with soft voices, open minds, sympathetic hearts, and a desire to speak a common language.

“Silence is a blessing at times; but silence in the face of misunderstanding is more dangerous than matches in the hands of babies.”

The “big chair” represents a condition of mind. It represents getting closer together, each looking at matters from the viewpoint of the other.

CONFIDENCE

All is not well when husbands and wives have secrets from each other. True love is confiding. Frankness in all intercourse, a kindly sharing of thought and experience, will prevent falsehood and misrepresentation.

Confidence cannot be bought. There must be the bedrock belief that each is true to the other; that no third party shares knowledge or an affection which the other may not know; that these two are *one* in living honest, clean lives, whether present or absent; and that love is the bond that unites them.

If husband and wife cannot trust each other, the cord that binds them is frayed, and if not strengthened, will eventually be broken. Confidence is life; distrust, a poison that ends in death. The secret of many shattered homes, the cause of many bitter disappointments, is that sacred trust has been betrayed. Perhaps the wife kept something back before marriage. Perhaps the husband did not reveal that which might have prevented their union. They sowed deception, and the harvest of distrust and suspicion is reaped.

LOVE MUST BE EXPRESSED

“Grandma, what makes your silver sugar bowl so black?” asked a child.

“Why, it has been standing in the cupboard ten years,” was the answer. “I haven’t thought it worth while to bring it out for family use, and there hasn’t been a great occasion in the family for years.”

Thus in some homes golden love and the silver of affection are hidden away for rare occasions; perhaps for the funeral of the loved one, whose stilled heart has been yearning for words and deeds of appreciation, and the knowledge that somebody cared.

WATCH YOUR WORDS

The habit of nagging and teasing each other is to be deprecated. It may be the remarks are trifling, that what is said is spoken in jest, but such thrusts lead to unkind and unloving words that should never be uttered.

“It was only a thrust, unkind, unjust,
An envious, petulant, spiteful fling,
That went to the heart with a venomous sting;
And like the fold of a serpent cold,
It coiled and strangled a faithful trust,
And robbed two lives of a friendship sweet.
Wide, wide, as the ocean’s tide,
It stretched a gulf, and they could not meet.
Often the tears that it caused were shed,
But a word once spoken is never dead.
It lay between them their whole life long,
Till at last it grew to a mighty wrong,
Though at first but a thrust, unkind, unjust.”

If either husband or wife is so unfortunate as to be unkind and exasperating, let the other act as a "shock absorber," to ease the jolt and to say something pleasant. "In many things we offend all. If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man, and able also to bridle the whole body. . . . But if ye have bitter envying and strife in your hearts, glory not, and lie not against the truth. This wisdom descendeth not from above, but is earthly, sensual, devilish. For where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work. But the wisdom that is from above is first pure, then peaceable, gentle, and easy to be intreated, full of mercy and good fruits, without partiality, and without hypocrisy." James 2:2-17. It takes only a look, a tone, a word, to cloud a whole day and grieve a loving heart.

The following story illustrates how many family quarrels are started. Happily, this case did not result in alienation.

"It is a perfect day," said Mrs. Morgan to herself one bright morning, "and I'm just going to enjoy every minute of it. I have earned a day off; the housecleaning is all done; there isn't a 'spicker and spanner' house in town, if I do say it. My summer sewing is well on the way; so I am just going to enjoy life to-day." And Mrs. Morgan turned to the breakfast table with a smile of anticipation.

If only she had not looked so absolutely complacent and serene when her husband came into the room a minute or two later in a frame of mind as far removed from hers as possible!

Everything had seemed to go wrong with him all the morning. This was the last straw, and proved his undoing.

"I do wish, Margaret," he said sharply, "that you would pay a little heed to my wishes, and let my papers alone."

"What is the trouble, Robert?" asked Mrs. Morgan quietly, though the quick color in her face showed that she resented her husband's remarks.

"Matter enough!" was the reply in an even more irritated tone. "I left a very important paper on my desk last night, and it is gone now. I have been looking all the morning for it, and cannot find it. I suppose you thought it was rubbish and destroyed it. Possibly if we are out several thousand dollars by the loss of it, you may be willing to oblige me by letting my things alone in the future."

"I have not touched anything on your desk I do not know when, Robert. Are you sure that you left it there?" asked Mrs. Morgan, still keeping her self-control.

"Perfectly sure. I am not in the habit of making mistakes, and I remember distinctly putting the paper there the first thing when I came in last night, so I would not forget to take it to the office this morning. It is not there now, and I do not see who could have taken it but you, for I certainly did not. I suppose you consider it a great virtue to be so immaculately neat and particular; but it would please me better if you paid more heed to my wishes."

If only Mrs. Morgan had known how excruciatingly her husband's head was aching, how troubled he was about business matters, and how very important the missing paper was! But alas! "Not even the tenderest heart and next our own knows half the reasons why we smile or sigh." And, not knowing, she was cut to the quick by her husband's words.

"I have told you that I have not set eyes on your old paper, much less taken it; and I am no more in the habit of making mistakes than you are. You will doubtless find the paper exactly where you put it yourself. I am very sorry that I have not given satisfaction as a housekeeper. I am going to mother's to-day on a visit, so you can have things to your own liking."

The words were hardly out of her mouth before she was halfway upstairs; and it would be hard to say which was more surprised, she or her husband. How had they come to say such things to each other!

"It is such a lovely morning, and I was so happy! He was as unjust as he could be; even if I did lose my temper, I will not give in first. I do like my home to look nice, and he would be the first to find fault if it did not; but I never destroyed any of his papers. He knows I never did, and he ought not to have spoken to me so," sobbed Mrs. Morgan.

"There was no call for her to fly off like that," ejaculated Mr. Morgan, looking dismayed. "She ought to have known that I was worried to death over my business. If this paper does not show up before night, I shall lose five thousand dollars at least, and I cannot afford to lose a cent!" (It did not occur to him that his wife could not very well know these things, since he never told her anything about business matters.)

He stood hesitating in the hall for a moment or two. Conscience told him he ought to follow his wife and make peace. "I don't mind other people's having to apologize, but I can't abide doing it myself," he muttered, with a shrug of his shoulders. "There are some letters I must get off this morning. I will see to those, then come home, and give one more search for the missing paper — and make up."

Mrs. Morgan heard the front door close. "If he had asked me, I would have helped him hunt for the paper; for it must be there somewhere. But he was to blame, and he will have to be the first to make up — so," she said with a little toss of her head. "Now I am going into the city to do a few errands; then I will come home, pack my suit case, and go to mother's this afternoon."

On the seat in front of her in the car were two business men, and without being really conscious of it at first, she found herself listening to their conversation.

"Business is pretty close these days," said one.

"That's a fact," replied the other. "It is about all any of us can do to keep going. I fancy Morgan is having hard work to keep from going under. He is a fine man, and has worked hard. I thought yesterday he was looking dreadfully worn and anxious."

"O-h!" exclaimed Mrs. Morgan softly, and then bent down, pretending to pick up something. To think that Robert was troubled and anxious and she did not know about it! He never complained; but now she thought of it, he had seemed sober lately.

"I ought to have been more observing and questioned him," she thought accusingly. "He said that paper was very important, and that he should lose money if he could not find it, and I was cross and hateful! Poor old Robert, I'm just as ashamed and sorry as I can be! I'm going straight home to help him find it. I'd as soon put a blind mosquito hunting anything as Robert. He just can't seem to see a thing when he is looking for it."

Mrs. Morgan did an errand; then, when passing a florist, she stopped suddenly. "I'm going to get some roses to take to Robert; he is so fond of them, and they are the first flowers he gave me."

Meanwhile, Mr. Morgan had gone down to his office, written his letters, and was starting for the post office, when he chanced to put his hand in his coat pocket. There was the missing paper!

It all came to him like a flash. He had gone to the library last night to leave it on his desk, and as he started to take it from his pocket, had caught sight of some one passing he wished to see. He rushed to the door, and that was the last he thought of the paper.

"She said I should probably find it just where I left it; and I have. I was a mean old chump to speak to her as I did, and I expect the only thing for me to do is to tell her so, and the quicker the better. Oh, I'll take her some roses! Perhaps they will remind her of the first flowers I took her; bless her heart!"

So it came to pass that as Mrs. Morgan got off the car, Mr. Morgan was coming up the street, and each held out a bunch of roses.

"O Robert!" cried Mrs. Morgan, "you ought not to have got those beautiful roses for me, when business is so bad and you'll lose more if we cannot find that paper."

"Paper be hanged!" he replied. "I was a chump, but — I couldn't live without you, sweetheart, I simply couldn't."

"Nor I without you, Robert; so we shall just have to make the best of each other, won't we?" replied Mrs. Morgan, with a happy little laugh.—*Kate S. Gates.*

"The tongue can no man tame," nor woman either. But there is One who can tame this un-

ruly member, who can sweeten the temper and enable us to meet the vexations and trials of life in a calm, self-controlled spirit. We need not fail; or having failed, we can obtain victory over the selfishness that prompts accusation and condemnation. Before temptation comes, we should commit ourselves to the keeping of that power which will enable us to speak and act considerately.

Every pure, happy home is a fortress held for God in this revolted world. No wonder the enemy of purity and happiness is working with all power and strategy to bring disunion, strife, and hatred into it, thus breaking down the safeguard of the individual, the family, the church, and the state!

There is a court of last appeal which can settle every difficulty in married life. This is the supreme authority of the Word of God. Those who direct their lives by its counsel will never know defeat.

The little sharp vexations,
And the briers that catch and fret —
Why not take all to the Helper
Who has never failed us yet?
Tell Him about the heartache,
And tell Him the longings too;
Tell Him the baffled purpose,
When we scarce know what to do.
Then leaving all our weakness
With the One divinely strong,
Forget that we bore the burden,
And carry away the song.

— *Phillips Brooks.*

CHAPTER FOUR

THE BEST MAN IN THE WORLD

“No worse a husband than the best of men.”

THE husband is the houseband, the one who strongly binds all members of the family together.

The first duty of the husband is to love his wife. How?—“Let every one . . . love his wife even as himself.” “So ought men to love their wives as their own bodies. He that loveth his wife loveth himself.” “Husbands, love your wives, even as Christ also loved the church, and gave Himself for it.”

When a husband loves his wife as Christ loves His church, it will not be with a foolish, selfish, sentimental love. He will not debase or discourage his wife, but will uplift, encourage, comfort, cherish, love her, even as he loves himself.

This is unselfish love. As we study the motive that led Christ to give Himself to us, we shall gain a better idea of the deep, pure love of the husband for his wife. Such love exalts a man and makes him Godlike.

A man on the street in a severe storm, was passing under a tree, when a weary, frightened bird dropped from above, lighted on his bosom, and crept under his coat for shelter. So should every wife find in her husband's heart the protection, the comfort, the rest, she needs when buffeted by the storms of life.



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The husband is the houseband, the one who strongly binds all members of the family together.

Such a husband does not boast that he is the head of the house, and try to compel its inmates to bow to his will. Love does not make large demands for self. Instead, it seeks to give rather than to receive.

The love of "the best man in the world" is unselfish. It leads him to provide for his wife according to his ability. If he can afford lux-

uries for himself, he will see that she has an equal amount of pleasure, or the means to obtain it, as she may choose.

There is an old legend that tells of a magic stone that would turn anything it touched into gold. Many spent a lifetime looking for it, but it was never found. The talisman of love in a man's soul will turn hard, everyday facts into beauty. It robs pain of its sting, and makes the heaviest burdens borne for loved ones at home a delight.

A man who possesses this love feels that he has everything in the world to live for. It fills his heart with courage in the daily struggle for existence. His plain, dull wife is to him a queen of grace and beauty. His children are princelings, endowed with wonderful gifts. Johnnie's playing on the piano, while torture to other ears, convinces him that his child is a future Paderewski. Little Mary's pictures, which bring smiles to other lips, proclaim to his soul that she will one day be a famous artist. Love changes a man's outlook, therefore the greatest and highest qualification of a good husband is a loving heart.

FOR HER

THOU gavest me, O my Father, many things :
Life and the zest of living,
Home, friends, and faith in Thee ;
Thy Son who showed Thee as Thou art
To us, here in a world where
Sin and self struggle in combat,

With the life He lived and showed to men.
Thou gavest these. Thou gavest also her
In whom are gathered all
That's best of home, friends, faith,
And that great love that lingers,
That lifts the heart, the whole of life, to Thee.
I pray for her.
May she be kept by Thee in health
And strength, and constantly assured
That all is well; that Thou, the Maker,
Guidest all aright.
Bless her service, the things she makes,
Her great spirit, sad within,
But ever cheerful to the world.
Keep her confident, courageous,
And at the end of all the strife . . .
Give me the right
To be with her and care for her
Throughout the years.

—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

APPRECIATIVE HUSBANDS

There are loving husbands who do not reveal the depth of their affection in words and actions. They enjoy their home life, but fail to tell the homemaker how much they appreciate her efforts. The dishes prepared especially to please them receive no commendation. The tasks performed that they may not be burdened call forth no word of praise.

“Did you enjoy your supper?” inquired a good wife of her husband, after he had eaten heartily of a meal upon which she had bestowed much thought.

“Why, certainly,” replied the well-fed, contented husband.

“Why not say so, then?” asked the wife, with a smile.

A man and his wife were invited to visit a neighbor. The wife took with her a loaf of bread of her own baking. During the meal her husband turned to the hostess, with the courteous remark:

“I wish to compliment you, Mrs. Blank, on your delicious bread.”

“You flatter me,” replied the lady, “but I did not make this bread. Your own good wife deserves the praise you have given me.”

The husband blushed, seemed embarrassed, but, strange to say, uttered not a word to his wife, who surely would have appreciated it more than any other. Probably he had eaten her good bread week after week, but had never told her how much he enjoyed it.

It is not only the younger wives that notice the falling off of little compliments and courtesies that were so common in courtship days; but many who are middle-aged and elderly would find their days filled with sunshine, and the commonplace duties a joy, if words of appreciation or praise were spoken. Some wives never know whether their efforts to please are successful or not, except that they are not censured.

“How does your husband like your new suit?” one woman questioned another.

“Well, he hasn’t said anything against it, so I think it meets his approval,” was the reply.

“If he hadn’t liked it, I should soon have heard of it,” was added, with some bitterness.

It is the little courtesies, the little acts and words, that make or mar the joy of home.

“A good-by kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go;
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

“A kiss of greeting is sweet and fair
After the toil of the day;
And it smooths the furrows plowed by care,
The lines on the forehead you once called fair,
In the years that have flown away.

“’Tis a little thing to say, ‘You are kind,’
‘I love you, my dear,’ each night;
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find —
For love is tender, as love is blind —
As we climb life’s rugged height.

“We starve each other for love’s caress;
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,
Till ’tis bitter and hard to live.”

There is nothing on earth more beautiful than to see husband and wife who have journeyed long together, sharing joys and sorrows, still confidants, friends, and lovers. “Father” is lost unless “mother” is there; and to him what she does is ever the right thing to do. There are small attentions, little utterances of tender regard, for the heart clings more fondly to the trusted companion as the years go by.

“You’re better looking than you ever were before, Mary,” one fond husband said.

The wife turned to a friend, and remarked: “He’s a terrible flatterer, my dear; I sometimes wonder when he will become sensible.” But she wouldn’t have had him different, and there was a low, sweet song in her soul as she went about her tasks.

“It isn’t the love that they have in their hearts
And neglect or forget to reveal,
That brightens the lives
Of husbands and wives;
It is telling the love that they feel.

“It isn’t the music asleep in the strings
Of the lute that entrances the ear,
And brings to the breast
The spirit of rest;
It is only the music we hear.

“It isn’t the silence of hope unexpressed;
It’s the word of good cheer that we speak
To triumph through strife
For the great things of life,
That heartens and strengthens the weak.”

Joseph H. Choate, of New York, one time our ambassador to England, was attending a dinner party given in his honor. During the meal he was asked who he would like to be if not himself. He waited a moment before replying. Those present thought he was reviewing the great of earth before making his decision. Then his eyes rested a moment on Mrs. Choate at the other end of the table, and he replied: “If I could not be myself, I should like to be Mrs.

Choate's second husband." Delicate compliment, was it not? How could greater appreciation of a wife have been shown? All honor to Mr. Choate! His wife must have been proud indeed of such a husband.

Solomon declares that the man who marries a good wife "praiseth her." Perhaps she is better because of such commendation; for to the faithful wife no words on earth are sweeter than those of appreciation from her husband.

SMILE, HUSBAND, SMILE!

Nothing can smile but man. Flowers, beautiful as they are, cannot smile. A smile is the color love wears, and it accompanies cheerfulness and joy. Laughter is like sunshine, and the sunshiny, cheerful husband is a joy forever. His presence brings light and gladness to the face and to the heart. He keeps his eye on the best things of life. He gathers its roses, lilies, and pinks, and brushes aside the briers and the thorns, that they may not wound his loved ones.

The gloomy husband resembles a dark cloud that obscures the sunshine. His troubles may be no greater than those of other men, but he fails to count his blessings. He needs to practice smiling before the mirror, that he may know how to appear before his own family. It is better to laugh than to grumble.

"It was only a sunny smile,
And little it cost in the giving;
But it scattered the night

Like the morning light,
And made the day worth living.
Through life's dull warp and woof it wove
In shining colors of hope and love;
And the angels smiled as they watched above;
Yet little it cost in the giving."

EXPANDING LOVE

As children come to gladden the home, let the husband not feel that his presence is less welcome than before. His evenings and spare time will be precious if they are spent with them. The home life is a partnership in which both parties are bound till death separates.

Husband and wife are at their best together; that is, when duty does not compel them to live apart. If separation must come, let it be from necessity, but not from choice. A door of temptation is left wide open when they are separated.

One of the best husbands in the world wrote to his wife when far away:

"Time goes slowly these days, but it does go after all. Soon the day will arrive when I can leave for home. Tell me that will not be a good day! Ah! I am sure it will be. I have heard people talk and read about the music of the bells, but there will be more music in the old locomotive bell when I can go, than all the music of all the bells ever made. So let the days go by, and they will soon bring the time when I can start for the haven of rest upon the mountain side."

BEGGAR OR PARTNER, WHICH?

The beginning of trouble between many husbands and wives arises from the adjustment of financial relations. Time was when women were not wage earners as they now are; but few voca-

tions were open to them. When married, they did not expect a share in the family income. The husband disbursed all funds. The wife had no money unless she asked for it, and this was sometimes an ordeal which led her to prefer doing without.

But late years have brought women greater independence. They have become wage earners themselves. They have been tried and found capable. The right of suffrage has been granted them. They have taken their place at the side of their husbands and brothers as equals. This gives them a new feeling of independence, even though their work is in the home. Though they do not labor the same as their husbands, yet they are entitled to a share of the family earnings without begging for it.

Woman has been called the "silent partner" in financial matters in the home, for her work brings no reward in dollars and cents. The husband earns the money and decides how it shall be spent.

Perhaps the wife earned wages before marriage, and knows the sweetness of spending her own money. One woman wrote thus to a friend:

"John is liberal in a way, but he keeps the pocketbook himself, buys the provisions, prefers to purchase the dry goods, the shoes, gloves,—everything, in fact, and does not see that I need any money when he gets everything I want. Our little daughter has more actual cash than I, for she doesn't mind giving a kiss and a hug, and asking him for a dollar or two. He can deny her nothing. But I *loathe*

asking him for money. I could make the same amount go farther than John does if I had it in my own hands. But how can I beg for it?"

This is a heart-burning question.

A woman who is fitted to be the wife of a man has a right to a portion of the family income without begging or asking for every cent she wishes to spend. She gives her time and the best of her life to the interests of the home in which both are partners. The wife is, or should be, the husband's most cherished friend, without whom the world would be a wilderness, and she has a right to share in all the money that comes into the home through their united efforts.

If the husband thinks that one should do all the spending, let him hand over the purse half the time to his wife and let him go to her for cash when he has needs to supply.

It is the husband's privilege to acknowledge the wife as his partner in business equally as in other relations. Their interests are one. The wife has no right to be extravagant, wasteful, or to spend money for that which is unnecessary. Likewise the husband should take his wife into fullest confidence, letting her know his plans, his losses, his gains. He will tell her why they will be unable to spend so freely as last year, and that they must plan not to use all their earnings, but to save something to meet losses, the expenses of illness, death, or other disasters which may overtake them. If mutual knowl-

edge and understanding in business life exist between husband and wife during their wedded years, if the husband should die, it will not leave the widow a helpless, dependent woman, ignorant of simple business. Her experience with him will help her to meet much more bravely and wisely the exigencies of the future.

When an understanding is reached, let there be an agreement what share belongs to the wife to supply her own needs, to save on her own account, or to give to charitable objects. This plan enables her to be a partner, not a beggar. It will teach her how to handle money wisely, and there will be no mystery about the income. There should be no blind, prodigal spending which involves the head of the family in difficulty. Older children may be included in this partnership, and thus be brought into closer relationship with their parents and educated in the wise use of money.

Many husbands think they are generous with their wives in business matters; and they are. Still, a need exists which they have not supplied. It is illustrated by two young people who married, went to a new country, began with a sod house, but year by year added to their possessions until, twenty years later, they moved to another locality, that their children might have better educational advantages.

Through all their experience, this kind husband had said, "The money is yours as much as it is mine," and when the wife asked, she re-

ceived. Still she sometimes thought it would be a real pleasure to have a little all her own and to be able to decide whether she should spend, or save, or give.

One year several dollars came into her possession. With the money she purchased a birthday present for her husband. This was greatly appreciated; and when they were alone, he thanked her again. With tears, she asked, "Do you know this is the first birthday present I ever gave you?"

"Why, what do you mean?" he replied. "You always give me something, though perhaps not so nice as this."

She explained, "But I mean this is the first present I ever really *gave* you. Always before, I have gone to your purse and taken money (for I wanted it to be a surprise), and I always felt like a thief, and thought I might as well leave the money there and let you buy your own present."

Then the tears came to his eyes, and he exclaimed, "Why, mother, do you feel that way about it?"

"Every woman feels the same way," she quietly answered.

Then they talked matters over. She said she didn't want to be independent, would prefer to have the present arrangement remain; but she would like a small amount each month to regard as her very own, to spend as she pleased. This was agreed upon; and when the husband

saw how happy she was, he was sorry they had not talked money matters over long before. Let there be proper and just division of income.

“THESE ARE CONTRARY THE ONE TO THE OTHER”

There are good husbands whose wives are contrary. Their married life is not harmonious. There are women who do not make good wives; still the husband need not despair. He may win the battle; at least he can make the effort. He may find that the incompatibility is on his side too. The following experience, told by Burt B. Farnsworth, in *Association Men*, is worthy of consideration by husbands who are in difficulty:

“‘My wife and I are not getting along well together and have not been for several years,’ he said, dropping into the chair beside my desk. ‘Our likes and dislikes are so different. We do not seem to agree about anything. Perhaps it is just temperamental, but I do not see how it can be any other way.

“‘Of course we have talked it over many, many times during the latter part of the ten years we have been married. Each time we have promised to do differently, to try to get along better; but the promises do not hold, and the plan does not work. Everything I do disturbs her, and everything she does nettles me.’

“He arose, and with a quick, nervous step, paced back and forth the length of my room.

“‘We are quarreling all the time. Both of us have come to feel that things ought not — must not — go on like this. But can they ever be any different?’ He dropped disconsolately into the chair again. ‘We don’t know what to do. Perhaps the only way to have any peace is for us to separate.

“‘It was so different when we were first married.’ With his chin resting in his hand, he studied the floor. ‘We were as happy as two persons could be. My income was small. We bought our furniture a little at a time as we had the

money. We looked forward every pay day to going out together to buy some new thing for the home—maybe a chair, perhaps a picture; like as not, a few dishes. Always we made our plans together, and we were very happy in carrying them out.

“Gradually a change came. We began to drift apart. She wanted her way, and I wanted mine. We didn’t plan together as formerly. Yet, through it all, we were very careful not to let any of our friends know that anything was wrong or different. In fact, it was a long time before either of us awoke to the fact that our relations were becoming strained; but now things have gone on until we jangle all the time. We cannot stand it! I do not believe she would care much if I did not come home; and sometimes I feel as if I would not care much if I did not go. It seems to me that the only thing to do is to separate—yet I hesitate. My wife is a fine woman, and is not any more to blame than I; but it is just this “incompatibility of temperament” that makes living together almost a nightmare.”

“Such was the substance of his story. While he had been talking, I had been thinking. When he finished, I picked up a sheet of paper, and drawing two parallel lines on it, pushed it over toward him. ‘That was the way you two went when you were first married; and as long as you went that way, you were both happy, weren’t you?’

“He quickly assented.

“I drew two diverging lines below the parallels.

“‘That is the way you are going now, and you seem to be having anything but a happy time of it.’

“Then, to see if he had really thought through the situation: ‘Why not separate and have it over with? Would you not be happier?’

“‘That’s just the trouble. I am afraid I couldn’t do without her, and I cannot be happy with her!’

“‘How about her? Perhaps she would be happier without you. Perhaps you ought to think of her and of her happiness as well as of your own; perhaps even more than your own. I am not sure that you have done that; but tell me honestly, do you want a legal separation?’

“He looked me in the eye, and with tears coursing down his cheeks, said, ‘No, I don’t, but I don’t know what else

to do.' After a moment he continued, 'I came to see you hoping that you could suggest something, that we could find some way to straighten out our trouble.'

"'As I understand it, then,' I said, 'you want to make those diverging lines parallel. That can be done in one of two ways: The direction of both lines can be changed a little or one can be changed a good deal. Perhaps your wife will be willing to change her half, perhaps not. If not, you must change yours all the more. What you must learn first is not to know your wife better, but to know yourself better. The husband who spends his time trying to fathom his wife's peculiarities without recognizing that he has some of his own, will seldom have a happy home.'

"'But suppose she won't help?' he interrupted.

"'Then you must make the entire shift. Let us assume that your wife will not change her course. Are you willing to go *all* the way? Do not say you will meet her halfway. You have talked these things over many times, but made no headway. This time you must make your plan and carry it out without consulting her. You must be willing to go all the way. You may not need to, but you must be willing to do so.

"'Life is too short to scrap things through, and it is too long to expect always to have your own way. All successful business enterprises are the result of compromises, and all happy homes are too. Just now you must not ask your wife to compromise. You must do it all, for the present at least, until we see where we are going. In the early days of your married life, doubtless both of you gave in many times.'

"'Yes, often,' he answered; 'but in recent years neither does so willingly.'

"'Suppose you get into your mind the idea of a happy home and a kind and loving *husband*. Never mind the loving wife, just now; you are going to make your home happy without consulting your wife, without letting her know you intend to do it. You are going to do it in spite of your wife. In doing it, you will make a new man of yourself and discover a new woman in her. You are going to determine that no matter what your wife may say or do, you are not going to take offense. You are just going to forgive, and then forgive, and keep on forgiving, until

forgiving becomes an essential part of your being. You are going to act as if she were the dearest, kindest, most thoughtful wife in the world.

“Think of the fine things you said to your wife when you were first married. They will stand repeating now. A box of chocolates will not harm the situation at any time. If dinner is late, don't mention it. If it is ready on time, compliment your wife on her punctuality. When your plan begins to develop, your wife will think something has happened to you — that perhaps you are sick. She may want to send for the doctor; maybe for the minister; but just keep on in your new way. It will be the greatest thing you have ever done if you can reestablish the old relations with all the joy and happiness.’

“And so we talked for more than an hour; and when he left me, I reached over and took the sheet of paper on which I had drawn the lines, and under the diverging ones I wrote, *‘Make these parallel.’*

“Nearly two months later he came in to see me; ‘to report,’ as he said.

“He had started living up to the new idea, and while his wife had been rather snappy and inclined to nag him as formerly, he had controlled himself, and, as he said, ‘really enjoyed the situation.’ Instead of retorting in kind, he took occasion from time to time to say pleasant things, which quite surprised her. So they lived for two or three weeks. One evening after dinner, his wife went to him, and asked, ‘What in the world has come over you lately?’

“‘Nothing that I know of. Why?’

“‘Well, something has! You have not scolded or picked on me for over two weeks.’

“‘Oh! Is that what you mean?’ he replied. ‘That’s only a little applied psychology.’

“She referred to the subject a number of times in an inquiring way, for the old frictions were going or gone, and they were both quite happy again. She wanted to know what caused the change, for she realized that it began in her husband and not in herself.

“More than a year has passed since then. When I saw him recently and inquired about relations at home, he said,

‘The last six months have been the happiest we have ever known.’

“‘What about the “incompatibility of temperament”?’
I inquired.

“‘Huh,’ he grinned, ‘there isn’t any such thing!’”

TO A WIFE

We have had our little sorrows,
We have known our little pain;
We have had our dark to-morrows,
Had our sunshine after rain.

But the worst of all our losses,
Loyal comrade of my heart,
We have found the little crosses
That we tried to bear apart!

Care we *jointly* bore proved blessing;
Care each bore *alone* proved blight —
Till, with humble, frank confessing,
Each returned to each for light;

Till we learned the law unfailing
That controls our happiness:
Prayers and tears are unavailing
Prayed or shed in selfishness.

Then, though bleak or blithe the weather,
Be the landscape gray or green,
Let us cling so close together,
Not a care can creep between.

— *Strickland W. Gillilan.*

The supreme test of love is applied when love is wounded. To suffer and still love, is the greatest test of affection. It is easy, when injured, to fall a victim to passion and spite. It is Godlike to suffer in submission, to pray for the one who grieves us most deeply. It is the

privilege of love at this point not to limp away to a dark corner in a fit of the sulks. If we love only those who love us, our love is worldly, and not the love Christ manifested.

BE FAITHFUL TO YOUR WIFE

This is an age of low morality. The associations of men and women are marked with so much freedom that temptation against loyalty in the marriage relation lurks on every hand.

There are women who are tempters, who delight in flattery, in seeking the society of men, and in enticing them to evil. "The lips of a strange woman drop as an honeycomb, and her mouth is smoother than oil. . . . Remove thy way far from her, and come not nigh the door of her house: lest thou give thine honor unto others, and thy years unto the cruel: lest strangers be filled with thy wealth; and thy labors be in the house of a stranger; and thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed, and say, How have I hated instruction, and my heart despised reproof!" Proverbs 5:3, 8-12.

Sometimes a woman goes to a man for sympathy. She weeps because her husband does not love and pity her. A true man will never try to supply what is lacking. He may recommend that she visit some woman and seek advice, but he will keep aloof from such a case and will never visit her unless his wife accompanies him. A woman who respects herself will not go to

men for sympathy in marital troubles, and every appeal of this kind awakens distrust.

Social customs that lead to questionable familiarity between men and women, whether married or unmarried, should be abandoned. The husband's smiles, sociability, kind words, and gentlemanly conduct will be appreciated by his family; and when he bestows them in his own home, he will experience a pleasure that leaves no sting.

“LET ME HELP YOU”

An invalid once said that the words she remembered and prized most from her husband were his “Let me help you,” when she had a task beyond her strength. He was often by her side, ready to attempt anything that would relieve her. The wife needs her husband's help in the training of the children as well as in other tasks. She needs his prayers, his sympathy, to sustain and encourage; without them she would fail.

It is said that when Shakespeare made his will, he gave his wife “the second best.” Some husbands give “second best” to their wives in affection, attention, help, and courtesy. Why not give them “first best”?

It may be that the homemaker, the closest and most faithful companion the Creator ever gave to man, will slip away some day. No husband, in that dark hour, will reproach himself for having been too kind, too helpful, or too loyal. He is to be pitied if he did not manifest these

traits, if he was not the husband he might have been.

The hands are such dear hands;
They are so full; they turn at our demands
So often; they reach out
With trifles, scarcely thought about;
So many times they do
So many things for me, for you —
If their fond wills mistake,
We well may bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips
That speak to us. Pray, if love strips
Them of discretion many times,
Or if they speak too slow or quick, such crimes
We may pass by; for we may see
Days not far off when those small words may be
Held not as slow, or quick, or out of place, but dear,
Because the lips that spoke are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go
Along the path with ours,—feet fast or slow,
And trying to keep pace,—if they mistake
Or tread upon some flower we would take
Upon our breast, or bruise some reed,
Or crush poor Hope until it bleed,
We may be mute,
Not turning quickly to impute
Grave faults; for they and we
Have such a little way to go — can be
Together such a little while along the way —
We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find,
We see them, for not blind
Is love. We see them; but if you and I
Perhaps remember them some by and by,
They will not be faults then — grave faults — to you
and me,
But just odd ways,—mistakes, or even less,—
Remembrances to bless.

—*Frances E. Willard.*

CHAPTER FIVE

THE BEST WOMAN ON EARTH

THE best woman in the world is well described by a wise poet, preacher, philosopher, and king; in fact, he was the wisest man who ever lived. But for all that, he showed a lack of good sense by marrying seven hundred wives. No wonder this king exclaimed, "Behold, all is vanity and vexation of spirit"!

Yet this preacher declared, "Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labor. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up."

It was God Himself who said, "It is not good that the man should be alone; I will make him a help meet for him," one fitted to stand by him as his companion and helper. Not many helpers, but *one*. The two were to keep close together instead of living apart. "In both the Old and the New Testament, the marriage relation is employed to represent the tender and sacred union that exists between Christ and His people."

Solomon describes this best and most charming woman in the last chapter of Proverbs. He does not encourage us to believe there are many such; he intimates that she is rarely found. But the man who finds her secures a prize more precious than rubies. "The heart of her hus-

band doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil."

This worthy woman described by Solomon is married. Not all of the most charming women have husbands. It may be there are not enough good men to claim them. Sacrifice for others causes some to remain single; or a quiet grave may hide the love that never came to fruition. Billy Sunday is credited with saying that there are no "old maids" any more; they are "ladies in waiting." Such ladies deserve all the respect and pleasure a more enlightened age has for them.

THE CLINGING VINE

The wife is sometimes compared to a clinging vine and the husband to the towering oak. But there is a difference in vines. Some make the tree to which they cling beautiful, and crown it with glory, while others sap its vitality and cling until death leaves only a lifeless trunk, which soon decays.

But while the gracious wife may cling, she does something else. She "*worketh willingly* with her hands;" she does not think them too fine for household tasks. She is willing to do more than "boss the job." She herself works. She is not lazy. She did not marry to get somebody to support her. If material is not at hand, she seeks for it. Her home hums with activity from morning till night.

When a young man faces a girl's father and asks for his daughter, one of the questions is

likely to be, "Can you provide a comfortable support for my daughter?" Why would it not be as appropriate for the mother of the young man to visit the young woman's mother and inquire, "Has your daughter been taught to cook and to do housework? Can she make a pleasant home for my son?"

One of the governors of Kansas told his daughter that when she could make a loaf of bread as good as her grandmother provided, he would give her a check for one hundred dollars. Lenore soon found it very necessary to visit grandmother. What occurred during her stay, we are not told; but in a few weeks she presented her admiring father with a choice loaf of her own baking, and demanded her check.

WHY HE MARRIED HER

Mr. Armour of Chicago married a woman who was an excellent housekeeper; and when questioned as to his reason for selecting her, while others more wealthy than she would have been proud to bear his name, he replied:

"I did not feel especially interested in this young lady, though we were good friends, till one evening her father gave a dinner to a lot of men. I was invited, and learned that the cook had left unexpectedly, and that the delicious dinner was prepared and served under the supervision of his daughter. I found my way to the kitchen after a while, and I don't think she ever looked prettier than she did in a big gingham apron, her cheeks pink with excitement, a dab of flour on her nose; and she was making dishes step about as if by magic. That settled it for me. I decided that what I needed was somebody who took an interest in her home instead of being a mere butterfly."

There is real pleasure in doing housework and in doing it well. It is not drudgery. Home-making in all its details is fascinating. It calls for intelligence and culture. Ruskin says:

“You must be either housewife or housemoth. Remember that in the deep sense you must weave men’s fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon them and bring them to decay.

“Wherever a true wife comes, home is around her. The stars may be the canopy over her head, the glowworm in the night-cold grass be the fire at her feet; but home is where she is, and for a noble woman, stretches far around her, better than houses ceiled with cedar or painted with vermillion, shedding its quiet light for those who else were homeless.”

Labor is ennobling. To do the common things of life “as unto the Lord,” glorifies them and lifts the thoughts to a higher plane.

“Come out and see the sunset,” my husband said to me;
“It is so beautiful to-night, I want that you should see.”
I felt almost impatient, and I did not want to go,
For — there were things upon the stove that needed watch-
ing so!
The chili sauce was cooking, and the jelly would not “jell,”
And the kitchen was a melting pot of heat and steam and
smell;
But I tinkered with the damper, and I laid my apron by,
And I went out with my husband to the flaming autumn sky.

And there above the mountains was the glory of the Lord,
In fiery, burnished chariot, in mighty, flaming sword;
In strength and power and majesty, His glory shone around,
And reached down to envelop His children on the ground.
It drew us close together, and each grasped the other’s hand
In a quickened understanding, in a comprehension grand,
As we listened in the silence to the symphony divine
That found a fervent echo in my husband’s heart and mine.

The colors gently faded, and the quiet evening came;
I went back to my kitchen, but nothing was the same.
A song had entered in my heart, a peace lay in the air,
And a wondrous benediction seemed to follow everywhere.
So I thanked my God for husband and for all His beauties
sent,
To rest His weary children and to whisper His content.
— *Helen M. Doyle.*

“Not to be ministered unto, but to minister,” is the ideal wife’s motto. Names are not lacking among the most cultured women who found their pleasure in household tasks. Queen Victoria was an excellent housekeeper. Queen Wilhelmina of Holland took charge of her mother’s household when she was sixteen. Mrs. Roosevelt and Mrs. Taft were famous cooks. Mrs. Cleveland-Preston, when mistress of the White House, often took her guests to the kitchen. Mrs. Bryan was busy on a back porch making blackberry jam instead of entertaining visiting delegates when returns were expected at a time Mr. Bryan was candidate for President. When questioned as to why she was so occupied, she replied, “Whichever way the election goes, Mr. Bryan will enjoy jam on his biscuits.” Disappointment would be less poignant with good jam than without.

There will be trying days for the queen of the household, when the bread burns, a finger is cut, unexpected visitors must be entertained, the children fret, and the homekeeper is hurried, worried, and weary. The charming woman will see in these circumstances new opportunities for

self-control. She will not let frazzled nerves get the upper hand.

At evening the weary wife will greet her husband with a smile. She may mention some of the things that have troubled her, but will add, "I'm so glad I have our home and you. Some way my burdens are all gone now that you are here." The true husband will give his whole heart's affection to a wife like that.

EXTREMES IN NEATNESS AND ORDER

Some wives may forget the statement in the Sermon on the Mount that the life is more than meat, and the body than raiment. In other words, not only physical life is more precious than food, but the inner, spiritual life must have nourishment. While the body must be clothed and the house kept in order, yet the robe of character developed in the home should receive first attention.

Some housewives are so extremely orderly that husband and children are constantly under restraint. A picture comes to mind of a farmer husband who was also a scholar and a teacher. He was in every way mentally superior to his wife, but he ever refrained from exposing her ignorance, and never revealed his longing for real companionship.

The wife was extremely orderly. Her own mother could not live with her; for, as she said, she could "not exist where some one continually followed her with a mop." The husband was

very helpful. When he brought vegetables from the garden, he would wash and prepare them outside the house, then remove his shoes before entering, lest a particle of dust should be brought inside. But his soul was starved. The perfect order troubled him. The lesson is that while homes should be neat and tidy, still there may be such extreme stiffness and precision that the home spirit is destroyed.

THE HIGHER FRIENDSHIP

The first duty of the wife is to love her husband, to give him a place held by no other in her affections. He is her counselor, her lover, her best and truest earthly friend, and she will not betray his trust. His faults are hidden deep in her own heart. Though they may give her pain, she will not speak of them to others. She shields him from censure whenever possible. Between her husband and herself she allows no confessor or confidant. She will choose his society in preference to that of any other man. She will not seek or relish flattery from others, nor will she give them her confidence concerning family matters. She will not be a party in any scheme which she must hide from her husband.

THE "TIE VOTE"

Wives are ready to believe the Bible when it commands the husband to love his wife; but they are not so ready to receive its plain statements that the wife should reverence her husband and submit her will to his.

The submission commanded is the submission of love. Husband and wife should be one, but this ideal condition does not always exist. On some points they can and will differ, and no harm result; on others, when a decision is to be reached, there must be harmony. In legislative bodies, when the house is divided, the speaker may cast his vote and decide the question. On account of the position God has given the husband in the family, his is the privilege of the "tie vote," and the wife suffers no dishonor when she yields her opinion to his. When to obey the husband does not conflict with obedience to the command of God, she will do well not to determine to have her own way.

TRUE COMPANIONSHIP

The wife may think she loves her husband when she marries him, and she probably does; but love should grow stronger with the years. There is sometimes danger, as children come to the home, that these take the larger share of her love and interest. An Englishwoman says:

"Don't nauseate your husband by talking baby all the time. As baby's father, he will stand a good deal of this, but remember there are other interests in the world. Don't let your husband become merely your children's father after the arrival of the first baby. You can give him an extra share of love in that capacity, but he will choose to be none the less your husband and chum. The greatest of all mothers is she who manages her responsibilities so that the duty of being a wife is not sacrificed to that of the mother."

The science of conjugality is most important of all. The wife who chooses "the good part"

of her husband, tries to please him; she so identifies her soul with all that is noble and aspiring in him, that he realizes that there is but one in all the world who really understands him. Husband-keeping is a finer art than housekeeping. Some wives are only housekeepers. They are not suns in the domestic solar system. Their husbands become "wandering stars" because they have no orbit in which to move; they rotate at too great a distance; perhaps they fly off at a tangent, and are lost in "the blackness of darkness forever."

Wives may receive the kindly attentions of their husbands in such an indifferent manner that it kills the desire to be kind. If gratitude is not felt and expressed, the loverlike attitude of the husband is chilled and frozen. He may say nothing,—probably does not,—but the wound is deep and very difficult to heal.

Here is an illustration:

"The other night on the street car I overheard a conversation between two men. 'Looks like you'd been to the florist,' said the older.

"'Yes, I'm taking a bunch of roses to my lady,' proudly returned the other.

"'Hm-m! Reminds me of old times. Well, enjoy it while you can, old chap. After you're married, you won't do that any more.'

"'Won't do it any more! Well, I guess I *will*!' hotly answered the youth. 'Don't you think that our getting married is going to keep me from showing little attentions to my wife!'

"'But she won't let you do it, man,' said the other.

“‘Won’t let me do it! Well, you don’t know her. I should say she will. Nothing she likes better. What are you driving at anyway?’

“His friend smiled. ‘You may not believe it, but I had just as good intentions as you have before we were married, and tried to carry them out. A short time after we were settled in our cozy little home, I passed a florist’s on my way from work one night, and decided to take my wife a bunch of flowers.

“‘I got the prettiest they had, and paid a corresponding price, too. But, of course, I did not suppose she would ask what they cost; she never did before. Well, I was all excited by the time I reached home, thinking how pleased she would be. She met me at the door, and as I handed her the flowers, what do you suppose she said? “You dear boy to remember me”? — Not much! That’s what she used to say, of course. What she did say was, “How much did they cost?” And I, like an idiot, blurted out, “Two dollars.”

“““Two dollars!” ejaculated my horrified little wife. “Oh, my dear! Don’t you realize that we can’t afford such luxuries as that now, with your meager salary?” And there I was getting bigger wages and living more economically than before we were married. I tell you it almost made me angry. But I recovered, and tried again a few weeks later. That time I thought I’d avoid a luxury and get her something strictly useful. I became possessed of a bright idea: a silk waist—that was just the thing! I remembered a blue waist she once had that I always liked, so I bought one like it. And this is the reception it got—that practical, well-intended silk offering: “Oh, my! Isn’t that just like a man? What in the world made you get blue? Don’t you know I can’t wear blue? If you had only given me the money and let me select it myself!”

““That settled me, friend. I didn’t try again. But would you believe it, several weeks later I found her crying as if her heart would break; and what about, do you suppose? “I don’t believe you love me any more,” she wailed. “You never bring me home any presents as you used to.”

“‘I give it up! Women are certainly curious creatures, and I confess I don’t understand them. But I didn’t mean to discourage you, friend. Go ahead, and don’t think I am

feeling sorry for myself, either. I'm happy enough, and think the world of my wife. But there's no denying it, they're different after they're married; that's all! Here's my street. Good-night.'"

If wives will use and study the methods which were effectual in winning the good man they call husband, there will be fewer disappointed husbands and unhappy wives.

THE NAGGING, FUSSY WOMAN

Some husbands possess the patience of Job or they could not endure the eternal nagging and fussing they have at home. In public and in private their faults are discussed and the wife assumes the air of one who must train her husband and make him presentable in society. She may be his inferior from every point of view. But he must pay her special attention, must order his conduct according to her rules.

A cheerful, genial man, one of education and broad culture, who was the life of every circle he entered, was seen to be quiet, self-absorbed, unsocial, whenever accompanied by his wife. Frequently she would say, "Benton, don't do that," or "Please, Benton, do this for me," or she would relate to the company some incident in which Benton's conduct was the subject of criticism. Could she have known the feelings of indignation in the hearts of her auditors while she monopolized the conversation and almost constantly dwelt on some shortcoming of her husband, she would have been amazed.

“PUSHING ON THE LINES”

Other women who are not critical or fault-finding, seem to carry the weight of the universe on their frail shoulders. They are all fire, nerve, and energy. A story is told of how such a woman became a more sensible wife:

Just a year ago it was that I saw her last, until yesterday; a little, thin, nervous, worried-looking woman, with eyes too bright, mouth too set, firm little hands too tightly clasped, going uphill in an old-fashioned wagon, pushing on the lines.

There was a good driver in the front seat, a good steady horse in the shafts, a good smooth road under the wheels, a fine green landscape all around to see; but my friend didn't see it. She was too busy pushing on the lines.

Up, up, up the long hill climbed the straining wheels. “Gid-dap,” said the driver as he spit contentedly into the splendid gulf of green below the bluff, “Gid-dap.” And the patient, steady old horse “gid-dapped” quietly, calmly, steadily, to the top of the long hill.

At the top my friend leaned back on the cushions. “There!” she said, and sighed in great relief. The driver turned in his seat, and spoke with all the freedom of the Western spirit.

“Tired, ain't you?” he said.

“Tired?” echoed my friend. “Why, yes, I guess I am.”

“Well, now,” said the driver, soothingly, “you hadn't ought to be. The old horse, he did all the pulling. I wouldn't push so hard on the lines when we come to the next hill.”

The woman's face relaxed, her bright eyes softened a little. “That's so,” she said, “I believe that's good advice”; and she waved us a good-humored good-by as she and the driver and the old-fashioned mountain wagon started down the hill.

Yesterday I met my friend for the first time since then. Her back was toward me, and I didn't know her till she turned.

"What in the world has happened to you?" I said. "You look like a girl again."

My friend smiled. "I am," she said, "and yet it is all so simple. I learned it from the driver on the mountain road. I've stopped pushing on the lines, that's all; and you can't think how much easier the road is to climb."

Stopped pushing on the lines; that was it.

My friend has a good husband — kind, devoted, successful in a quiet sort of way; not so clever as my friend, not so ambitious, not so full of energy, but the man of the family without a doubt. I have often wondered if her constant pushing and prodding and reminding and spurring didn't get on his nerves. My friend told me about it.

"You know Joe as well as I do," she said. "Poor fellow, he's had a time of it with me. I was always 'pushing on the lines,' and thought I was helping; and all the time, it didn't do a thing but make me tired before we got to the top of the hill.

"Joe never hurries; he never goes into things with his heart and soul; he does the best he can, and lets it go at that.

"It used fairly to kill me to get him off to the office. I wanted him to hurry. I wanted him to get to work. I wanted him to do things, and hustle. And he never would; he couldn't. He had just so much strength, just so much energy, and just such a hill to climb, and all the pushing I did didn't make a particle of difference to him or to me or to the load.

"I worried, and fretted, and nagged, and was irritated, 'pushing on the lines' all the way, and we didn't get to the top a bit quicker for all my pushing.

"Suddenly last year, when the driver told me that about the lines, it all was clear to me, and I've never done it since — not once.

"When I feel like hurrying Joe, when I wish he'd do something quicker than he does, or put more life into the doing of it, I just lean back, and untie my face, and say to myself, 'Don't push on the lines,' and it's all right.

"I'm ten years younger, and so is Joe. I take time to enjoy things. I don't worry over what I can't help; and in the long run, I guess we get over the road about as well as we did before, if not a good deal better."

Don't push on the lines. I wish every woman who nags would learn that lesson. She needs it, and so does her husband.— *Annie Laurie.*

IMPATIENCE AND ANGER

If the husband, in a thoughtless moment, has hurt his wife's sensitive feelings, the longer she thinks about it, the more it will hurt and smart. If she rests on one of the precious promises spoken for time of perplexity and distress, if she goes out in the fresh air a little while, thinks persistently of something pleasant, her troubles will not be half so hard to bear.

The wife who would retain her husband's affection will guard her "moods and tenses." Some wives are naturally sunny and cheerful. They see the bright instead of the dark side. Those with such a disposition are greatly favored.

Others see the sadness, the dark clouds; nothing is just right. And so they chafe and complain, scold and find fault, until, in desperation, the husband betakes himself to the street—anywhere—to escape the poisonous atmosphere of his own home.

Unkindness, complaining, and anger cause good angels to depart. No one can afford to let a hasty temper, a sullen mood, and tense feelings ruin the life. The woman who is thus afflicted should not become a wife until she has become master of her disposition, and can speak and act calmly under annoying circumstances.

If I had known in the morning
How wearily all the day
The words unkind would trouble my mind
That I said when you went away,
I had been more careful, darling,
Nor given you needless pain;
But we vex our own with look and tone
We may never take back again.

For though in the quiet evening
You may give me the kiss of peace,
Yet it well might be that never for me
The pain of my heart should cease!
How many go forth at morning
Who never come home at night!
And hearts have broken for harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.

We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But oft for our own the bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best.
Ah, lips with the curve impatient!
Ah, brow with the shade of scorn!
'Twere a cruel fate, were the night too late
To undo the work of the morn.

—Margaret E. Sangster.

Nothing else adds to the joy of home as does a sunny temper, a heart at peace though all is disturbing without. Nothing else clouds the atmosphere like a gloomy, faultfinding, teasing disposition. A wife who is severe, complaining, and hard to please will spoil any home.

She says she is "nervous." Some people think she is cross. Words of complaint, faultfinding, and censure make the husband desperate, the children hard and rebellious. Thunder storms clear the atmosphere out of doors, but

they have an opposite effect in the home. Jesus expelled demons, even the "dumb spirit," from those afflicted. He is needed now to cast devils from those possessed, and to bring peace where before were unrest and wrangling.

Another demon, worse than that of the thunder-storm variety, is one found in the person who pouts, sulks, and poses as the afflicted one, wrapped in a mantle of gloom. This spirit is present when some word causing offense is spoken, or when something is done that displeases. Probably those who manifest this disposition were coaxed and petted when children; mistaken friends tried to persuade them that no offense was meant, and after a time they were pacified. This demon can be overcome only through the grace of Christ.

A wife or mother who goes about with an injured air, answers all questions with "Yes" or "No," says it is no matter what becomes of her, that nobody loves her, depresses the whole household. Such a person is indeed possessed by an evil spirit. A woman of weak character sometimes poses as a martyr when she cannot do as she pleases. Such women act like spoiled children. They drag down their husbands; they are unfit to be mothers.

A few moments apart with the Saviour will often restore the needed poise; but if one seems to be sinking under the pressure of care, weariness, worry, or irritability, let her send the hurry call, "Lord, save me." For the sake of

husband and children, for the sake of her own soul, she should never give up until this evil disposition is conquered.

If with pleasure you are viewing any work a man is doing,
If you like him or you love him, tell him now.

Don't withhold your approbation till the parson makes
oration,

And he lies with snowy lilies o'er his brow;
For, no matter how you shout it, he won't really care
about it;

He won't know how many teardrops you have shed;
If you think some praise is due him, now's the time to slip
it to him,

For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

More than fame and more than money is the comment kind
and sunny

And the hearty, warm approval of a friend;
For it gives to live a savor, and it makes you stronger,
braver,

And it gives you heart and spirit to the end.
If he earns your praise, bestow it; if you like him, let him
know it;

Let the words of true encouragement be said;
Do not wait till life is over, and he's underneath the clover,
For he cannot read his tombstone when he's dead.

—*“Christian Endeavor World.”*

After an explosion in a coal mine, in which many were killed, a young wife was seen sitting by her husband's dead body. She looked at him, but shed no tears. She rocked to and fro, her face white with anguish.

“Oh that I had spoke fair to him at the end!” she moaned. “Oh that he would come to life one minute, that I could say, ‘Jimmie, forgive me’! Nothing can help me now! I could bear it if I'd spoke fair to him at the end!”

At last the story came out. They had been married a year, she and Jim, and both had tempers; but Jim was always first to make up. And this very morning they had had trouble. It began because breakfast was not ready and the fire wouldn't burn. Both had said hard words. But at the very last, though the breakfast had not been fit to eat, Jim had turned at the door, and said: "Give me a kiss, lass. You know you love me, and we won't part in ill blood."

"No, Jimmie, I don't love you!" she said petulantly.

"Give me one kiss, lass," pleaded Jimmie.

"No, not one!"

"And now —" Then the tears rushed to her eyes. With awful sobs, she flung her arms around the corpse.

"Dear Jimmie, speak to me now!" she moaned. "Say you forgive me."

"Do not grieve so hopelessly," some one said, trying to comfort her. But the mourner's ears were deaf to all comfort, and the wailing cry came again and again: "Oh, if I had only spoke fair to him at the end!"

KEEP SWEET

The wife who has a cheerful, sunny heart is a treasure. She is charming at home or wherever she may go. She looks good and is good.

The happy woman is not envious. She holds no grudge against any one. Life is too short, she thinks, to waste in thinking, speaking, or acting unkindly. So she smiles a welcome to

the one who shares her seat in the pew or on the street car. She holds the door open for the one following her. Her thoughts are for others, not for self. It is selfishness that gives rise to grouches and brings unhappiness; it is selfishness that squeezes all the joy out of life.

The one who keeps sweet, cares more for others than for self. Every one is in the world to befriend his fellows, to give courage, strength, and glimpses of the life beyond to those who grow weak and weary in the battle.

It is said of a woman who had experienced great sorrow, that she decided she would not let it depress and discourage her. She resolved to smile, and several times a day she would laugh heartily whether she felt like it or not. She overcame her gloom and sadness, and became a blessing to those about her.

“A laugh is just like music,
It lingers in the heart;
And where its melody is heard,
The ills of life depart,
And happy thoughts come crowding in
Its joyful notes to greet;
A laugh is just like music
For making living sweet.”

PRAYING FOR HER HUSBAND

One of the greatest privileges of the faithful wife is to pray for her husband. Many men have been saved because their wives have prayed until their prayers were answered.

Men have great temptations to meet in the world. It holds a man steady to know that at

home a wife who lives her religion is pleading for God's blessing upon him while he is absent. He may not speak his appreciation or give token of a change of heart; but notwithstanding his seeming indifference, he is glad he has a true friend who prays.

Life is too short for a wife to be anything but the best companion possible to her husband. The day of separation comes all too soon. Happy will she be if she has been true to her trust. Beside an open grave she will never grieve that she has been loving and forgiving.

“One of us, dear —

But one —

Will sit by the bed with nameless fear,

And clasp the hand

Growing cold as it feels for the spirit land.

Darling, which one?

“One of us, dear —

But one —

Will stand by the other's coffin bier,

And look and weep,

While those marble lips strange silence keep.

Darling, which one?

“One of us, dear —

But one —

By an open grave will drop a tear,

And homeward go,

The anguish of an unshared grief to know.

Darling, which one?

“One of us, darling, it must be.

It may be you will slip from me;

Or perhaps my life may first be done:

I'm glad we do not know

Which one.”

CHAPTER SIX

BLASTING THE FOUNDATION

THE column in the daily newspaper announcing births, marriages, and deaths is familiar, but not until more recently has it been thought best to chronicle another phase of family life, and announce to the public the names of those who have been divorced.

We live in an age when there is a craze on the subject of marriage. It is equaled only by the mania to be released from the marriage obligations after the vows have been spoken.

New York City in 1919 had an increase of nearly fifty per cent in the number divorced, there being thirteen hundred thirty-five couples separated. Divorce increased in California from 1,813 in 1906 to 5,573 in 1916; in Nevada, from 119 to 648; in Ohio, from 4,781 to 7,607.

In the *Knoxville Journal and Tribune* for June 3, 1919, a news item was given from Nashville, Tennessee, in which this startling announcement was made: "Figures in the county for May show two hundred thirty marriage licenses issued, and two hundred forty divorces granted, by the three circuit courts."

In a speech before the United States Senate, reported in the *Washington Times*, Joseph Ransdell, of Louisiana, gave these striking statistics:

"Practically every one who has given the subject the slightest study, admits that divorce is one of the most serious problems confronting our republic.

"In the United States, divorce is spreading with alarming rapidity. It has permeated every walk of life, and is prevalent among every class of people. The total number of divorces granted in 1867 was nine thousand nine hundred thirty-seven, or twenty-seven per one hundred thousand population. Forty years later, in 1906, there were seventy-two thousand six hundred and sixty-two divorces, or eighty-six per one hundred thousand; thus in actual numbers there were more than seven times as many divorces granted in 1906 as in 1867, or, allowing for the increased population, divorce had increased three hundred and nineteen per cent. To put it in another way: In 1867 there was one divorce for every three thousand six hundred and sixty-six persons, while in 1906 there was one for every one thousand one hundred and sixty-two."

In 1916, in the United States, there were reported 112,036. The comparison becomes worse when we are told that the total number of divorces granted in the United States is more than twice as great as in the rest of Christendom combined.

"AMERICA'S DARKEST CLOUD"

The divorce problem is called "America's darkest cloud," by William Hall Moreland, Episcopal bishop of the Diocese of Sacramento, California. From an article which appeared in the *San Francisco Examiner* of April 10, 1921, these paragraphs are taken:

"Mining kings, oil millionaires, and war profiteers, grown suddenly rich, have put away the faithful partners of the days of poverty and struggle, and lavished their new-made wealth upon actresses. Selfish women, sacrificing men to

their passion for jewels, clothes, and luxury, are encouraged under our laws to sell their bodies to the highest bidder, yet continue to move in decent society as respectable women.

"This is no fancy picture. It describes what is going on to-day all over the United States. Conditions are growing worse. . . .

"If easy divorce continues at the present rate in this country, the ideal of true marriage, as the union of one man and one woman until death shall part, will gradually fade from the consciousness of the American people and be replaced by a kind of barnyard morality. . . .

"In the past twenty years 1,883,000 homes have been wrecked by divorce in the United States. Since there are two people to each divorce, this means that 3,766,000 were separated by divorce in the first twenty years of this century.

"The number of children named in divorce decrees for the past twenty years is 1,138,000. This is to say, a vast army of innocent children were deprived of the loving oversight of one parent or another, being made orphans or half orphans, not by the hand of Providence, but by the selfishness of their parents."

This concise statement of present conditions is quoted from *Collier's* magazine:

"MATRIMONY: Ceremony, parsimony, acrimony, testimony, alimony."

March 16, 1923, Bishop William T. Manning, of New York City, gave a Lenten address on "The Peril of Evil Divorce to Our Life as a Nation." Among other striking things, he said:

"It is a simple fact that as a nation we are rapidly abandoning the principle of monogamic marriage. The proportion of divorce to marriages in our country has reached figures that are appalling.

"In our country as a whole there is now one divorce for every eight marriages, and in some of the states there is one divorce for every two or three marriages.

"In 1916, the last year for which official figures are available, there were 224,007 persons divorced in the United States; and during the same year in Canada, only 114 persons. It has been shown recently that in 1920 some 133,000 families in our country were broken up by divorce, and that a divorce is granted in our courts every four minutes.

FACILITIES ABROAD

"The ease with which divorce is secured by the rich is increased by the facilities now offered in Paris, and in other places; and no matter how scandalous the circumstances of the divorce, some minister of religion, it seems, can be found who is willing to perform the ceremony of remarriage.

"The teaching that marriage should last only while love lasts means in reality that marriage should not exist at all. It means, in plain words, the abolition of marriage and the substitution of the system of free love."

Says the well-known Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver:

"In the year ending December 15, there were 3,000 marriage licenses issued in Denver, and 1,500 divorce suits filed. How many separations are never filed? I'd say as many as divorces.

"In fact, from my investigations I learn that nonsupport cases add another thousand to the record. You can see that means one separation for every marriage. Actually, there were fifty more divorces applied for in 1922 than in 1921, and 600 fewer marriages solemnized.

"In Chicago last year, as reports show me, there were 39,000 marriage licenses granted, mostly to young people, and 13,000 divorce decrees were signed. These signed decrees do not represent all that were applied for. . . .

"We've got to recognize the fact that we are face to face with one of the greatest social problems in modern times in this statistically proved failure of marriage."—*Oakland, California, "Tribune," January 3, 1923.*

And this voice is from Los Angeles, from the *Daily Times* of January 29, 1923:

"There were nearly as many divorces as marriages in Los Angeles County in 1922. . . .

"Young people enter into a life contract with less care than they would exercise in choosing a partner to run a peanut stand.

"Sex passion, common to all animals, takes the place of love and esteem. Hence, so many divorces."

"Divorce is increasing in the United States three times as fast as population. At the present rate it will not be long before three fourths of American marriages will end in the divorce court. . . .

"Disregard for the sanctity of marriage, overemphasis of sex, underemphasis of domestic responsibility, lack of uniformity in the law, were among the chief contributing causes that led to the downfall of Rome, of Greece, of Babylon."

To-day both men and women are "playing fast and loose" with the matrimonial bond. The home totters on its blasted foundations, society is breaking up, and our national existence is in danger.

The home is the source of social, religious, and national life. Time was when no nation more jealously guarded its homes than our own. It is a legacy bequeathed us by our Pilgrim ancestors. Some deride the narrowness and strictness of past years; but they should wait before criticizing too severely, until later and looser ideas produce the homes of worth and people as sturdy and virtuous as did they.

EDUCATED IN DIVORCE

In some of our higher colleges and universities the idea is taught that marriage has no sacredness,—that it is contrary to the higher

laws of the spirit to set up a legal relationship as superior to the spontaneous preference of men and women who find in their love a security more sacred than anything the church can create. Here is the proof:

In the *Cosmopolitan* magazine for May, 1909, an article entitled "Blasting at the Rock of Ages," written by Harold Bolce, who spent more than two years studying the scope of college teaching, states the situation clearly. He entered classrooms from Cambridge to California in the universities of the country. His information was obtained first-hand.

The editor summarizes Mr. Bolce's findings with a note from which these statements are gathered:

"What Mr. Bolce sets down here is of the most astounding character. Out of the curricula of American colleges, a dynamic movement is upheaving ancient foundations and promising a way for revolutionary thought and life. Those who are not in close touch with the great colleges of the country will be astonished to learn the creeds being fostered by the faculties of our great universities. In hundreds of classrooms it is being taught daily that the Decalogue is no more sacred than a syllabus; that the home as an institution is doomed; . . . that there can be and are holier alliances without the marriage bond than within it. . . . It is time that the public realize what is being taught to the youth of this country. 'The social question of to-day,' said Disraeli, 'is only a zephyr which rustles the leaves, but will soon become a hurricane.' It is a dull ear that cannot hear the mutterings of the coming storm."

"It is taught by many college sociologists," says Mr. Bolce, "that marriage, under conceiv-

able conditions, will pass away, like medieval institutions.”

Mr. Stanley E. Bowdle, a prominent member of the Cincinnati bar, raises an earnest warning against the great flood of immorality seen particularly in the family relationship. He says:

“Many men talk of approaching crises. The great crisis is here. It registers itself in the decay of family life, in the widespread doctrines of substantial free love, trial marriages, *et cetera*. The day is dominated by menacing egoism in matters of love. . . . Does a man tire of his wife? The law instantly affords relief. Has a wife discovered an affinity? The law eases her embarrassment. Are there children? Have they no rights? — No, the law suffers nothing to interfere with the ‘happiness’ of these individuals. It facilitates their utter separation and divorce.

“But one further step remains in our national marital degradation. It is the allowance of divorce by mutual, private agreement, which agreement, for the purpose of settling mutual, private rights, shall be recorded. This would accomplish two things; first, it would allow instant divorce and thus facilitate that ‘happiness’ which Americans pursue and never overtake; and, second, such divorce by agreement would save the public from the scandalous details of marital disagreements, and the parties from much perjury. Surely, this utilitarian age will soon see the wisdom of this suggestion.

“Will the law in America ever descend to this? Why not? It panders now to the passions of men. To men weak in will, to men carried away by temporary desire or whim, it affords cheap and immediate relief. It cares nothing for the altar oath. ‘Till death (or divorce) do us part,’ is the real oath taken. And this divorce situation has resulted in a grave misuse of our courts. Thousands have received their first lessons in perjury in divorce courts. No, the peril is not approaching; *it is here*. The national will is weakened, its convictions are badly broken down. And this disease is locatable around the nation’s heart—its love, its domestic life.”

Morris Hillquit, in his debate with Father Ryan, said:

“Most socialists, therefore, favor dissolubility of the marriage ties at the pleasure of the contracting parties.”—*“Socialism: Promise or Menace?”* page 163.

WHY THE INCREASE OF DIVORCE?

Where does the divorce cancer have its root? The answer is, *In selfishness*. Men and women are “lovers of their own selves.”

A man marries because the personality of a woman pleases him.

He may marry to get wealth.

His wife's position may give him standing in society.

He may have other reasons, but all are likely to be selfish. It is not true, unselfish love that leads him to marry.

The woman marries a man with money, if possible, one who will indulge her desire for costly and beautiful dress. She wants a husband who will be attentive to her wants, one who will pet and praise her, one who has worldly position. Such objects, too, are purely selfish.

Old-fashioned ideas of home life are no longer popular. To stay at home and care for husband and family is, unhappily, not the ambition of many a modern wife. She must be entertained, must dress and dance, attend places of amusement, and so an apartment is engaged, and the whole scheme of home life is lacking.

First among the causes of divorce are the hasty marriages contracted. A boy and a girl, or a man and a woman, meet, are introduced; they laugh and joke, perhaps go to an entertainment or some resort; he proposes marriage, she accepts; and in this whirlwind fashion, without acquaintance or real love, they marry in a few hours, days, or weeks. It does not take long to overcome their infatuation; and in shorter time than it took to become married, they are anxious for separation, if a darker tragedy does not occur.

When a young woman decides between two suitors by tossing up a penny, and in less than a year appears in court with a baby in her arms, asking for divorce on account of nonsupport, what can a judge do but grant it? Probably it is the only thing to be done under the circumstances. But is it not a pity that such an experience would probably not put any sense into a woman's head, nor would her experience keep thousands of others from thoughtless marriages followed by blighted lives?

So rapidly has the number of divorce cases increased that in some cities a "Court of Domestic Relations" has been formed, and in one of these a certain judge is known as "The Great Reconciler."

Nearly two thirds of the complaints brought to court are caused by husbands deserting their wives, and investigation reveals that the wives

were so incompetent in their home duties that the husbands felt compelled to leave them.

Both men and women are to be blamed, and rarely is the fault found in only one of the parties concerned. But the home life is so largely molded and managed by the wife that she should do all in her power to bring peace instead of alienation. Every divorce is a tragedy.

God made no provision at first for separation. Because of sin, conditions changed. The divorce law given through Moses was not nullified by Christ; He recognized but one cause sufficient for divorce. Even this was not God's ideal.

"The Pharisees also came unto Him [Jesus], tempting Him, and saying unto Him, Is it lawful for a man to put away his wife for every cause?" Matthew 19:3.

And many to-day would answer Yes to such a question. But a loving God does not sanction divorce. "The Lord hath been witness between thee and the wife of thy youth, against whom thou hast dealt treacherously: yet is she thy companion, and the wife of thy covenant." "For the Lord, the God of Israel, saith that He hateth putting away." It is only because of the hardness of men's hearts that bills of divorcement were ever given. "From the beginning it was not so."

Paul said, "Let not the wife depart from her husband: *but* and *if* she depart, let her re-

main unmarried, or be reconciled to her husband." This provision was made so that a woman might live apart from her husband where conditions are unbearable or dangerous to life. The choice is given her of remaining "unmarried," or of being "reconciled." To "depart" because one is weary of the other and would contract another matrimonial alliance, is neither sensible nor Scriptural. If a man is so brutal as to endanger the life of wife or children, she has permission to depart from him and remain unmarried; the same is true of the husband. But the Christian husband or wife will endure great wrongs before taking such a desperate step.

The *Independent* makes this true statement:

"In the first place, the divorce evil is not the divorce. Neither is the divorce the remedy for the divorce evil. The divorce evil is the evil, whatever it may be, which leads to divorce. Consequently the divorce never removes the evil. It only alleviates—or aggravates—the unfortunate situation arising in some particular form from a previously existing evil."

Divorce is a symptom, a consequence, not a disease, that afflicts our homes. Divorce is death, a result which follows a diseased condition.

We have seen trees die in summer time. But the tree with its whispering leaves and swinging boughs, its greenness where the shadows lie hidden all day, does not die all at once. First a dimness creeps over its brightness; a leaf

sickens here and there and grows pale; then the whole branch feels the approach of death. At last the signs of weakening life all disappear, and the dead tree stands holding out its stripped, stark limbs,—a tree still, but in ruins.

Wedded love dies like that. The life, so joyous at first, does not perish all at once. First a hasty word shadows it; a sharp answer deepens the shadow. One or the other is thoughtless, and this is misconstrued. An unintentional neglect is magnified and made real. A remark is misinterpreted. Through such avenues the devil brings in discord and makes room for all his infernal brood.

Soon love becomes reticent, confidence is broken. Noiselessly but surely the work of death goes on until nothing is left of the once happy union. The tree is dead which once tossed its green branches in the sunlight, and whose leaves trembled in the breeze.

A clergyman tells this story, illustrating how distrust and alienation may end:

“One day a pretty girl broke impetuously into my study, crying. She held out a twenty-dollar gold piece to me, and sobbed: ‘I’m going home to mother! Pete and I have quarreled! He said that I might go home and stay if I was going to keep on being such a baby, and he gave me this gold piece to pay my fare!’

“Then she threw her pretty self into a big leather chair and began to sob. I knew I should have to wait for the story until she was quiet. And as I realized that she herself would soon be a mother, my heart wept for her. Whatever the trouble was, to her it was tragic. The gold piece

lay on the floor where she had dropped it, and neither of us had picked it up.

"It seemed that Pete, as we called him,—for I had married them and to me they seemed almost like my own children,—had stayed out until after midnight the night before; which was a very unusual procedure for staid, domestic Pete, whatever he might have done before he was married.

"A quarrel had followed his arrival home — much to his surprise. An explanation was demanded. Pete, being an independent American, whose record had never before been questioned, could not quite stand this. If he had stayed out all night, he would never have thought of a human being's questioning him. She should have trusted him.

"'You are nothing but a couple of foolish children!' I said, when I got them both together, after telephoning to find Pete. 'And you ought to be ashamed of yourselves.'

"I addressed myself to Pete: 'Pete, you especially ought to be ashamed to worry Betty now!'

"Then I turned to poor, dejected, tear-wet, but lovable Betty, and said, 'Betty, you ought to be ashamed not to trust Pete, no matter where he went —'

"'That's what I told —' broke in Peter.

"'You keep still, Pete!' I said to him, and he left his sentence incomplete.

"'If he loved me —' began Betty, in her turn.

"'And you keep still, too, Betty!' I added.

"Then I asked Betty to go out of the room. I wanted to talk with that rascal of a Peter.

"He looked down at the gold piece on the floor, and blushed.

"'You *ought* to blush over that twenty-dollar gold piece!' I said.

"'I thought she was just bluffing about going home and that I'd try a little bluff myself,' he confessed.

"'And she was just game enough to take you up and call your bluff?' I said.

"'She was! I might have known she would.'

"'What would you have done if she had gone?' I asked.

"'I should have been the most miserable man in the world, and the most stubborn for about a day —'

“‘And then?’ I asked.

“‘And then I would have crawled to the ends of the earth and back for her!’ he said, banging his fist on my desk.

“‘Where were you, Pete, last night?’

“‘Why, I was at the Y. M. C. A., arranging with the fellows for an indoor meet.’

“‘Then why didn’t you tell her?’

“‘She had no business questioning me. She ought to trust me.’

“Then I called Betty back into the room and told her where Pete had been. She was ashamed, and would have apologized, but started to cry and laugh instead; and then, before she could apologize, Pete was beginning to apologize, and then something happened that even this frank narrative must leave for the imagination. I myself looked out of the window at a rosebush.

“When I turned around, it was to say: ‘You are nothing but a pair of foolish youngsters, anyhow. Now go home and be happy!’

“As they were walking out, I called their attention to the twenty-dollar gold piece lying on the floor.

“‘Put it in the missionary collection; I don’t want it any more,’ declared Peter. ‘It might have carried Betty away from me!’

“We all three laughed; and they left the gold piece there for me to use.”

But not all quarrels of married life end so happily. Tattlers and busybodies do their part in the work of alienation; there is no friend to help bring about a reconciliation; and too often final separation results.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will find occasion to forbear;
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps forgive.

— *Cowper.*

Here is another story that may help those whose lives have grown uncongenial; it is told

by Clinton Dangerfield in the *Woman's Home Companion* for June, 1917:

"‘You had no right to say what you did!’ she cried, stormily. It might have been their sixteenth or their sixtieth quarrel; he had long ago lost count. But as it reached its unendurable climax, he rose from the daintily set breakfast table, his food scarcely touched. Eleanor rose as soon as he had done so, saying bitterly, ‘I suppose you’re going off without your breakfast just to exasperate me!’

"He flung back some violent answer, much like hundreds of others he had made before in those frequently recurrent disturbances which well-bred people so scrupulously reserve for their nearest and dearest. Then he stalked from the room, and went away to his office. But the day was a miserable one. Anger is a fiercely reactionary form of indulgence.

"Being a lawyer, he forced himself into his usual kindly professional air, and into an apparently personal interest in the woes of his clients.

"In this way the morning passed; then came a tasteless luncheon, and the afternoon opened with more clients—to the same assumed interest. When he found himself facing the last one of the day, it was with a feeling half of relief that the work for the day was over, half of wretched distaste that he must go home and finish out the quarrel he had left. He knew perfectly well it would come up again in some way that very night.

"This sort of thing had been going on now for three years; they had been married five. Applied maxims as to the folly of getting angry with a woman, with any one indeed, had all failed him. He became conscious that he was thinking too much of his own affairs, that he was staring too absently at his last client. The latter, his law matters satisfactorily adjusted, was indulging in some personal reminiscences induced by Ashfield’s kindly manner.

"‘It’s for her sake I’m afther bein’ so glad I won,’ the old man was saying, happily. ‘Thirty years of good toimes we’ve had togither, Rosy an’ me. She’s made this world so plisant to me that I’m afther fearin’ I’ll niver want to lave ut, barrin’ she shud go first.’

"The lawyer was conscious of a sudden, genuine interest. 'You are talking of your wife?'

"'Of who ilse cud I be talkin'?"

"'You say you've had thirty years of happiness with her? I suppose she's one of these yellow-haired saints.'

"'No, sor. Rosy an' her folks have all been red-headed, an' by the same token, had the highest of timpers.'

"'And you have been happy with her?' asked the lawyer, skeptically.

"The old man answered, frankly, 'Nather of us was happy the first five years. Sure, throuble began almost in our honeymoon. It was just six months afther we married that Rosy flung a fryin' pan at me. It was just siven months afther marriage that I bate her. Sure we scandalized the neighbors!'

"'What changed it?' the lawyer asked, more skeptically still. 'Did you get afraid of each other?'

"'There's no scrap of 'fraid in ayther of us, sor. An' things was goin' from bad to worse, an' me gittin' so I couldn't do me ditchin' dacent, becasse of thinkin' over me quarrels, nor take anny peace goin' home, whin it come to me I might take counsel of Johnny Milligan, the very ould wise man that lived beyant us on the hill.

"'""Tis said the woman shud be the peacemaker," I growled to Johnny whin I finished me tale to him.

"'""Tis said wrong," says Johnny, says he. "'Tis the man shud handle all sitterwations. There's four magic words," says he, "which control an' subdue women," says he, "no matter what timper they are in; same as certain magic sounds will quiet a frantic horse. These four words, they niver fail; but they are hard to pronounce whin a row is on," says he, "unless the man raymimbers how he is the shooperior, an' 'tis his own fault if he doesn't say thim."

"'""Give me the words," says I.

"'""Use thim when ye're angriest," says Johnny; "use thim whin they strangle ye. Cough 'em out! Choke 'em out!—But out they must come!"

"'So ould Johnny got up, and he writ thim four words on a piece of paper for me; by the same token, his fist was so crabbed I near never read thim. An' when I'd puzzled thim out, me jaw dropped, an' I'd no faith at all, raymim-

berin' the fryin' pan an' what Rosy was whin she fell into a rage.

"'Fer an exciption, we had no quarrel that night, an' toime mornin' come, I was more doubtful than ivver of Johnny's prayscription. But that next avenin' whin I come home, we both flew into a rage over how much buttermilk the pig ought to have—yez wouldn't belave, a gintleman loike yez, what schmal things Rosy an' me wud quarrel over. But into a rage we flew; an' I wuz about to say the worst things I cud—whin I raymimbered ould Johnny and what he'd wrote for me, an' how he said they'd be hard to say in a quarrel—an' they *wuz* hard! I thought I shud choke on them; but I looked Rosy full in the eye, an' I said thim—out loud an' distinct.

"'She had just flung an outrageous remark at me, and wuz about to fling another, whin she heerd the words. Her lips parted; but nothin' disagrayable come out. She stared at me; she flushed; she hesitated. I seen me advantage; me good angel prodded me. I said thim agin. She tucked her head down an' sidled away from the pigpen tords me. "Oh, Tim," says she, "I didn't mane to be nasty!" says she. "Feed the pig as much buttermilk as ye loike." But I must be goin', sor.'

"'No hurry, Ryan. Did they always work—the words?"

"'Always, sor! An' I've been no mizer with the prayscription; I give it to more than one felly in difficulties with his wife.' They both rose. The lawyer blushed, but he said with a dry little smile, 'Give me the words.'

"'Wid a thousand blissin's, sor! But they must be writ. Passed by word o' mouth the charm is lost.' He added with Irish tact, 'I see yez want thim for one of yer frinds.'

"That night Ashfield was called by telegram to a place five hundred miles away. He returned a week later, with the story of old Johnny only a hazy remembrance.

"Eleanor's nerves and temper, the smother for his week's absence, kept sweet the day of his return—until that night, when a difference of opinion concerning a rug she had purchased (of a color he especially disliked) brought on a storm that was the fiercest of their whole married life.

"They stood in their attractively furnished library, their feet on the offending rug, their tall, distinguished figures

drawn up to full height, the woman passionately resentful, the man white with anger.

"Suddenly, born apparently out of nowhere, a few sentences flashed vividly before him:

"These four words — they are hard to pronounce when a row is on, but they niver fail. 'Tis the man's own fault if he doesn't be afther usin' thim."

"Ashfield shook himself; his hands clenched. He made a wild effort, but his lips were soundless. Those bitter powers inside were murdering the magic four. Then suddenly, impetuously, looking the angry woman before him straight in the eyes, he flung out desperately the sentence they made.

"They sounded grotesquely out of place to him in the midst of this wild quarrel; but he heard himself saying them clearly and distinctly, his eyes on hers:

"Dear, I love you!"

"As the unexpected sentence fell on her ears, she stared; then she flushed. It sounded strangely sweet to her, strangely powerful, that sentence, flashing out in sheer gold from the base metal of their quarrel. A throb of remorse brought tears into her eyes. She had just wounded him all she could over a foolish thing like a rug! And yet, even in the midst of their mutual anger, he could, out of his greater man's strength, his greater generosity, his greater kindness, say the sentence most beloved of all sentences by every woman!

"Like calming music, the words sang in her soul; her anger receded before them — then died utterly. How big he was! How good that he was of finer clay than she! She bowed her head; tears came into her eyes. She faltered slowly:

"Oh, Robert! After all, why should I fuss about the hateful old rug? Let's send it back, and exchange it for some color we both like."

"He held out his arms mutely, then smiled down on the tear-wet face she lifted, and bent to kiss it."

There's a lesson in the story. There are thousands of breaking hearts in the world, hearts starving for kindness and love. Misunderstand-

ings and differences have separated husbands and wives, and instead of joy and the peace they anticipated in married life, they drink the bitter cup of disappointment. Distrust and hatred take the place of confidence and affection. It is a sight to make angels weep. There are homes drenched with tears, eyes that stare into the blackness before them, seeing no ray of light, hearts that refuse to be comforted, children who look on in wonder, while homes are wrecked and ruined.

“Whoso shall receive one
such little child in My
name receiveth Me.”



CHAPTER SEVEN

PARENTS AND CHILDREN

A HOME without children is like a garden without flowers, a brook with no gurgling, gushing, purling water in its channel. Imagine our world with no children! Can one think of a more dreary place to live?

A dying father called for his son. As he came to his bedside, the man placed his feeble hand upon the head of the child and said, "Always remember, my son, that you were kissed, and blessed, and given to God."

This is the rightful heritage of all children. They have an inalienable right to the kiss of welcome. They have a right to a father's blessing. They have the unquestionable right to be given back to the God who created them, and who says to every parent, "Take this child and train him for Me."

The father and mother who fulfill their sacred trust will carefully prepare for the coming of the little one who will be their fondest joy or their unspeakable sorrow. The ever-present question will be, "How shall we order the child, and how shall we do unto him?" Judges 13:12. The marginal reading is: "What shall he do? What shall be his work?"

There is a richer, deeper Christian experience for parents who come close to our Father

by seeking His counsel concerning the treasure committed to their keeping.

Of Enoch, who walked with God on earth as a husband and father, this testimony is borne:

After the birth of his first son, Enoch reached a higher experience; he was drawn into a closer relationship with God. He realized more fully his own obligations and responsibility as a son of God. And as he saw the child's love for its father, its simple trust in his protection; as he felt the deep, yearning tenderness of his own heart for that first-born son, he learned a precious lesson of the wonderful love of God to men in the gift of His Son, and the confidence which the children of God may repose in their heavenly Father.—*"Patriarchs and Prophets,"* page 84.

Children were designed to be a blessing. Not only do the parents teach the child, but the child teaches the parents. While they study him, he studies them. Parents learn lessons of trust, of faith, of unselfish love, of self-control, which they can be taught in no other way. They are schooled in patience, and the child becomes the teacher. While they discipline their children, they must first be disciplined.

All may enter this higher training school. If unblessed with children of their own, there are many little ones in the world who need fathering and mothering and whose presence in the home would be a blessing. There is no excuse for the rearing of pet cats and poodles, monkeys and birds, in the place of children.

But, it is urged, children are a constant care. They bring anxiety and disappointment, and seem to give back small return for what is in-

vested in them. True; but the benefits received far exceed the outlay. The Master, who loved children, declared: "Whoso shall receive one such little child in My name receiveth Me."

A child is not intended to be a plaything. To every father, mother, and guardian of children, the command is given to train not only for time, but for eternity. To form a character is like chiseling in the rock that which can never be effaced.

WHEN TRAINING SHOULD BEGIN

First, the parents should be trained. To become one with God in creating a human being is a great privilege. Reverently, patiently should preparation be made. The study of the laws of heredity will be useful. Not selfish enjoyment, but to make the world better, to add subjects for the kingdom of heaven, is the object of parenthood. Fathers and mothers should strive to be physically, mentally, and morally fit to be parents.

The training of the child begins as soon as it is born — yes, before. Parents are inclined to say: "What a responsibility it will be when the time comes to train and educate this little darling!"

But when the baby is a month old, the parents are a month late if they have not already begun right methods of education. It is even now being trained in right or wrong habits.

But what should a babe be taught?

Its first lesson may be patience in waiting for its wants to be supplied. An experienced mother says:

“Don’t give the child what it is crying for, while it cries. As it grows older, it will associate receiving with quiet and pleasant asking. The child may be taught to cry softly, not in anger demanding what it wants and disturbing the home with shrieks. A young child may be calmed and soothed so it will cry softly and not form the habit of roaring and bellowing.”

Very young children manifest temper. They straighten themselves, and their cry is one of rage instead of entreaty. But if its demands are not met while it is in this mood, a valuable lesson in self-control for both parent and child will be taught. The time to check wrong habits is at their beginning.

One mother, when her children came crying loudly for sympathy, would say: “Softly, softly, and then I shall feel so sorry for you.” Little folks, like older ones, love to be pitied and petted; and if they find the price of sympathy is to shriek like a Comanche, the shrieks will come.

In their unbounded love and admiration, parents often teach selfishness instead of overcoming it. The child must early learn that others have rights to be respected, that it must *give* pleasure as well as *receive* it. The foundation of a self-caring disposition, a determination to have one’s

own wishes gratified at any cost to others, is laid in babyhood.

The training of children requires the best brain power of the world. Many wonderful discoveries in art and science have made our age the most remarkable in history; but while men have mastered the secrets of earth, air, and sky, they have not made great progress in child training, as the finished product testifies.

Intense love is not enough. Children are loved to-day, but fathers and mothers are too busy to study and train them. They must conquer the earth, must grapple with great questions, and meanwhile Herbert and Charlie, Alice and Pauline are unstudied problems. There would be fewer human wrecks if there were more faithful parents.

But while children are a perplexing problem to the parents, the parents are a problem to the children. Misunderstanding results from their relations to one another. If parents would reason from the child's understanding of every question as well as from their own, and exercise reasonable authority, the relationship would be far more satisfactory to all.

UNITY BETWEEN FATHER AND MOTHER

Parents will be united in their methods of child training if it is successful. If they cannot agree, they will do well never to discuss their differences *before the children*. No truer sentiment was ever uttered than, "If a house be divided against itself, that house cannot stand."

If father speaks angrily to mother, Henry reasons why may not he do the same? If mother is cross to father and treats him with disrespect, Alice will soon speak to him the same way. Children readily absorb the *atmosphere* of the home. They are keen detectors of spirit and motives. For this reason, if for no other, parents must be examples to their children in kindness and courtesy. If they disagree before the child as to what may or may not be done, they place themselves at a disadvantage, and soon the child is beyond control.

One railway system takes as its motto, "Safety first." The guiding rule for parents may well be, "Self-control first." Having mastered their own willfulness, impatience, and temper, they can then control their children, lead them to self-mastery, and guide them in the formation of correct habits.

"LET US LIVE WITH OUR CHILDREN"

It is not that children do not possess the best that money can buy. They have comfortable homes, plenty of food and clothing, schools and churches; but the greatest need of childhood is fathers and mothers who give themselves to their sons and daughters. Some parents are hardly acquainted with their own children; they know little of their associates, their temptations, and their conflicts. To give companionship and loving interest in their studies, sports, and occupations, to be one with their children in their trials

and temptations, leading, helping, teaching, is to bestow the richest endowment possible.

THREE IMPORTANT THINGS

There are three cardinal virtues to be taught from babyhood. These are obedience, truthfulness, and unselfishness. They lay the foundation for a good and useful character.

The animals require obedience of their young. Notice how kittens remain in perfect silence when their mother is absent, and the same is true of other animals. The mother knows their safety depends upon strict obedience. Human mothers may well wish they knew the secret as to how this lesson is taught. A hen utters a peculiar cry when she sees danger. One call is sufficient. Instantly every chick stands as if petrified till another tone tells that the danger is past. With some animals, if their young are disobedient, corporal punishment follows.

But not so with children. If a command is given, it usually must be repeated. If their wishes are not granted, crying, sulking, and often disobedience follow.

And the command is still in force: "Children, obey your parents in the Lord: for this is right." If they are taught from babyhood to obey father and mother, obedience will not be so difficult as the boy or girl reaches the perils of adolescence. Like other good habits, obedience is more easily formed in childhood than in youth or manhood.

The child who is obedient to his parents does not find it difficult to obey God. He will obey

the righteous laws of his country. He will not be the leader in school strikes, but will be obedient as a pupil. Thus it is seen that obedience to parents will lead to obedience as a citizen and as a Christian.

Obedience of the right kind is prompt and cheerful. If a child whines and questions, complains and hesitates, he has not learned to be obedient in spirit. He must obey when parents are absent, when they do not know whether they are obeyed or not.

A man asked a boy to go to a circus. "No, sir," said the boy, "father doesn't like 'em."

"I'll give you the money to go, and your father need not know it," said the man.

"I cannot do it," said the boy.

"Why not?" asked the man.

"Because," said the boy, "after I had been, I couldn't look my father right in the eye; and I can now."

That boy had the spirit of true obedience.

ANSWERING QUESTIONS

The child is an interrogation point with a voice. He wants to know the why of what he sees, hears, and handles; and he has a right to be heard and answered. His questions are not to be ignored. He may ask such questions as these: Could the cows walk on their heels? Where do the rabbits sleep? Where do the frogs go when the ponds dry up? Can the baby frogs sing? Can the grasshoppers shut their

eyes? Why does the moon grow large and small? What are the stars made of?

There can be no monotony in the home with a growing child. If one question is answered indefinitely, twenty more follow asking enlightenment. If mothers will throw away their novels and story magazines, and study insects, birds, and animals, they will be wiser and become a fountain of wisdom and entertainment to their children. To illustrate:

Little Fred ran to his mother one day. In his hand was a silky ball.

“Look, mamma! What is this?”

“Fred, just look at your feet! They are covered with dust. No, don’t touch my work, your hands are so dirty. Throw the sticky thing away.”

“But what is it, mamma?”

“I don’t know, son. Perhaps it’s a bit of cotton.”

Fred seemed disappointed. The mother turned to a woman who was visiting her, and said, “Such a child to ask questions!”

The visitor was wiser. Taking Fred’s little hand, she helped herself to a tumbler and a saucer, then went to the veranda. She captured a big spider, and placed it under the glass. The boy screamed, but she only said, “There’s nothing to be afraid of. This is Mrs. Spider. She has a hundred babies, instead of three, like your mamma. She wanted them to have a nice nest where they would keep warm and dry, so she

worked hard and spun this fuzzy ball which you brought to the house. It is the family cradle for baby spiders. See what soft, yellow, silken blankets cover them. Peep in now while I hold them to one side so you can see. Watch the baby spiders kick because their blankets are off. Those shiny balls are more babies. They are not big enough to kick."

"Oh, how little they are!" exclaimed the boy. "Will they grow big?"

"Yes, just as big as their mamma by and by."

"But when there are so many, they'll run all over the house."

"No, Fred; as they grow older, some will die, the birds will eat some, and only a few will become as big as mamma spider."

The child's mind that is filled with useful knowledge has little room for evil. A bond of union is formed between parents and children, and they become close companions.

DEALING TRUTHFULLY WITH CHILDREN

But while questions are answered, children must not be deceived.

"Daddy, what makes the train stop?" asked a tiny girl of her father, as the train stood waiting.

The father, who was reading a paper, replied, "They're waiting for a cow to get off the track."

"Huh! a cow on the track? Why, daddy, the cow would be 'fraid to stay on the track so long, and would run off."

“Just look and see if the cow isn’t down the bank.”

Two bright eyes searched the landscape. Soon the childish voice was heard exclaiming, “I see her, daddy, way over there!”

Seating herself on her father’s knee, she put a tiny hand on each side of his face, tipped it up so she could look him in the eye, and asked, “What made the train stop, daddy?”

“Oh,” replied the father, “the conductor lost a button off his coat, and stopped the train to find it.”

Again the little face was pressed against the window, trying to see the conductor. As the train began to move, in a flash she was back on her father’s knee, exclaiming, “He’s found it, daddy, he’s found it!”

A ripple of laughter, the cause of which the child did not understand, came from the adjoining seats. If in years to come this child is untruthful, who will be to blame?

Sometimes the parents unite to deceive, as is illustrated by a story told by Mrs. Bess Fife Brooks:

“A mother and father were ready to go to town, and the little boy ran out to the yard begging to be taken along. The mother didn’t want to be bothered with him while shopping; but knowing from past experience that she could not get rid of him without a scene, she said:

“‘Run into the house, honey, and tell Aunt Martha to give you a cooky. We’ll wait for you.’

“The little chap exceeded the speed limit getting to the kitchen, where his pockets were filled with goodies. With

his face all aglow at the prospect of riding on the front seat beside his daddy, he rushed out to the porch, only to see the automobile with his father and mother inside, turn the corner two blocks away.

"His little heart bursting with indignation, he shook his tiny fist at the fleeing pair, saying between sobs, 'There — go — two — of — the — biggest — liars — in — town.'"

What experience could be more cruel? How pitiful that any child should be taught untruthfulness by its own parents!

RESPECT FOR THE PROPERTY AND RIGHTS OF OTHERS

A fine trait for cultivation in children as well as for grown persons, is a sense of ownership, a respect for the property of others, and the necessity of treating it even more carefully than their own.

If a boy knocks his ball through a neighbor's window, and must use the money in his bank to pay for a pane of glass, or work until he earns enough, it will be a lesson he will remember. To return borrowed articles promptly, to replace them when lost in his possession, is a valuable lesson for any child.

Some children are allowed to be very disrespectful to elderly people. One boy, with a new sled, was coasting on the sidewalk of a steep hill. An old man reached it as the boy started down with a whoop.

"Get out of the way, you old duffer!" he shouted as he sped by, almost knocking the man down in the snow.

This lad happened to have the right kind of father. The father saw the incident, called his son, made him follow the man he had insulted, and beg his pardon. Afterward there was a very impressive settlement between father and son. From that time this boy treated the weak and aged in a different manner.

TEACH RESPONSIBILITY

Biographies of our greatest men show that in their childhood they endured privation and bore burdens beyond their years; but their hardships developed a strength of character not seen in some who are reared in comfort and wealth.

Training in usefulness is invaluable. We may learn wise lessons from the way animals treat their young. Notice old Speckle, the mother hen. In their babyhood her chicks received her tenderest care. She watched over them, scratched for them, brooded them; but when they were half grown, she weaned them. Henceforth they must scratch for themselves. Consequently, in a short time her chickens were able to care for themselves, and were as happy as before.

Children who are fed, clothed, educated, and cared for, and given no sense of responsibility till they are grown, feel greatly abused when the time comes that they must be self-supporting. Therefore they should learn early to bear burdens in the home, to be helpers wherever they can. Thus they learn the value of money and how to use it wisely.



Photograph Eugene J. Hall

Training in usefulness is invaluable.

The story is told of a lad who was very wasteful of his food. His father and mother tried to bring about a reformation, but he was wasteful still. When he was twelve years old, his father gave into his care a quarter of an acre of corn, and as much land planted to potatoes. The boy planted, hoed, and weeded corn and potatoes, and pursued potato bugs. He thought it great fun at first; but soon fun changed to hard work, and work became galling. The father had hired the land and paid for the plowing and the seed.

Charlie learned what food costs. He husked his corn, dug his potatoes, sold his crop, paid his bills, and had a dollar and a half left for his work. But the experience taught him a lesson. He knew what it costs to produce a dinner from the soil. Food represented labor. The boy became thrifty and saving.

If Pauline earns part or all of her spending money, she will not be so ready to ask father for means with which to multiply her costumes. Children who learn the value of food, clothing, and education, will not become a dead weight on their parents. For their good, children must become self-reliant and independent.

A PLEASANT HOME

The home of childhood must not be one of severity and gloom. Kind words and smiles, social, cheerful evenings, are as sunshine. Parents and children may be comrades, each

interested in the welfare and occupation of the others.

Music adds charm to the humblest home. If an instrument can be afforded, it will be greatly enjoyed. Singing together brings good feeling and pleasure. A good reader in the family is a treasure. Books may be read in which all will be interested.

Sociability of the right sort is a blessing to any home. Friends and neighbors may be invited in, and there will be holidays, anniversaries, and excursions to vary the routine of life. In all these, parents and children should unite. Father and mother will keep young longer if they occasionally take time for recreation. In all things, parents should live with their children.

CHAPTER EIGHT

PARENTAL DISCIPLINE

“**I** WISH I could mind as my dog minds me,” said a little boy of his shaggy friend. “He always looks *so pleased* to mind,” he continued, “and I don’t.”

We all fail when tested on obedience. It was so necessary men should obey that it was the first requirement given in Eden. It is of first importance in the home. Disobedience is the cause of all the troubles we suffer.

Fathers and mothers are partners with God in government. He knows their perplexities.

Notice some of the methods our Father uses in dealing with His earthborn children:

1. He requires strict obedience. This is of such importance that He declares: “This thing commanded I them, saying, Obey My voice, and I will be your God, and ye shall be My people: and walk ye in all the ways that I have commanded you, that it may be well unto you.” Jeremiah 7:23.

2. He gives tests and commands. He says, You may do this; you must not do that. (Genesis 2:16, 17.)

3. Having told His children what to do, He gave them the privilege of *choice*. When their faculties were fully developed, they might choose to obey or to disobey. He said, “Come now, and let us reason together.” Isaiah 1:18.

4. He promises a reward for obedience and punishment for disobedience. "If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land: but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword." Isaiah 1:19, 20.

5. He makes His requirements so plain they can be understood; the results of obedience and disobedience are also clearly pointed out.

6. He always keeps His word.

7. He does not ask impossible things. "All His biddings are enablings."

8. When His children are disobedient, He does not accept excuses. The story of Saul illustrates this. Saul did not obey, and when questioned, said his soldiers were responsible for failure. Samuel, as the representative of God, uttered these stern words of rebuke: "Behold, to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken than the fat of rams. For rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and stubbornness is as iniquity and idolatry." 1 Samuel 15:22, 23.

9. Our Father suffers because His children are disobedient. At any cost to Himself, He seeks to save them from disobedience.

10. He loves His children too well to withhold correction when they do not obey; "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth." Hebrews 12:6.

11. The only reason our Father chastens is that His children may repent and choose the right. "Furthermore we have had fathers of our flesh which corrected us, and we gave them

reverence: shall we not much rather be in subjection unto the Father of spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but *He for our profit*. . . . Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby." Hebrews 12:9-11.

But the importance of obedience should not lead us to harshness and cruelty in dealing with children. It is, however, the worst cruelty that can be exercised toward any child to allow him to grow up disrespectful and undisciplined.

This is strongly emphasized in the Bible:

"For I know him [Abraham], that he will command his children and his household after him, and they shall keep the way of the Lord."

"He that spareth his rod hateth his son: but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes."

"Chasten thy son while there is hope, and let not thy soul spare for his crying."

"Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it."

"Foolishness is bound in the heart of a child; but the rod of correction shall drive it far from him."

"The rod and reproof give wisdom: but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."

"Correct thy son, and he shall give thee rest; yea, he shall give delight unto thy soul."

"And, ye fathers, provoke not your children to wrath: but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

Notice that fathers and mothers are not told to *punish* their children. They are told to

“train,” “correct,” and “chasten.” Perhaps the word “chasten” is nearest the meaning of the word “punish”; but would it not be better to train, to correct, employing chastisement as a last resort?

Parents, in the training of your children, study the lessons that God has given in nature. If you would train a pink, or rose, or lily, how would you do it? Ask the gardener by what process he makes every branch and leaf to flourish so beautifully, and to develop in symmetry and loveliness. He will tell you that it was by no rude touch, no violent effort; for this would only break the delicate stems. It was by little attentions, often repeated. He moistened the soil, and protected the growing plants from the fierce blasts and from the scorching sun, and God caused them to flourish and to blossom into loveliness. In dealing with your children, follow the method of the gardener. By gentle touches, by loving ministrations, seek to fashion their characters after the pattern of the character of Christ. . . .

Teach them that He made the laws which govern all living things, that He has made laws for us, and that these laws are for our happiness and joy. Do not weary them with long prayers and tedious exhortations, but through nature’s object lessons teach them obedience to the law of God.—“*The Desire of Ages*,” pages 515, 516.

Long ago a boy started for school one morning. It was a new experience for the little lad, and his mother, as she kissed him good-by, told him he must not play by the way, but to go and return without stopping.

With lunch in hand, the boy meant to do as mother said. But in the creek he saw a fish. It looked very pretty, and he leaned over the railing of the bridge to watch it swim. Then he saw another and another. But mother said he must not stop, so he hurried on.

Soon he saw a butterfly. It was a beauty. If he could only catch it! He set his basket down, crept toward the butterfly, put his hat over it, thought he had caught it, looked, but it was not there.

“There it is!” he exclaimed, as he looked at a tall weed, and again he tried to capture it. Away it flew, and the race began between butterfly and boy.

Then he began to feel tired. He looked for his lunch, but it was not where he thought he left it. He tried to find the bridge and the road. The sun grew hot, and he felt hungry. Still he kept on till the shadows of afternoon began to fall. The longer he walked, the deeper grew his loneliness, and he felt that he was lost. Perhaps he would never get home.

Mother had taught the boy to pray. He knew that now he needed help. He knelt in the field. His voice was shaky, but he began, “Our Father,” when he heard a voice saying, “Well, my boy, what do you want?”

In a moment he was clasped in the strong, loving arms of his father. On the homeward journey the child listened as father told how he had been thinking of his boy. He wondered if anything would happen while the child was alone. Father had been following him all day. God had sent him to answer his boy’s prayer.

Then the father said: “Our heavenly Father watches you and me like that. When we do

wrong, it makes Him sorry, but He loves us, so He follows and helps when we ask Him."

That father might have scolded his son. He might have whipped him. He might have told how he had lost a whole day following him. Instead, he taught his child a lesson on the love of God that was never forgotten. Was such a day lost?

"A PICTURE OF GOD"

The story of how another father dealt with his erring son is interesting reading, and emphasizes in a strong way how our Father treats His sinful children:

"A minister, who lived in a New England town, had a son about fourteen years of age, going to school. One afternoon the boy's teacher called at the home, asked for the father, and said:

"'Is your boy sick?'

"'No. Why?'

"'He was not at school to-day.'

"'Is that so?'

"'Nor yesterday.'

"'You don't mean it!'

"'Nor the day before.'

"'Well!'

"'And I supposed he was sick.'

"'No, he's not sick.'

"'Well, I thought I should tell you.'

"And the father said, 'Thank you,' and the teacher left.

"And the father sat thinking. By and by he heard a click at the gate, and he knew the boy was coming, so he went to open the door; and the boy knew, as he looked up, that his father knew about those three days. The father said:

"'Come into the library, Phil.' And Phil went, and the door was shut. And the father said: 'Phil, your teacher was here this afternoon. - He tells me you were not at school to-day — nor yesterday — nor the day before. And we sup-

posed you were. You let us think you were. And you cannot know how bad I feel. I have trusted you. I have always said, "I can trust my son, Phil." And here you have been living a lie for three whole days, and I can't tell you how bad I feel about it.'

"Well, that was hard on Phil to be talked to quietly like that. If his father had spoken to him roughly, or had asked him out to the woodshed for a confidential interview, it would not have been nearly so hard. Then after a moment's pause, the father said, 'Phil, we'll get down and pray.' And the thing was getting harder for Phil all the time. He didn't want to pray just then. And they got down. And the father poured out his heart in prayer. And the boy knew, as he listened, how bad his father felt over his conduct. Somehow he saw himself in the mirror on his knees as he had not before. It's queer about that mirror of the knee joints. It does show so many things. Many folks don't like it.

"And they got up. And the father's eyes were wet. And Phil's eyes were not dry. Then the father said:

"'My boy, there's a law of life that where there is sin, there is suffering. You can't detach those two things. Where there is suffering, there has been sin somewhere. You can't get those two things apart. Now,' he went on, 'you have done wrong. I am in this house as God is in the world. So we will do this: You go up to the attic. I'll make a bed for you there. We'll take your meals up to you at the regular times, and you stay up there as long as you have been a living lie—three days and three nights.'

"And Phil didn't say a word. They went upstairs, the bed was made, and the father kissed his boy and left him alone with his thoughts. Supper time came, and the father and mother sat down to eat. But they couldn't eat for thinking about the boy. The longer they chewed, the bigger and drier the food became in their mouths. And swallowing it was out of the question.

"Then they went into the sitting room for the evening. He picked up a paper to read, and she sat down to sew. Well, his eyes weren't very good: He wore glasses. This evening he couldn't seem to see distinctly—the glasses seemed blurred. It must have been the glasses, of course.

He took them off and cleaned them, and then found he had been holding the paper upside down. And she tried to sew. But the thread broke, and she couldn't seem to get the needle threaded again. They were both bothered.

"By and by the clock struck nine, and then ten, their usual hour for retiring. She said, 'Aren't you going to bed?' And he said, 'I think I'll not go to bed yet; you go.' 'No, I guess I'll wait awhile, too.'

"The clock struck eleven, and the hands worked around toward twelve. Then they locked up and went to bed, but — not to sleep. Each one pretended to be asleep, and each knew the other was not asleep. By and by she said, 'Why don't you sleep?' And he said, gently: 'How did you know I wasn't sleeping? Why don't you sleep?'

"'Well, I just can't for thinking of the boy up in the attic.'

"'That's the bother with me,' he replied. The clock in the hall struck twelve, and one, and two. Still no sleep came.

"At last he said, 'Mother, I can't stand this any longer; I'm going upstairs with Phil.' He took his pillow and went softly out of the room, up the attic stairs, and pressed the latchkey softly so as not to wake the boy if he were asleep, and tiptoed across the attic floor to the corner by the window, and looked — there Phil lay, wide-awake, with something glistening in his eyes, and what looked like stains on his cheeks. And the father got in between the sheets with his boy, and they got their arms around each other's necks — for they had always been the best of friends, father and boy — and their tears got mixed up on each other's cheeks. Then they slept.

"The next night the father said: 'Good-night, mother. I'm going upstairs with Phil.' And the second night he slept in the attic with his boy. And the third night, again he said: 'Mother, good-night. I'm going up with the boy again.' And the third night he slept in the place of punishment with his son."

It is not surprising to know that that boy, when he grew to be a man, became a missionary for Jesus in the heart of China.

That father is a human picture of God. God could not take away sin. It's here. He could not take away the suffering; for suffering bears witness that something is wrong in this world. So God came here in the person of His Son, and lay down beside man in the prison house of death. That's God — our God. And besides that, He comes and places His life beside yours and mine, and makes us hate the sin and long to be pure.

One mother gives this good advice:

"I'd like to say to every young mother: Begin early and keep in view the qualities you want your children to have, and they will surely have them. Begin before they know that the world contains opinions different from yours. Get ahead of the enemy that sows the tares. Your tiny trees will be all right if you look after them in season. There is nothing hard in bending a tree while it is little. If you keep it in sight afterward and see that it stays straight, that is all that is necessary; it will almost certainly grow up as you started it."

Some of our sweetest lessons of faith, forgiveness, and trust are learned from child teachers. In the right discipline of our children, God teaches us through them.

"I am taller than you, papa; look, I am taller than you." From the toe of his foot to the tow of his scalp lock he drew All his stature up full as he stood in delight on my knee; And he tousled my hair as he chuckled and laughed in his glee. In a moment he jumped to the carpet and scurried away,— And I turned with a satisfied sigh to the tasks of the day.

Just an hour before, as an obstinate truant dismayed,
He was sent to my study for discipline, shamed and afraid;
With a sequence of punishment, tied to the leg of my chair,
He had changed from defiance to pitiful penitence there;

And as judge of the culprit, I shortened the sentence awhile,
Till resentment against me was lost in the light of my smile.

But the incident held me in thought as I pondered it o'er:
I had strayed as my children, and mayhap a hundred times
more;

When the bit of a painful affliction was bridled on me,
And I learned by a galling experience what was to be,
For a year I was bitter in heart, till the passion passed by.
Ah, my baby is shouting the truth; he is taller than I.

— *Robert B. Thurber.*

THE CHILD'S VIEWPOINT

One point to be guarded in discipline is to know absolutely that the child is guilty of misconduct. It is wise to get his understanding of the transaction, to learn his motive. This is illustrated by Bobby's experience.

A penny had been given him to place in the mission offering. His teacher informed the father that he had given nothing. When father met the boy, he inquired:

"Did you put the cent I gave you into the box?"

"N-o," answered the child.

"What did you do with that cent?"

"Spent it."

"What for?" questioned the father.

"Candy," replied Bobby.

The confession was followed by quick punishment.

Later Bobby was called to his mother's room where she was lying ill. Mother drew him close to her.

“Papa thinks I stole; he does,” whispered Bobby.

“Hush, dear. Now tell mother about that little cent.”

“Oh, you know,” exclaimed Bobby. “You know that little colored boy who lives with all the other children who haven’t any papas and mammas, and wear blue aprons.”

“In the children’s home?” said mother.

“That little colored boy’s mamma was a washerlady, but she’s dead so she can’t do any more washes and buy him candy. The peanut man on the corner had some nice candy—so I bought him a stick all for hisself.”

“Didn’t you keep even a bite?”

“No,” answered the manly little voice. “I wanted it awfully bad, but I couldn’t take it ’cause it wasn’t my money. My money was for little boys in Africa. I’ve seen their pictures.”

“Does this little boy look like one of them?”

“He *is* one,” replied Bobby. “I asked the teacher if he wasn’t, and she said ‘Yes.’ I wanted to give him my penny ’cause I can’t see those boys in Africa when I put money in the box.”

What a difference when it was learned *why* Bobby spent his money for candy instead of giving it to missions! Happily for the boy, the mother looked beyond the act to the motive, and explained it to the father. But suppose he had never found out, and the child had long carried the hurt in his soul? What then?

Some parents will deal severely when an accident occurs; a broken dish, a lost tool, the errand forgotten, all these are punished in anger. The offender is scolded, cuffed, and blamed. The father and mother seem to forget that they sometimes break or misplace articles, also that they sometimes forget. A safe rule to follow is never to discipline a child when angry, or when unable to exercise self-control.

Those who desire to control others must first control themselves. To deal passionately with a child or youth will only arouse his resentment. When a parent or teacher becomes impatient, and is in danger of speaking unwisely, let him remain silent. There is wonderful power in silence.—*"Education,"* page 292.



The child is to be pitied whose parents have tongues like Gatling guns.

When children are told that if they disobey a penalty must follow, be sure to keep the promise. They remember such promises even though they seek to evade their fulfillment. The wise parent will "forbear threatening," will be very careful in stating what consequences will follow disobedience; but when a promise has been made, it must be kept, unless some very good reason can be given for not keeping it.

The child is to be pitied whose parents have tongues like Gatling guns. Before the volleys of wrathful, faultfinding words, children flee anywhere to escape the pitiless storm. Loud, angry tones and threatenings are not in place in the Christian home. The conditions in some homes are described in these lines:

"Slap, slap, slap! Spank, spank, spank!
Whip, whip, whip! Yank, yank, yank!
Scold, scold, scold! Threat, threat, threat!
Stubborn little rebels, not won yet!"

Children are never won that way. Banish the loud tones, the threatening manner, the quick, impatient blows. Speak quietly. Smile. Be kind, but firm. The change will be wonderful.

It is wise to do our utmost to prevent the use of harsh measures in discipline. If the rod must be used, it should never be used publicly. Certainly the parents will suffer with their erring child. They will explain why he must suffer. They will tell of their love for him, their desire that he may be obedient to them and to God. They will pray with and for him. They will

accept the child's repentance and freely pardon him. If in any way they have been wrong, they will confess it. The lesson will thus be deeply impressed, that sin always brings suffering.

Herbert D. Ward tells in the *Independent* how his father dealt with him on one occasion:

"I loved to play, and so joined the 'Clan.' This aggregation of boy dynamite was composed of about ten members of the same ages. We were in every innocent mischief conceivable, and the pace was rapidly getting faster. We even got so far as to play pool. . . . We often played cards, having parties in each other's houses when the families were out. . . .

"It was a fine lot of boys, just drifting undirected. One evening late, the majority of the 'Clan' were up in my room playing poker with lump sugar for chips. My father was not expected home until midnight, and the party would be all over before then. But as a blind in case of accident, we had a chessboard loaded with men ready to concentrate on when the stairs creaked.

"One of the lads was especially belligerent when he lost his sugar. In the midst of a scene and noise that would not be allowed in a respectable zoo, the door opened and in walked the master of the house. We were paralyzed. Cards were religiously taboo under his roof. He stayed and chatted pleasantly with no reference to the unholy sport. One by one the boys shivered and grew pale and limp. They slunk downstairs and disappeared. I expected nothing less than a good whipping. I had often gotten one before. But this time punishment was not meted out. The offense must have been too serious even for that.

"After the dinner was over the next evening, my father spoke up:

"'Berty, will you go up to the attic and bring down my old botany can?'

"Wondering, I went. It was a battered, dingy old can, and very heavy. I had already been taught how to press flowers. The summer before, I had analyzed and pressed over a hundred varieties, but had never used the botany can.

My father was sitting alone at the dining room table with a big book, into which he was diligently peering. I was pretty well frightened, and kept still. It was watchful waiting.

“‘Open the can,’ he ordered, ‘and take out what you find there very carefully, and spread it on the table.’”

“Wondering, I opened the slide, thrust my fist in, and encountered a hard substance wrapped in old newspapers. Then another, and another. Soon each was uncovered, and there was spread out a glittering array of crystals. These specimens were wonderful to the eyes of the ignorant child. This was my first lesson in mineralogy. In a few weeks the ‘Clan’ met and formed the first mineralogical club of Newark, and was under the guidance of my wise father, who transformed a gang of irresponsible boys into an ardent group of collectors. That summer we were as eager a lot of enthusiasts as was ever seen. The situation that was growing serious was saved by a wise direction of waste exuberance, and the pool room knew us no more. Cards were henceforth taboo without any one’s forbidding their use. A greater interest had taken their place.”

“MERCY REJOICETH AGAINST JUDGMENT”

Let mercy be mingled with justice in all our relationships. “He shall have judgment without mercy, that hath showed no mercy.”

In “Quiet Talks on Home Ideals,” S. D. Gordon illustrates this text with an incident which was related by one of the two boys concerned, after he had grown to manhood:

“Once I saved my brother Tom a promised whipping for leaving down the bars when he went after the cows at milking time, thus giving the young cattle left in the pasture a chance to get out, which they always improved. If they were at the back of the lot when Tom got the cows, he thought it unnecessary to put up the bars; it would be so short a time before the cows would be driven back.

“Father cautioned and reproved him several times, and finally he threatened to whip him if it happened again.

Several weeks passed, and he left the bars down again. The young cattle got into the corn, doing much damage.

"The next morning father said nothing, but went about his usual work. Tom was gloomy; there was an air of depression in the house; and I was greatly troubled. I couldn't bear to have Tom whipped, nor could I blame father. At last I resolved to go and speak to him.

"The sun was shining bright, and he was opening some tumblers of hay in the east meadow. I approached him slowly, for I did not feel sure of my ground, and stood still without saying a word. He finally looked up at me and said, 'Well, Joe, what is it?'

"I have come to speak to you about Tom; I don't want him whipped.'

"I don't see how you can help it, my son. I cannot have my crops destroyed in this way, and I must keep my word.'

"Father, didn't you read this morning in the lesson: 'He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: . . . and with His stripes we are healed'?"

"Yes; what a boy you are to remember, Joe!"

"Well, I will take the blows you intend to give Tom.'

"I can't do that, Joe. Tom is the transgressor, not you,' father answered, his face softening. Then looking at me keenly, he asked, 'Did Tom send you to me?'

"No; he knows nothing of my coming.'

"My father stood leaning on his pitchfork, looking down on the ground. At length he said, 'Go and bring Tom.'

"I found him on the front porch with a sober face, trying to study.

"Come with me, Tom; father wants you.'

"I know what he wants,' turning a little pale. After a moment's hesitation, he arose, saying, 'I might as well go now and have it done with.'

"As we walked along, I thought best to give him a little advice, for he generally did as occasion served him. There was no knowing beforehand what he would do.

"Now, Tom, you mustn't flare up. You must be good and answer father's questions in a pleasant, kind way. You mustn't talk any; only answer his questions. I don't think he will be hard with you.'

"Father stood as I had left him. I can see him now, after the lapse of so many years, with his back to the

morning sun, leaning forward a little on the handle of his fork, looking down to the ground, one hand above the other and his chin on his hands, and some hay scattered about him. He did not seem to see us. He was lost in reverie.

“‘Father,’ I ventured timidly, ‘Tom is here.’”

“He looked up at us quickly, then said: ‘Tom, do you remember those words in our Scripture reading this morning: “He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities: . . . and with His stripes we are healed”?’”

“‘Yes, sir,’ answered Tom, greatly surprised.

“‘What do you think those words mean?’”

“‘That Christ suffered for us,’ replied Tom, his voice unsteady and his face flushing.

“‘Well, Joe offers to suffer for you.’”

“Tom turned to me with a look on his face I shall never forget, and exclaimed, ‘No, Joe, you shall not do that!’”

“Then, flinging his arms around my neck, he kissed me, and, as quick as a flash, he stepped up to father, and held out his hand, saying: ‘The stripes belong to me, father; I am ready.’”

“Tears were falling down father’s face, and for a moment he could not speak; then he said: ‘No, Tom, I cannot punish any one now. I do not think you’ll ever forget this day. If you do, remember Joe’s offer holds good. I love my children, and I want to do them all the good I can. But I must be obeyed, and this is one way of doing them good. You may go now.’”

“Tom did not stir. He was evidently waiting for me, and yet, for some reason I could not explain, I hesitated. Stepping closer, I said, ‘Father, I want to kiss you.’”

“He caught me in his arms, saying, ‘Oh, my boy!’ and kissed me. Then taking Tom, he said, ‘God bless you, dear Tom,’ and kissed him, with swimming eyes.

“Then with great awe upon us, we went to the house. Tom never left the bars down again.”

CHAPTER NINE

THE PRIVILEGES OF A FATHER

“There are times when the work seems heavy ; there are days
when toil is rough,
When your grinding occupation seems like drudgery
enough.
There are hours of busy planning ; there are schemes to
figure out ;
There are grave and sober moments of anxiety and doubt.
Oftentimes you leave your business with your mind per-
plexed with care,
When the clouds hang dark and heavy, and 'tis gloomy
everywhere ;
But the sunshine comes to cheer you out of skies of deep-
est blue
If there's just a little fellow waiting at the gate for you.”

AN Arkansas farmer bought two hundred forty-three acres of land for two hundred dollars. One day, while walking over the tract, he picked up a small stone which he thought might be valuable. It was examined by experts, who pronounced it a diamond.

The two-hundred-dollar farm was sold for thirty-six thousand dollars. Diamonds have been mined there worth more than four times the money paid by the second purchaser. Values still increase, and the mine bids fair to rival those of South Africa.

Children are treasures outvaluing the most costly gems. In the humblest home, a character may to-day be developing which will outshine the greatest and best on earth.

Much is said and written of the love and influence of the mother. She is rightly honored and revered. But the faithful father is also worthy of honor and reverence.

It is a great privilege to be a father. He possesses tremendous power for either good or evil. The Christian father is the connecting link between God and his children. He is their earthly mediator. He is the priest of the household. He is the houseband; he binds the family together.

A father understands his children as no other can. He knows their weaknesses. In them he sees his own failings reproduced. Parents who expect that their children will be an honor to them must themselves lead noble lives. The law of heredity is too little studied or understood. Every child is entitled to the best his father can give him. No other teacher can be as well qualified to deal with children as their own parents if they sense their responsibility and prepare to meet it. The true father will aim to make his children nobler than himself, to lift them above the plane of his own faulty living.

“PLEASE LIFT ME HIGHER”

A little child was lying on his deathbed. His father bent over him, and the lad whispered, “Please lift me up.” Tenderly the father placed his hands under the wasted form and raised his child from the bed. “Lift me higher,” came the faint request. And again the child

whispered, "Father, please lift me higher." The request continued until he was lifted high above his father's head.

Many children by their weak and faulty characters are beseeching their fathers to live a higher, holier, unblemished life, and thus lift them to a higher plane, where they too can walk in unsullied purity. There would be fewer prodigal sons if there were fewer prodigal fathers. To devote his life to the uprearing of his children is the best earthly investment any father can make. It will surely bring back large dividends. Father, thank God if it is not yet too late to train your children to walk the royal path of life.

In "Quiet Talks on Home Ideals," S. D. Gordon truly says:

"Whatever a man might wish to have his child be, that he must be himself for long years before. And what he would not have the growing son to be, that he must not be. For the man gives himself out physically and mentally, habits and thoughts and purposes, to become another like himself. There are a great many men who are not fathers except in the barren technical and legal meaning. . . . Fatherhood does not begin at the birth of a child. Its beginnings go as far back as a man is making his character by his habit of life."

Dr. David Starr Jordan declares:

"Fathers are quite as hard to train as boys. . . . The father can promote the plain virtues of sobriety, honesty, tolerance, and friendliness. The most effective way of teaching these virtues is to illustrate them in himself. . . . This is your problem in life—the problem vastly more important to you than any or all others. How will you meet

it, as a man or as a fool? It is your problem to-day and every day, and the hour of your choice is the crisis in your history."

WHY NOT FATHER'S DAY?

"Mother's Day" is quite universally observed. Why do we not have Father's Day as well, a day when father, who bears the heavier burdens of the family, may be encouraged and honored? Father is as worthy of the children's love as is mother if he is a true father.

Only a father, with a tired face,
Coming home from the daily race,
Bringing little of gold or fame
To show how well he has played the game;
But glad in his heart that his own rejoice
To see him come and hear his voice.

Only a father, neither rich nor proud,
Merely one of the surging crowd;
Toiling, striving from day to day,
Facing whatever may come his way;
Silent, whenever the harsh condemn,
And bearing it all for the love of them.

Only a father, but he gives his all
To smooth the way for his children small;
Doing with courage stern and grim
The deeds that his father did for him.
This is the line that for him I pen —
Only a father, but the best of men.

— *Author Unknown.*

The absorbing distractions and attractions of modern life force men to be home-providers rather than home-abiders. Much of the training of the children is left to the mother, and the father is the breadwinner. Such relationship

is one cause of estrangement between fathers and children.

A daughter went to her mother with the request that she ask a favor for her of her father.

“Why not ask him yourself?” the mother replied.

“I don’t feel very well acquainted with him,” was the daughter’s answer.

A father misses much if he is not “well acquainted” with his children, if he is not their comrade and confidant as well as their bank to which they go for funds. Father can make no better investment than to devote his life to the rearing of his family in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. To him, as well as to the mother, the task is given. It costs, but it pays.

Such an investment calls for all that is best in a man. From the moment he looks into the face of his first-born,—yes, long before that moment,—there is a price to pay. The heart must be enlarged, ennobled, purified. There is no experience which can bring a man into closer touch with his Creator. His whole soul will cry out in its love and longing that he may not mar the wonderful trust committed to his keeping. This heart-longing can never be expressed in words.

KEEPING FAITH WITH CHILDREN

Luther Burbank, the plant wizard, thinks that most of the lawlessness and corruption starts with the early experiences of the child. He says:

“Be dishonest with a child in word or look or deed, and you have started a grafter. Grafting, or stealing,—for that is the better word,—will never be taken up by a man whose formative years have been spent in an atmosphere of absolute honesty. A child knows instinctively whether you are true or dishonest in thought as well as in deed; you cannot escape. It may not always show its knowledge, but its judgment of you is unerring. Its life is stainless, open to receive all impressions, just as is the life of the plant, only far more pliant and responsive to influences. Upon the child, before the age of ten, we have an unparalleled opportunity to work; for nowhere else is there material so plastic.”

Nothing can be more disastrous to a father's influence than for his children to learn that he is not strictly truthful. A story illustrating this principle is aptly told by Annie Porter Johnson in *American Motherhood*:

Eight-year-old Bobby had been guilty of lying. The parents had tried many remedies to break this habit, but without success. Finally the boy was called to the sitting room for a conference with father and mother. He was playing ball, and the game was at the crucial stage.

“‘What d’ye want, father?’ he panted.

“‘I want to talk to you, Bobby. Put your bat in the corner and sit down.’

“Bobby obeyed with a sigh. He had a foreboding that something unusual was about to take place, or he might have argued the question. As it was, he glanced doubtfully at his father and mother. There was a discouraged, unhappy look on his mother's face, and in his father's eye he could plainly see a solemn determination that was not exactly reassuring.

“‘Bobby,’ began his father sorrowfully, ‘your mother complains that you have a very bad habit of telling lies. Don't you know, Bobby, that it is very wicked to tell lies?’

"Bobby swung his feet and chewed his tongue vigorously while his father propounded this question.

"'What does mother tell 'em for, then?' he asked, squarely.

"'Why, *Bobby*—' began his mother, in horror.

"'Yes, you do, mother! you know you do,' blurted Bobby, stoutly.

"'Robert,' warned his father sternly; 'be careful what —'

"'She does, father, and so do you. You both do!'

"'My son, be quiet at once! I shall have to punish —'

"'Why, Bobby,' interrupted his mother, 'when did you ever hear me tell a lie?'

"'You've told three to-day,' he announced bluntly. 'You said you'd whip me if I told another lie, and I told two just to see; an' you never whipped me at all. An' you said I couldn't have no cake if I run away, an' I run away, an' I got the cake all right. An' you told Mrs. Smith you'd be so glad if she'd come over, an' afterward you said you hoped to goodness she wouldn't come, 'cause you didn't like her anyway. Ain't them lies?'

"Mother's eyes fell beneath Bobby's searching arraignment. 'Well, Bobby,' she stammered, 'I—I—didn't mean —'

"'Well, mother, I didn't either,' assented Bobby. He realized that he was getting the upper hand, and was ready for more worlds to conquer.

"Bobby's father spoke rather reproachfully. 'I am very much surprised, Lucy; very much surprised to hear —'

"'You needn't scold *her*, father; you tell 'em too.'

"'Not another word, Bobby! not another word, or I shall punish you severely. When did I ever tell a lie?'

"'You promised the preacher you'd go to church, and I heard you tell mother afterward you told him that just to get rid of him, and you didn't mean to go at all. An' you said if I'd weed the onion bed, you'd get me a new rubber ball. I worked awful hard, but you didn't get me any ball.'

"Bobby's father looked at Bobby's mother sheepishly. 'I didn't think. I—I—forgot,' he stumbled.

"Bobby's bright eyes saw the mutually sheepish look pass between his father and mother, and he knew he was master of the situation.

"‘I forgot, too,’ he replied. ‘I guess the whole family forget,’ he added, glancing wistfully at the bat in the corner. As far as he was concerned, it was time for the conference to adjourn.

"‘That is all for this time, Bobby. You may go now,’ said Bobby’s father, trying to look stern and parental.

"Bobby grabbed the bat, and with a whoop rushed out of the door.

"Then Bobby’s father and mother had a conference in the sitting room all by themselves."

It will bear repeating that all promises to children must be carefully made and kept. If for any reason it is impossible to keep a promise, the reason must be explained, for children have a keen sense of justice which cannot safely be ignored. Frankness and fairness should enter into all dealings with them.

This story is told by Elizabeth Palmer Milbank:

"A little friend and neighbor, aged five years, came in to see me the other day. Shadows were in his eyes and his rosebud mouth drooped. I love the little chap for himself; I love him because for two years mother-love has been to him but a memory. So I welcomed him with a smile and a ‘What’s the matter with you, Billy-Boy?’ but there was no answering smile, just a doleful ‘I got somefin’ dreffel to tell you, Mrs. Mason.’

"‘Something too ‘dreffel’ to be said aloud evidently, for he climbed into my lap, put the drooping mouth close to my ear, and whispered, ‘Mrs. Mason, my papa isn’t a right promiser.’ The hopeless, despairing tone made the confession tragic.

"‘Why, Billy-Boy, what do you mean?’

"‘He promised to bring me some candy, and he didn’t do it.’

"‘Oh, but he is such a busy man, dear. He just forgot it.’

“‘Yes,’ he answered soberly, ‘I thought about that. But he promised to make me a swing, and he didn’t do it.’

“‘I struggled to hold his faith. ‘Billy, he probably didn’t have the things ready to make a swing.’

“‘Yes, I thought about that, too. But he promised to take me uptown last night, and he didn’t do it; and,’ in a tone of sorrowful finality, ‘I know now he isn’t a right promiser.’

“His voice broke on the last word and his blue eyes filled; but too manly to shed tears, he whistled to his dog and hurried away before I could make further excuses for the father who I also knew was ‘not a right promiser.’”

“HE MAY COMMAND HIS CHILDREN”

Of Abraham, the friend of God, this testimony is borne: “For I have known him, to the end that he may command his children and his household after him, that they may keep the way of Jehovah, to do righteousness and justice.”

Though Abraham loved Isaac devotedly, yet no foolish fondness held him back from commanding his son to do right. This was apparent when Isaac became a young man; for he preferred to lose his life as a sacrifice rather than fail to carry out God’s plan. The father is the commander in chief of the family. His commands will be given in love, but he knows they must be given, and that children must learn to obey. He cannot commit this work to others.

A little hand was clasping mine
When day was gone,
And shadows lingered everywhere
As night drew on;
A curly head was snuggled close
Against my own;

Blue eyes, all wonder filled, looked on
A world unknown.
The tiny fingers, restless, moved
And gripped my own with all their might;
Then through the stillness came this plea:
"Hold my hands, father, hold them tight."

When life is spent, and sunset hues
All blend to gray,
And twilight passes silently,
No more the day;
As darkness gently leads me toward
The afterwhile,
And quiet everywhere pervades
The last long mile;
Then I shall feel around me thrown
Protectingly an arm of might,
And whisper to Him trustingly,
"Hold my hands, Father, hold them tight."
—Irene C. Avery, in "Sunday School Times."



Fathers, break down that wall of reserve between yourself and your children. Play games with them, ask them what they have done during the day. Show that you are interested in the things that interest them.

CHAPTER TEN

DIFFERENT TYPES OF FATHERS

IN an old book written in 1565, the author, Roger Ascham, complains that the men of that time were willing to pay much more to care for their horses than for their children. “But God rewards them as He should,” says grim old Roger, “for He suffereth them to have tame and well-ordered horses, but wild and unfortunate children; and therefore in the end they find more pleasure in their horses than comfort in their children.”

Some fathers treat their children more harshly than they would treat an animal. “One afternoon,” writes Martha Warner, “as I was

reading, I heard some one howl out, 'Here you; drop that!' Looking out of the window, I saw by the roadside an automobile, with a grimy man crawling out from under it, and a baby girl toddling in the direction of a woman who was walking down the street.

"The man went after the child, took something away from her, spanked her soundly, and called to the woman: 'Come back here, and take care of this blamed young one! If a few things more get lost, we will be stalled here all night.'

"I turned to my reading, which was about the training a pup received in the school where he was sent to learn the trade of war dog. Only the most skillful men were employed as trainers. The article went on to say: 'Never once did the trainer lose his temper. And that was well, for once you lose your patience with a learning dog and howl at him and beat him, you lose forever your mysterious power over him.'

"My thought wandered back to the baby girl and the lesson which her trainer—her father—had given her. . . .

"Somehow I feel sorry for the baby girls—and the baby boys—whose fathers, when they lose their tempers, lose sight of their exalted position, that of fatherhood. And I feel sorry for the fathers; for I know they love their baby girls. Yet they will continue to howl at them and beat them, unless they seek help from the great Ruler of us all, in whose sight a baby girl is infinitely more precious than a baby dog."

Occasionally when a father reaches home and is greeted with the family clamor, he exclaims to the weary mother, who has endured the noise all day, "Can't you keep those children quiet?" Are they not *his* children as much as hers? It will be a blessing to him, and a relief to the mother, if he will help in their training, teach and correct them, and share the burdens as well as the joys of the family.

Some fathers find it difficult to win the love of their children on account of their own lack of kindly manners. They are reserved by nature, and though they love their children, they do not know how to tell them so; hence a wall of reserve comes between father and children.

But all this can be overcome if taken in time. Father can play a game with the children, tell them a story, let them comb his hair, ask them what they have done during the day. He can be polite to his little girls, and a kiss now and then will be prized.

I like to play close to my father's den,
When he's at work, and every now and then
Ask, "Father, are you there?" He answers back,
"Yes, son." That time I broke my railroad track
All into bits, he stopped his work
And wiped my tears, and said, "Boy, boy! be game!"
And then he showed me how to fix it right,
And I took both my arms and hugged him tight.

Once, when I asked him if he still was there,
He called me in, and rumped up my hair,
And said, "How much alike are you and I!
When I feel just as boys feel when they cry,

I call to our Big Father, to make sure
That He is there, my childish fear to cure;
And always, just as I to you, 'Yes, son,'
Our Father calls, and all my fret is done."

—*Anonymous.*

"Why did you hold the door open till mamma went into the house?" a very little boy was asked.

At first he could not answer; then he said brightly, "Why, 'cause daddy does."

"FATHERS, PROVOKE NOT YOUR CHILDREN
TO WRATH"

The father may be a tyrant or an adored sovereign. He may lead his children to heaven or drive them to perdition. The children in any home have the right to fair and courteous treatment. They may be helpless before the temper and surly disposition of their father, but they suffer more than he can know; and he who fails to control his irritation and anger, even when the child has done wrong, suffers a great loss. He plants thorns for his own feet. In the brief biographies of the Bible we obtain glimpses of the training different fathers gave their children. Read the life of Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, Eli, David. Much good instruction on both sides of the question is given in the experiences of these men.

"HE GAVE HIMSELF"

The greatest gift any father can bestow upon his children is to give them himself,—give them

his love, his interest, his time, his companionship.

Edgar A. Guest tells how his father became his teacher and companion:

"My father was the first to show me a business office. It was the one where he had been employed for many years as an expert accountant. I remember that I was curious, as all small boys are; but he was not content merely with gratifying my curiosity. He wanted me to learn the reason of things.

"Very proudly he led me into the office of the general manager, who took me on his knee and talked very kindly. I recall that father seemed pleased with the way I answered his questions.

"There seems nothing extraordinary about such an event. Innumerable fathers have taken their little boys to the place of their employment, and the little boys no doubt have enjoyed their experiences. But not every father thinks to make these happy little visits object lessons of real value.

"On the way home, he talked to me of the people we had seen.

"That was a good man you met this morning, sonny," he said to me. "Did you like him?"

"When I replied that I did, he smiled, and added: 'Once he was a little boy, just like you; and when he first went to work, he was cheerful and willing and obedient and did his best to please others. By and by he worked his way upward, until now he is in charge of the big factory you have just seen. Because he is a good man, people like him; because he has worked hard and made the most of his opportunities, he has succeeded. Copy good men, and you will never go wrong.'

"The incident impressed me as my father intended it should. During our walks together, he had a way of calling my attention to men he wanted me to know, and always he talked about them. He seemed to be acting as a pair of magnifying glasses for me, enlarging the good qualities of others, that I might see them clearly. I never saw a great man without my father's explaining to me why he was great, nor a bad man without being made to understand

what made him bad. In that way I learned what traits to acquire and what faults to avoid. He was teaching me by example, and I didn't know I was being taught."

Children love sociability. If they do not find it at home, they will seek it elsewhere.

"No, I cannot go with you after dinner to-night, because that is father's time and we always have so much fun then." That was what a girl was heard to say when invited to go with a friend.

"What does 'father's time' mean?" I inquired.

"Oh," said she, "father's time is right after dinner at night, an hour or so before we go to bed. Father makes lots of pleasure for us then, and that is the only time we have with him except a little while in the morning. Father never goes away then, neither do we; we give that hour to him, and he gives it to us. It is our 'together hour.' Oh, he is such a good, dear father!"

Other fathers may receive such commendation. Loving companionship is the price. This father was away at work all day, with no time for the children except this one hour.

A little son was given me,
A child to train up for the Lord;
To lead by waters pure and free,
To feed in pastures of His Word.
The gleam of gold was in my eyes;
The call of pleasure lured me still;
Fame seemed a fair and goodly prize,
And touched me with a feverish thrill.

My heart was overcharged with care;
I labored hard, at dusk or dawn;
While I was busy here and there,
My son was gone.

—*Elizabeth Rosser.*

A father's part in the upbringing of children is not less important than the mother's. His noble, manlike goodness should be to them a type of the Father in heaven. He is the one to protect and shield his children from the snares of evil, especially as they reach the teen age.

A father asked his traveling companion if he would care to see what he was going to give his ten-year-old boy. He handed over a slip of paper, and this is what his companion read:

"For one year from date, I promise to give my son, one hour of my time every day. And I promise that this time shall be solely his, without interference for business or pleasure of any other sort, and that I shall regard it as a prior engagement each day."

The father's name was signed at the bottom.

"Would you like to know what made me think of it?" he asked.

"Well, the other day a young fellow came to me for a job. I had known his father years ago, and they were a fine family. Now this son is down and out. He looked as if he'd been drinking, and evidently he had no funds.

"When I asked how he had come to such a pass, 'and with such a father,' I added, he half broke down.

"'My father must have been a fine man,' he said, 'but, unfortunately for me, I only knew it through others. He was always too busy to pay much attention to me. As a matter of fact, I never knew him as a companion, a friend, or anything but a man who paid the bills.'

"As I sat listening to that poor chap, I suddenly realized that he was painting my picture too. I've been 'too busy' many a time to take an interest in the things brought to me

by my boy. I never have been a companion to him. We're not friends now. Think of that!

"Think of a man's neglecting the most important business in which he can engage,—the proper raising of his children to help strengthen humanity and carry on the world's work! It came over me like a flash, and I know I must have reddened with shame. And I gave the fellow a job, and told him he'd given me the best job I'd ever had.

"So you see, I am going to put it as a gift, though it's the highest sort of duty. And really, I ought to make it more than an hour a day, considering the years I've been neglecting this biggest of opportunities. Here I've been all these years, rushing and working and worrying at a work any intelligent and industrious man could do, and paying the least possible attention to a work no other man in the world can do but myself—being my boy's father."—*Leigh Mitchell Hodges, in Philadelphia "North American."*

"THIS IS MY FATHER"

It is well for fathers to remember that their children will not always remain young. Your boy thinks you a wonderful man now. You mend his toys, tell him stories, walk and talk with him.

By and by he will leave the home school for college. The friends of his boyhood days—some of them—will also be there. Perhaps their fathers will visit them. The doctor's son, the boy whose father is in Congress, will go there. Perhaps *you* will go. Your son will lead the way to the president's office, and will say, "This is my father, Mr. Wheeler."

How will your boy feel as he says it? Will your girl dread the ordeal, or will there be satisfaction and pride that they have such a father to present to their friends and teachers? Re-

member, the boys and girls of to-day will be the men and women of to-morrow, and they reach manhood and womanhood in an amazingly short space.

It is a man's privilege to be such a father that his children will have no cause to be ashamed of him.

Until children reach the age of from seven to ten years, they are usually more under the influence of the mother; but after that the boy needs true manliness to bear the sneer, "Tied to his mother's apron strings." If he can only say with satisfaction to himself, "Father says this," and if father commands his respect, much is gained.

When girls reach the age of fourteen and upward, the companionship and influence of their father will prove a great power in their lives. If he walks, talks, and reads with them, discusses their studies, their amusements, their future prospects; if he advises them with reference to their friendships, especially those with young men, he can forestall much evil, and prove a lifelong blessing.

The father may be the comrade and best friend of his children. He may enrich his own soul by love, toil, and self-denial. He may learn to live for others instead of self. Who will debase his manhood by being an unworthy father? Who can consent to be impure, untrue, dishonest, brutal, and face the consequences he will reap in his own children? *Can you?*



The father's sowing time.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

FATHER AND SON

WHEN the little fellow trudges after father, gets in his way, asks questions from morning till night, views with worshipful eyes all his daddy does,—*that* is the father's sowing time, and upon his faithfulness as a sower depends the quality of the harvest.

Death entered a home and snatched the only son from his parents. A monument was erected over his tomb, bearing this inscription: "Our Baby, Our Boy, Our Chum." These words expressed the intimacy with his parents which every child should enjoy.

But not all children are the "chums" of father and mother. The parents lament that their sons and daughters do not love them. A probation officer in the juvenile court of a Western city

says the most pitiful problem they deal with is that of parents who come with tears and tell how their opinions and all the sacrifices they make for their children are treated with contempt. Their advice is spurned, their children choose bad companions, keep late hours, and indulge in questionable amusements which cause many tears and sleepless nights.

What can the probation officers do in such cases? They say to the troubled parents, "Find out *why* your boy or girl does not love and respect you, and start anew to build up love and respect." But those who fail to hold the love of their children before they reach the teen age are terribly handicapped.

Some one has given this reading to a verse in the twenty-third psalm: "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He *driveth* me beside the still waters." But children are too much like their parents to enjoy being driven. Love cannot be forced; it must be won.

"STEADY, MY BOY, STEADY"

The story is told of three lads, guilty of misdemeanor while attending school far from their homes. When father number one heard of the trouble, he telegraphed his boy, saying, "Apologize, or I will disinherit you." Father number two wrote an impatient, threatening letter. Father number three sent this telegram: "Steady, my boy, steady." The young man read the message with misty eyes. Father un-

derstood. He had not cast off his son even though he had disgraced him. He was "my boy" to him still. The boy's resolve was made. He would go "steady" always after this, and he kept his resolution.

Let every father say, "Steady, my boy, steady," to his reckless, wayward child. But no father on earth can win and hold his boys and girls unless he has laid a sure foundation of obedience, confidence, and respect in early childhood.

"BOYS AND SUPERBOYS"

In an illuminating article under the above heading, Arthur W. Spalding, former editor of the *Watchman Magazine*, says:

"Being a boy, I have a word to say to fathers. I know I am a boy, because a snow fort arouses in me an eager spirit of combat; because, while I care not a snap for league ball, a game of scrub in a vacant lot draws me like a magnet; and because, though I long ago eschewed the art of killing, a bamboo rod or the irresistible grace of the curve in a gunstock sets my pulses throbbing. Not that every boy has to love those things; not that I am teaching my boys to love them; but through my juvenile experience, they give some subtle suggestion of the things a boy does love.

"And this is the word, fuller of meaning, that I have to give to fathers, the word that mothers usually give to their boys when the youngsters start out to the swimming pool or the picnic or some other good place: 'Be a good boy.' Because, fathers, you can, you know. You have the choice either of being that, or of being a sedate statue of unapproachable propriety, or—worse still—a grumpy old chump.

"It is a good thing to keep young; and youth, the doctor tells us, is not so much a matter of years as of arteries. . . .

"Be a boy with boys; limber up in a game of pull-away or in the standing jump. To your boy be the superboy who

will teach the right way to shin up a tree; to part his hair in a dive; to whittle out and rig a boat; to make a collection of curios from stones; to land tortoises; or to do any of the hundred and one things you knew how to do when a boy. It won't hurt your dignity nor lessen your authority; in fact, I believe it is only the father who is a real companion to his children who can afford to be stern on demand. The sternness of a companionable father commands respect and compels obedience without the dread and aversion that greet the despot.

"More than that, the father who lives with his children as a leader and a teacher of the things they like to do, gets love as the motive of obedience, and finds them much more ready to follow him in the things he likes to have them do. Most important of all, he retains the confidence of his boys, which every father of youth knows he most sorely wants as his boy approaches and progresses in manhood. It is chiefly for the maintenance of that confidence that I believe in remaining a boy. So, despite its inconvenience, I take it as a compliment when I hear one of my boys saying, 'Aw, we can't play if papa doesn't play!' And tired though I may be at the end of a day's toil, there is no entertainment so entrancing, no book so fascinating, no music so restful, as to hear my sons and daughters tell over to me, as we lie on the grass in the dusk, the record of the day's doings; because I know that this is the earnest of a future confidence I shall need and prize more highly than all other graces except the mercy of God. . . .

"It goes without saying that a boy likes adventure. Whether it comes in climbing the tallest tree, or venturing into the dark recesses of the cave, or sleeping outdoors like a real scout, he is constantly urged to what he regards as deeds of hazard. It is the impulsion of growing body and mind and soul; and if it go in the forbidden paths of the youthful gangster,—orchard robbing, street prowlings at night, racing and gaming, all superficial adventures,—it is only because there is no pilot of life to guide it aright. Surprise bulks large in the joy of life; and surprise can be had only through adventure.

"The father who is a superboy will make some time—not so much as he will wish—to go with his sons through

woods and swamps and over hills. What wonders there are to find in hidden homes of birds and squirrels and ground hogs and muskrats and foxes! What wonderful views from mountain heights! What skill to be developed with reins and paddle and camera! A holiday now and then means the infinite chance of satisfying and directing the boy's love of adventure.

"One thing the boy likes is noise. I don't — unless I am making it myself. But since I have at least one boy and two daughters who like noise, I have discovered that the wisest plan is to join the crowd for a while, and be a partner in the noise making. Then I can get coöperation in the making of quiet for a time, studying the birds, or hoeing in the garden, or reading. Few evenings in the week are there when hide and seek or blindman's buff is not played. . . .

"Up over my little-used desk, my children tacked on the wall an unusual motto, inspired doubtless by my frequent and long absences: 'What is home without a father?'

"It is a tribute of which any father might be proud. For I am glad to know that the love of which that act was a faint expression was largely prompted by the fact that father is still a boy. Fathers, I want to tell you, It pays to be a good boy."

At the time when the boy begins to feel that he is a man, he needs lessons tactfully taught with reference to manliness. True, he becomes very particular about his collars and neckties and handkerchiefs. One mother tells of having forty handkerchiefs to wash for her son in one week.

Now is the time he needs occupation that will employ his energies. Something is required to strengthen his character building, to develop his sense of responsibility. He needs to be kept busy so there will not be time for idling and harmful associations. If he can work with his father, so much the better.

"May I have Harry Warren as my partner, father?" asked a boy. "I like him, and he doesn't have any chance at all."

"A partner, Robert, did you say? Partner in what?"

"A partner in my work, and in learning things, and in making experiments."

"But am I to be dropped?" inquired father.

"Of course not; you're the head of the firm. But can't you help two boys as well as one?"

"But why do you say Harry has no chance?"

"Because there isn't a place in their big house for a boy's workshop. I know, for I went home with Harry last night. Honest, father, their house has parlors, library, music room, and all. Everything is so very nice, Harry can't have a good time even in his own room, for that's nice too. He took me there to see a bird's nest and some rocks; but when we got there, they were gone. He asked his mother about them, and she just laughed and said they couldn't have such rubbish in his pretty room. My, but he looked glum! I think they might as well throw him in the street along with the stones."

"But do you think his parents would be willing he should come here?"

"I know they won't care. I don't s'pose they know where he goes anyhow. Sometimes he doesn't see his father for a week; his mother goes to parties and clubs. Harry gets awfully lonesome, so he goes most anywhere evenings."

"Bring him here, Robert."

So the partnership began. Robert's father had studied how to keep his boy in partnership with him. He had studied nature, machine shops, factories, libraries, and thus added to his fund of information. He made experiments, and his boy was interested, occupied, delighted.

Robert and Harry learned to use both brains and hands in the workroom. They built boats and bridges, stretched telegraph wires and sent messages.

Suddenly Mr. Warren "came to himself," and sought his boy. A promising young man who had learned to play cards in the Warren home became a gambler and shot himself. As the news was told to Mr. Warren, he thought of his son. Where was he?

"Where is our Harry, Margaret?" he inquired of his wife.

"Why, really, I don't know, Dudley. He has been out evenings a great deal lately. Perhaps he is with Robert King, on Oak Street."

"Can you tell me where Harry Warren is?" Mr. Warren inquired later, as the door of Mr. King's residence opened in response to his ring.

Harry heard his father's voice. "Oh, papa, come here and see what we are doing!" he exclaimed. As Mr. Warren stood in the door, he saw half-finished boats and cases of tools; and the meaning of it all was clear.

"See, papa! We are printing a paper," said Harry as he pointed to the hand press. "Isn't this a nice room?" he inquired. "I'm Robert's partner, and we're learning so much. His father helps us. It's the best place I ever saw. I wish all boys had such a chance."

Such a room furnishes recreation as well as occupation. If boys earn the money to provide its equipment, they will prize it all the more.—*Selected.*

In the country, boys have privileges not enjoyed by those in cities. One boy helped his father plant some apple trees. "Beginning next month, the borers must be hunted," said the father.

"How often? How long?" queried the boy.

"Once a month in summer—for years. I'm going to leave it with you to see they do no harm."

The boy dug, cut, and wired out the small enemies for years. He found sometimes that once a week was necessary. Boys invited him to ball games and to go swimming, but he stayed by the trees. That was his task. That boy has worked patiently at the roots of some other things than trees since those days.

Organized play and manual training do not educate as does plain hard work that must be done again and again. Boys and girls who learn to do that which they fear or dread, at the right time and in the right way, without being told or watched, have material of a stouter weave blended with the character, which imparts strength and reliability. A few words of encouragement from father or mother when strength is nearly spent will make the partnership between parent and child more complete.

THE FATHER'S PART

There comes a time when parents wonder what power has gripped their boy. He asserts his importance. He is an offense to himself and to others. He demands his freedom, he resents questioning, his conduct is mysterious. He is disagreeable at home, wants no advice from mother — or from father either. He imitates “the fellows” he chooses as associates. Some of his “friends” are not those his real friends would select for him.

The boy has reached the parting of the ways between boyhood and manhood. Here is where he is most liable to go wrong, and where it is hardest to help him. Then comes the time when he will turn to his father if that father has been true and has kept his heart's door open wide to his son, watching, waiting for his confidence and companionship. A mother may help by her influence and her prayers; but just then what

every boy needs is a wise, clean, tactful, Christian father.

The experience of one father may be helpful to others:

A certain lawyer who had previously been so preoccupied that he had held his children at arm's length, found that his only son was getting beyond the control of his mother, and fearing that if longer deferred, counsel would be too late, he resolved to "get acquainted" with his own boy, aged fifteen, by taking him as a traveling companion on a business trip. He did not treat him as a boy to be watched, however, but as he afterward said: "I treated him as an honored guest, and I was surprised, as the habitual restraint wore off, to find how many good points my own son had and how companionable he could be withal. After we had been together almost constantly for days, I was surprised to feel the years slipping away from me, and to find myself living over my half-forgotten boyhood.

"I had not premeditated reaching the heart of my boy by that means, however, but my confidence had that effect. After I had told how I once narrowly escaped being led into what would have ruined my character, my son, who had listened with incredulity as well as relief written on his face, said, 'Oh, dad, I'm so glad you haven't forgotten how boys feel, and what they have to fight against, for now you'll understand!'

"Then freely, as if talking to a chum, my boy told of his own temptations, and how they had nearly mastered him because, feeling that his mother could not see from the viewpoint of a boy, he would not confide in her. And judging as well that my youth had been faultless, he had naturally come to the conclusion that I could have no sympathy with his fight against temptation.

"'But,' cried my boy, as he looked me full in the face, after bringing to view what had been a heartbreak to bear alone, 'I feel as if I can face anything now. But say, *why didn't you tell me sooner, dad?* For it would have saved me more than one falldown if I could have made a clean breast of everything, as I will now that I see you'll understand.'

"That was five years ago," added the lawyer, with glistening eyes, "and never since that day has the boy given his parents an anxious hour; for no matter how pressing have been legal duties, I have always taken time to strengthen the growing confidence on the part of my son. Consequently, he comes to me fearlessly, knowing that sympathy as well as counsel awaits him under all conditions. . . .

"I should be slow to condemn in others what I was so long guilty of myself, but I am firm in the belief that had I not won the confidence of my son just in the nick of time, he would soon have drifted beyond my influence. Experience has convinced me that fathers make a grave mistake in giving their sons to understand that perfection is expected of them, or that 'Like as a father pitieth his children' does not apply to this age."—*Western Recorder.*"

The faithful father is the one to impart to his son the knowledge concerning his physical being. These truths should come from no other lips. How jealously father will watch lest impure information be given which will ruin both the body and the soul of his child! He will warn him of danger; teach him how to overcome temptation; encourage noble, manly ideals; and watch lest the character be spoiled by self-indulgence and sin.

Pitfalls to character are so artfully concealed, temptations are so attractive and numerous and persistent, if ever a boy needs help from his father on earth and from his Father above, it is during this critical, dangerous period of his life.

This is how one father saved his son:

"Where is Jack?" asked Mr. Rogers, as he came in at six o'clock. "He was late to dinner last night, and he's going to be late again to-night."

"I saw him with that Jones girl," answered his daughter Dorothy. "She is a new girl in town, very pretty, but terribly bold. I'm sure she's not nice. I do wish Jack wouldn't go with her."

It took Mr. Rogers a long time to get out of his overcoat and take off his gloves. Generally he was full of boyish spirits when the day's work was done. Now he was very quiet, and he looked long and absently out of the window.

Presently the door opened, and Jack came in.

"Jack," said his father, "I want to show you something."

Relief and interest showed instantly in the boy's face. The dreaded question was not to be asked, after all.

Mr. Rogers led the way to his workroom in the attic. There were his carpenter bench, and his tools, and his lathe, and in the corner was the dynamo that worked it. Jack had seen them all many times.

"What is it, father?" he asked.

Mr. Rogers laid his hand upon the dynamo. "Jack, by means of this, a mysterious power becomes mine. We call it electricity, but no one knows what it is. We only know that *if we treat it in the right way*, it will enable us to do wonderful things. It will work our mills, and light our houses and our streets, and run our cars. It will enable man to do more than any other power that has been discovered. But at the same time, *if you treat it in the wrong way, it will strike you dead!*"

"Yes, father, I know that," said Jack.

His father turned toward him with an earnestness that Jack had never before seen in his face. "There is another power very like that in its results. There is the mysterious feeling that men have for women, and women have for men. Treat that right, and it will bless your life and ennoble it, and make you ten times — yes, a hundred times — the man you could ever be without it. Nothing on earth will do so much for you if you treat it right. But treat that feeling wrong, and it will curse you, and blast your life, and kill your soul!"

For a moment they looked each other square in the eye, then together they went downstairs in silence. In the hall below, Jack laid his hand on his father's arm. "I know what you mean, father, and I know it's true!" he whispered. — "*Youth's Companion.*"

ASKING FORGIVENESS OF OUR CHILDREN

Hjort Valdemir tells of his relations with his father as a boy. The father, though devoted to the welfare of his family, was impetuous and headstrong. There were moments when the boy's resentment at what he believed to be despotic authority, came dangerously near to hatred. He tells this story:

"One unforgettable morning, when my father relentlessly overthrew my reckless but long-cherished plans in a fit of what seemed to me sheer personal rage, I was driven to the wall, so to speak, for I was completely at his mercy. His displeasure took the form of stern ridicule as he stood before me with heated face and angry eyes, commanding me to do an utterly humiliating thing. Again I heard that oft-repeated command, 'Children, obey your parents.' I was hurt to the quick, angry, defiant, and as bitter as a boy of twelve could possibly be. At the very highest tension of the scene, our good gray-haired servant passed on some industrious errand, and paused for one solemn moment to quote gravely, 'Parents, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged.'

"The light in my father's eyes leaped into brighter flame, it seemed to me, as if he resented his servant's interference; then the flame went out and the angry redness faded from his face, as he removed his hat, and said in tones that I shall never forget, 'My son, I beg your forgiveness.'

"All the pent-up rage and injustice went from my hot heart in an instant. I wondered how I could ever have cherished a moment's irritation against my good, lovable father. I was ashamed, sorry, speechless, as I laid my trembling hand in the one that guided me so faithfully and tenderly to the borderland of manhood.

"A great many crowded years have gone by since that hour, and my father and the good servant have long slept in their quiet graves, but that moment still lives in my heart. I knew then that there would never again be a shadow between my father and me, and there never was. Although

our wills clashed many times, the friction was always on the outside; within there was an unshakable confidence that all was well between us."

MAKE THE PATHWAY EASY

The Christian pathway needs to be made very plain for young feet. Even older persons sometimes stumble because it is so simple.

A student in a military school was about to be graduated with honors; but he broke some rules, and the rebuke received from his father made him so angry that he vowed he would live at home no longer.

But he became calmer, regretted his hasty temper, returned to his father, threw his arms about his neck, and said: "Father, I've done a very wicked thing. I'm sorry I have abused you so. Can you forgive me?"

A quick embrace and a father's kiss removed the sense of guilt, and never afterward did the son treat his father with disrespect.

This young man later entered the army and became a colonel. He was wounded in battle, gangrene followed, and thus his father found him. Life was nearly gone, and he was expected soon to die. He rejoiced to see his father, but said in a faint voice: "You must do the talking now. I am almost gone."

The father returned from a short walk with the surgeon, and the colonel asked him to sit down by him.

"Have you been talking to the surgeon?" he inquired.

"Yes."

"What did he say about me?"

"He says you must die."

"How long does he think I can live?"

"Not more than four days, and you may go at any moment."

"Father, you must not let me die now," he exclaimed. "I am afraid to die. I'm not prepared to die. If I must, do tell me how. I know you can, for I've heard you do it for others."

This was no time or place for tears. There was work to be done, and done at once. There was no hesitation. In-

stantly the Spirit said to the father: "Tell him of the school incident. That is what he wants; I have held it in reserve for this moment."

The father said, "My son, you feel guilty, do you not?"

"Yes; that makes me afraid to die."

"You want to be forgiven, don't you?"

"Yes; can I be?"

"Certainly."

"Can I know it before I die?"

"Certainly."

"Do make this so plain that I can get hold of it," raising his feeble arm and closing the hand as if to grasp it.

"Do you remember the school incident years ago?"

"Yes, very distinctly. I was thinking it all over a few days ago, as I thought of your coming."

"Do you remember how you came back into the house, and, throwing your arms around your father's neck, you asked him to forgive you?"

"Yes."

"What did he say to you?"

"He said, 'I forgive you with all my heart,' and kissed me."

"Did you believe him?"

"Certainly; I never doubted his word."

"Did that take away your guilt?"

"Yes."

"Were you happy at home again?"

"Yes; more than ever before."

"That is just the thing for you to do now. Tell Jesus you are sorry that you have abused Him, and ask Him to forgive you, just as simply and sincerely as you did me. He says He will forgive; and you must take His word for it, just as you did mine."

"Why, father, is that the way to become a Christian?"

"I don't know of any other," was the reply.

"That is very simple and plain; I can get hold of that."

Very much exhausted by this effort, the colonel turned his head upon his pillow to rest. The father, having done his work for the dying son, sank into a chair and gave way to tears, expecting soon to close his son's eyes in death. That painful suspense was not to last long. It could not.

It did not. A change had taken place. A new life had come to that soul. Its first utterance changed the tears to joy.

"Father, you need not cry any more. I don't want you should. I want you to sing. It's all right with me now; I'm happy; Jesus has forgiven me. I've told Him how sorry I am that I have abused Him so, and He has forgiven me. I know He has, for He says He will, and I have taken His word for it, just as I did yours. I'm not afraid to die now; I don't think I shall. I feel the stirring of a new life within me, and with it comes the feeling of new life in my blood. I want you to sing that good old hymn we used to sing when I was a boy at family prayers:

"When I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I'll bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.'"

Immediately the life current which was rapidly ebbing away began to flow back. The pulse, beating at the death rate, began to lessen, the eyes to brighten, the countenance to glow with new blood, the voice to be natural, the sadness of that afternoon to give place to cheerfulness and hope. The surgeon, coming in as was his wont every day, to watch the rapid progress of the dreaded gangrene, put his fingers upon the pulse and said with great surprise: "Colonel, your pulse is wonderfully changed; you look better. What has happened?"

"Father has shown me how to be a Christian," replied the colonel, "and I have done it. I am better; I'm going to get well."

When the wound was undressed next morning, the whole mass of rotten flesh fell to the floor—the gangrene was arrested—its work ended. The surgeons, throwing up their arms, exclaimed: "Great God! This is a miracle. God only could do this!"—*Selected*.

The healing of the body in this case accompanied the healing of the soul. Father, tell your child how to find Jesus as his Saviour from sin. Make the story so plain and simple

it can be understood. Tell it again and again, till each of your flock is prepared for whatever may come.

In "The Trail a Boy Travels," the story is told of a father who was employed by a railway company. One evening his young son went to his office thinking he would surprise him. The father was in another room. All the employees had left the building.

After waiting some time for his father to come out, the boy peered through a crack in the door. There stood his father looking on the city below; but after a while, he knelt by a chair and began to pray. The boy listened. This is what he heard:

"My Father, I want to talk to You awhile before I go home to the little mother who is waiting, and the boys who, I hope, are with her. It is about the boys that I need advice and wisdom. They are getting away from us and the wholesome habits we have formed. You know all the struggles and sins and mistakes of my own life. You know what they have cost You, and the price I've had to pay for them; but when I found You, I found life, with its wonderful blessings.

"I have hidden nothing from You. You know what violence of anger I had to overcome. You know what an appetite burned within me. You know what passions tried to drive me. You turned the pages of my life like the pages of a book—not one thing is hidden from You; and yet You are my friend. . . .

"And now I come to You with our great joy and our great sorrow—the children. We love them, I think sometimes even as You have loved us. Our blood runs in their veins. They must be our happiness or our despair. In them we live or die. For them we pray and toil, and for them we would make any sacrifice and suffer any pain. And

we would suffer with a great joy, because we love them with a great love.

"Now, Father, this is the problem which I bring to You for the little mother and myself: What is it we must do to lead the boys back and start them on the King's highway?

"What price must we pay for this priceless privilege of being a father and a mother? What sacrifices must we make in order to lead them close to You, so that they may learn to love You? What ransom must we deliver to the world to prove the great love we have for them? Are many comforts spoiling the fineness of their natures? Then, Father, take from us all that we have, and keep us very poor.

"If pride is marring them, then, O Father, make us humble in Your own way. Maybe they have not had sorrow enough to make them see the shining light of the way of life. Then give them the sorrow necessary to make them see. Maybe they must learn the strength which comes from the tragic battle for bread. Then, O Father mine, give them the battle!

"Maybe they have been sheltered too much. Perhaps there may have to be sickness or death in their training school for life. They are on the wrong highway. The end cannot bring the glory of love which we find in serving You. They must be brought back at any cost—not as a punishment, but as a blessing. I must have neglected them somewhere along the way. Except what they must pay themselves, let me pay the price, whatever it may be, for my neglect. If the cost must be sickness or accident, let me bear it to win them to You. If it must be the shock of death, let me bear that too.

"And death—why should I fear death? Are You not within it and around it and beyond it, to walk with me all the way? Did not Jesus lay down His life for His friends and His enemies? And shall I not lay down my life gladly, too, for my own boys? My Father, You know my heart. I love You. You know that I love You. If necessary, grant to me this privilege, my Father, to lay down my life for my sons. My life is such a little thing for me to give, if through it the boys shall find that to serve You is the highest happiness and greatest joy."

The boy listened no longer. He slipped through the door and ran home. He tells the way that prayer was answered, thus:

“Early that night, I coaxed Harry to go to bed. When we were alone, I told him all that I had seen and heard, and how father had prayed that God might let him give his life for us, as Jesus had done for the world. Harry was two years younger than I. He threw his arms around me and sobbed. We talked it all over for a long time, then we knelt by the bed and prayed. We talked to God as father had, and told Him we would make any sacrifice, and go with Him anywhere He would show us, and that we wanted to grow to make our father and mother as proud of us as we were of them. And now we have learned what a wonderful thing it was that father offered to do for us — to lay down his life for his sons.”

When men travail in prayer for their children like that, there will be answers of peace.

It will not be difficult for a child with a sympathetic, friendly father to understand that “like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him.” The father himself, sensing his own need of divine compassion, will not starve the hearts of his hungry children.

WHAT SORT OF FATHER ARE YOU?

WHAT sort of father are you to your boy?

Do you know if your standing is good?

Do you ever take stock of yourself and check up

Your accounts with your boy as you should?

Do you ever reflect on your conduct with him?

Are you all that a father should be?

Do you send him away when you're anxious to read,
Or let him climb onto your knee?

Have you time to bestow on the boy when he comes
With his questions—to tell him the truth?
Or do you neglect him, and leave him alone
To work out the problems of youth?

Do you ever go walking with him, hand in hand?
Do you plan little outings for him?
Does he ever look forward to romping with you?
Or are you eternally grim?

Come, father, reflect! Does he know you to-day?
And do you know him as you should?
Is gold so important to you that you leave
It to chance that your boy will be good?

Take stock of yourself, and consider the lad;
Your time and your thoughts are his due.
How would you answer your God, should He ask,
“What sort of father are you?”

—*American Youth.*

CHAPTER TWELVE

TWENTIETH-CENTURY MOTHERHOOD

“The mother, in her office, holds the key
Of the soul; and she it is who stamps the coin
Of character, and makes the being who would be a savage
But for her gentle cares, a Christian man.
Then crown her queen of the world.”

A LITTLE boy ran to a neighbor's house, and with moistened eyes and anxious voice, inquired: “Do you know where my mamma is? When I came from school, she was not at home.”

A little girl, walking disconsolately on the street, met a friend. “Have you seen my mother?” she questioned.

A tiny tot, in charge of sister, pressed his face against the window and peered out into the empty street. “Why can't mamma come?” he moaned.

“Where's mother?” shouted a burly boy, as he dashed through the house. “Has she mended my coat yet?”

“Where can mother be?” queries the girl waiting for her blouse to be buttoned.

“Where's your mother, children?” inquires the man of the house, as he comes from work and looks about the empty rooms.

“If only mother were here!” sighs the afflicted one, racked with pain; “oh, how much I need my mother!”

“Mother! mother!” moans the wounded soldier on the battlefield. More than for any

other, the heart yearns for mother when alone or in distress.

Everybody calls for mother. She is in constant demand. None other is so missed, so surely wanted, if she is not within reach every moment of the day. Then is she not the most important, the busiest, the most needful person in the world?

“Burdened with a lonely task,
One day, we may vainly ask
For the comfort of her face,
For the rest of her embrace.
Let us love her while we may;
Well for us that we can say,
‘Where’s mother?’ ”

In no other relation of human life is there love like a true mother’s. There may be many friends, but only one mother. Her love is born in sacrifice. It is a *living*, a continuous sacrifice, one that is never consumed. In the true mother heart it exists from the time she hears the first baby cry until she draws her last breath.

Hers is a heroic, unchanging, unselfish, un-asking, ministering love, most like that which brought the Saviour of men to live and die for us, of any that we know. S. D. Gordon has well said that “sacrifice is the low undertone to all the music of a mother’s life, for months before the birth time, and then the long years after.”

Mother lives not to please herself, but others. She exalts not herself, but others. She works like a slave, not for herself, but for others. She

denies herself comforts, luxuries, that her children may have them. Her best plans are made for them. When they suffer, she suffers more. When they are in disgrace, the deepest wound pierces her heart. If they are honored, her soul sings for joy. Their love is all the reward she seeks, and she gives back with usury more than she ever receives. This accounts for the universal cry, "Mother, mother; give me my mother!" Hers is a martyr's life, welcomed, accepted from choice, and in which she glories. Crown her with the most dazzling crown given to mortals. "Cursed be he that setteth light by his . . . mother." Deuteronomy 27:16.

MOTHERS OF GREAT MEN

History is not silent concerning the influence of mothers of renowned men. Moses' mother was in reality the emancipator of Israel. Her faith saved the boy from death; her God-imparted wisdom led her to train him so that when he left his home at twelve years of age, he was able to choose between the pleasures of sin and a heavenly crown.

Samuel's mother so impressed him with the thought that he was God's child that he grew from beautiful boyhood to become a holy prophet, an upright ruler. The mother took him "a little coat" each year. Surely it was a modest, comely garment; for she had too much sense to treat her boy as though he were a doll or a plaything. That little coat teaches a lesson,

for not only does the mother clothe the body of her child, but she forms his habits,—clothes the soul for glory and immortality or for degradation and death. The coat of character is never outgrown. It never wears out. She fashions the garment like Samuel's,—thread by thread, stitch by stitch. Hannah's unconscious influence, her daily words and acts, made Samuel a man of God.

The roll call of men and women who became the noblest and best of earth through the influence of their mothers is too long to receive notice here. Surely the twentieth century,—the greatest in progress and invention of which we know,—should not fall behind in its standard of motherhood.

In many humble homes "little coats" of character are now being woven which will make their wearers the precious of earth in times of test and trial. Examples of faithful, unselfish motherhood are not lacking in our century. Abraham Lincoln's mother in the log cabin in Kentucky, gave the bent to the character of that President who is now universally honored. President Garfield was never more manly than when he stooped to kiss his dear old mother before the multitudes assembled at his inauguration.

THE MOTHER AS HOMEMAKER

The mother is the presiding genius of the home. This is why her place is there. The home is her kingdom, where she is the queen.

She "plays the accompaniment" in the song of life for every member of the family. How sadly she is missed if her accompaniment is silent because of illness, unfitness, or death! The music is sad or sweet or glad as she marks the measure.

This high calling means for the mother all that is best in womanhood. No other place is so important for her to fill. To no one else can her task be given.

"Do you do any literary work?" asked a neighbor of a mother.

"Yes," she replied, "I'm writing two books."

"What are their titles?"

"'John' and 'Mary,'" she answered. "My business is to write upon the minds and hearts of my children the lessons they will never forget."

No public or social duties may rightfully deprive children of their mother or rob her of her most sacred mission.

Does the mother see, as she looks into the tiny face of her infant, a hundred things nobody else sees? Does she wonder what baby will be, how he will look, when he is twenty?

When the child is only a month old, habits have begun to grip him. Soon he will learn the language the mother teaches him. It will not be long till he is in school; he will go to church and be taught as she chooses for him.

With a love that would fight for him, die for him, every true mother must feel it is a daring thing to assume the responsibility of giving life.

Once we were all the age your baby is to-day. We were made into the characters we now possess. Would we have had our mothers deal differently with us? What lessons may be learned from their experience with reference to fashioning this little life?

To be a mother is a vocation, not a pastime. To give love is not enough. The mother's outlook must be widened, visioning what the child may become through wise training and the grace of God. She should bring spiritual insight to her task, joy in the child's growth and development, and true, sympathetic companionship. She should hear the divine command, "Take this child away, and *nurse it for Me*, and I will give thee thy wages."

THE MOTHERS' CARES

Many mothers can see their own experience in these lines:

I've climbed the stairs uncounted times; I've rocked the baby
o'er and o'er;
I've arbitrated childish wars until my every nerve is sore;
I've put on sweaters, buttoned coats, and fought with rub-
bers 'most too small,
Until in weariness I cry, "I'd really like to end it all!"

Then Baby-Love holds out her arms, and laughs aloud in
infant glee;
And Four-Year-Old comes crowding close, his golden head
laid on my knee;
Dear Daughter strokes my throbbing brow, and whispers,
"Mother, I love you;"
While oldest Son, engrossed with tools, calls, "Mother, see
what I can do!"

'Tis then, dear Lord, with tear-filled eyes, the outline of Your
plan I see;
And prayers sincere for strength to do, rise from the very
heart of me.
With love enough, the greatest task will never bring the
wish to shirk.
This now my plea, most gracious God: "Oh, make me worthy
of my work!"

— *Laura Guyol Wolfe.*

Watch that mother bending over her sick child. How soft her tones! There is love in every word. Where did she get such soothing sentences? — Out of the deep well of love in her heart. If the child shows any indication of relief, see the joy in her face. Again, the lips are dipped in the deep well, and fresh words of cheer are spoken. Doctors and nurses do much, but mother-love gives the finishing touch in restoration.

A mother was lamenting because she could not afford a birthday party for her older daughter. She was interrupted by a younger child, who exclaimed: "Mother, Lottie Pritchard's here. May we have a lump of sugar apiece in water, and a piece of bread cut in little squares, for our party?"

"And two pieces of gingerbread," the mother added.

Marjory danced about the room, then flung her arms around mother's neck, exclaiming, "It will be lovely! I think parties are the nicest things!"

Looking down from her window, mother saw the little table set with two odd saucers, one cracked cup, and one cup without a handle.

Marjory was stirring the sugar for Lottie's "tea," and her voice rose happily through the still air:

"I'm giving you the cracked cup 'cause it looks nicer; but you'll have to be careful. I can't have any more to play with till Clara breaks one the right way. Usually she breaks them all to pieces, you know. She doesn't remember about me. But mother says it isn't dishes and things; it's loving that counts, and this cup is very full of loving."

Lottie took the cracked cup carefully. Her small face was full of delight. "That's why I like your house," she said. "*It's full of lovings.*"

The home that is "full of lovings" will be the children's paradise. It is the mother's task to see that the loving spirit reigns, and to keep her own heart sunny and sweet.

PREPARATION FOR MOTHERHOOD

But mothers will be ready, as they face their tasks, to exclaim, "Who is sufficient for these things?" They will see that their life in the home means success or failure, life or death to those they love most. Surely a most careful preparation is needed for the exalted task of being a mother.

Edward W. Bok, in *Ladies' Home Journal*, says:

"A stream cannot rise higher than its source; and the source of human life is in the mothers, just as truly spiritually as physically. All our present efforts toward reform

are noble and necessary, but they work from the surface downward. The root of the whole matter is in the souls of the mothers of our people. Is it not a big question then: What is your son really thinking about you?

"The chances are that you will evade it by saying: 'Well, I am doing the best I can to teach him to do right. I've told him to do this, and I've punished him for doing that; and if he doesn't do as I tried to have him — why, I don't see how I am to blame. It's a pretty hard thing to bring up a boy to do just what you think he ought to do.'

"Indeed it is: the very hardest thing in the world! Because it means not bringing him up to a certain standard, but bringing yourself up to that high level. You think that 'telling' and 'punishing' and 'doing' and 'wishing' should bring the result you desire. But there is one thing greater than all these put together. It should be inscribed on the soul of every mother. It is the supreme achievement. It is: *Being!* Mightier than all the words of counsel ever spoken, nobler than all the deeds ever done, more compelling than all the punishments ever inflicted, is it, to *be* what you would teach others to be.

"Do you dream for one moment that your boy does not see for himself what you *are*, while he is listening to your spoken words or smarting under your punishments? Who has not seen that appraising look even in a little child's eyes? One often sees it when they are taking the measure of people less familiar to them; it is natural then. But it is unnatural and has a sad significance when it replaces the unquestioning trust with which a child should regard his mother. As I said, if you give a boy half a chance, he will love and reverence his mother. He *wants* to do it. The instinctive craving is there, like all natural instincts. If it is gratified, he accepts it as he accepts food or a response to any cry of his nature. But if it is not met, there is an abiding hunger, a hunger of his spirit, more disastrous in its results than mere physical hunger."

No mother can discipline a child properly until she disciplines herself. But here is the most difficult problem, for the Ethiopian cannot

change his skin, nor the leopard his spots. We who are accustomed to do evil cannot, of ourselves, do good nor be good.

There is only one way of escape from our sinful nature. He who knows the mother's desire to train her child aright says: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh. And I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes, and ye shall keep My judgments, and do them."

Here is a power that will give "new" purposes, that will cause the receiver to "walk" right, "keep" right, and "do" right. This power is within the reach of every mother, and may be had by asking and believing that "He is faithful that promised."

Mother, give yourself to Christ, then you can lead your child to Him. Show that His power keeps you patient, loving, obedient, and almost unconsciously the child will follow your example. Try it.

I do not think that I could bear
My daily weight of woman's care
If it were not for this:
That Jesus seemeth always near,
Unseen, but whispering in my ear
Some tender word of love and cheer
To fill my soul with bliss.

There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows and no one shares,
Too small for me to tell;

Things e'en my husband cannot see,
Nor his dear love uplift from me,—
Each hour's unnamed perplexity,
That mothers know so well.

These secret things, however small,
Are known to Jesus, each and all;
And this thought brings me peace.
I do not need to say one word;
He knows what thought my heart hath stirred,
And by divine caress, my Lord
Makes all its throbbings cease.

— *Anonymous.*

THE HOME ATMOSPHERE

The mother creates in the home that indefinable thing we call atmosphere. It cannot be seen or handled, but it is plainly felt.

Enter one home and there seems a chill, a reserve, a stiffness in everything. One feels like leaving as soon as possible. In another there is a sense of cheer, of friendliness, of peace which draws and holds, that comforts and heartens all who enter. The rooms look different. The food is eaten with zest. One sleeps in a chamber of peace; leave-taking brings regret. The visit is repeated at the first opportunity.

A little girl heard her mother complain of the chilliness of the living room one autumn morning. The child was playing in the sunshine on the floor, but she looked up to say, "Mother, why don't you get into the sun path?"

Good cheer creates a sunny atmosphere no matter how cloudy the day. A sweet temper is like a presiding angel in the home; bright faces

are its sunshine. Gratitude for good things received, a happy way of bearing the crossing things, are some of the fruits borne by a heart at peace with God. Gloomy moods, tiresome nagging and complaining, drive children away from the haunted house where such evil spirits dwell.

One woman wrote to a mother who was in trouble and perplexity: "Don't give up. Show your mettle. Don't pity yourself. Put self in the background, and think of your children's future. Keep your interest in life, and look on the bright side for the children's sake. They will repay you a thousandfold when they grow older. Live not for the present, but for the future. Sing when putting the baby to sleep, and sing at your work."

An excellent habit this, of singing while at work. It brings sunshine and peace to the house. Let the children join in. Some people begin to sing as soon as they awake in the morning. Their presence seems a benediction. Teach the children to sing, and sing with them. It comforts distresses; softens the rebellious heart; encourages, strengthens, and ennobles the life of the singer.

Mothers will do much to preserve the joy of home if they practice speaking in a low, gentle voice. If they command in harsh, uncontrolled tones, they will receive answers in the same pitch. There is no excuse for whining, shrill, high-pitched voices which strive to make themselves heard above all other sounds.

Children dread censure. Their sensitive natures shrink from sharp, stinging words. Long-continued scolding, and faultfinding, and condemnation, harden the heart, and the child thinks, if it dares not say, "I don't care."

Often a wrong may be corrected by giving words of praise because a fault was *not* committed; thus the child is encouraged to win approval by doing the right.

A much better way to teach children good habits than by constantly scolding them, is to give them a little praise for every commendable act. Some mothers quite overlook the right things their children do. Praise the boy when he has taken a little extra trouble to make himself clean and tidy or to do anything well, instead of flying into a tantrum every time he is not up to the mark. Gradually he will look forward to that little word of praise and will make an effort to look and do his best to earn it.

"I am almost heartbroken over it," a mother said to her minister.

"And what is it you are so grieved over?" he inquired.

"Well, it is about my little Jennie; what she said as I was putting her to bed last night."

"It must have been something very bad."

"Oh, no! nothing of the kind. Jennie is naughty sometimes, as most children are, and my way has been to scold and sometimes to punish her. Last night, after I had put her to bed, she said, 'Mamma, have I been a good girl

to-day?' I replied, 'Yes, Jennie, you have been a good girl to-day.' A bullet could not have gone straighter to my heart. I had always been quick to reprove and to punish; but she had been trying hard to please me all day, and I had taken no notice of it. She had to ask for the commendation I should have been loving enough to give without her asking."

"Everything else is of less importance for children than the color of the home background," says Dorothy Canfield Fisher. "The family can live on oatmeal porridge three times a day, the children can go with holes in their stockings and with uncombed hair, the house can be unswept, the beds unmade; the mother can dress in a cheap print wrapper—any of the dreadful things we usually think of as 'impossible' are infinitely better for the children's moral health and present and future happiness and usefulness than a mother constantly scolding to let off the steam of her bad temper, or repressing unjustly the innocent activities of her children."

THE MOTHER HEART

There are empty arms that ache to hold a warm, dimpled body close to the heart; there are eyes that moisten when they look on mothers caressing their babes; there are those ready to exclaim with Rachel, "Give me children, or else I die." There is heart-hunger that cannot be satisfied without them.

A blessing would come to weary, discontented, idle women if they would take some homeless

child and give it mother-love and care. If children of their own are denied them, there are thousands who are stretching little helpless hands toward them.

Lest, through the years, Thy will may never be
That baby arms around my neck should twine,
Nor that I hold myself in fealty
To soft, rose-petaled fingers curled in mine,
Nor press a drowsy head down on my breast
And watch wide, starry eyes close sleepily,
Nor feel a little, trusting limpness rest
Within my arms, I ask but this of Thee:

O Lord, grant me a mother's heart, that I
May see the little, wistful child look out
Through grown-up eyes; wisdom to know the why
Of strange steps, and fear, and fault, and doubt;
Hands strong to soothe and give firm comfort to
All those who touch them seeking aught of me;
And patient love, which holds each day anew
Faith in Thy children, Lord, through faith in Thee.
— *Dorothy Anderson.*

In the city of New Orleans stands a monument to the memory of "Margaret." Margaret had a mother heart, but no children. She began by dividing her little store with an orphan child. She found others needy and homeless, and took them in. She was the only mother that many children knew. She provided for them, taught them, loved them. She followed the promptings of an affectionate, unselfish heart, and was a blessing to many.

A visiting nurse found a woman tired of idling who wanted to do real work. The nurse told her of two orphan war babies who needed

a home. One was Janet, two weeks old, a dear little rosebud. The other, Edward, fourteen months, was a cross, repulsive child. In a month a great change came over the boy.

"What have you done to him?" the astonished visitor inquired.

"Oh, I gave him plenty to eat and loved him up a bit," was the smiling answer.

To be "loved up a bit" is the rightful heritage of the child. In the loving lies a blessing for the mother heart which need not be missed.

Two women were talking together. The older one exclaimed: "I never can get reconciled to your not being married, Mary Armstrong; you who always loved children so! No woman knows what life is till she is a mother,—and you'd have made such a great one. I could cry over the waste of it."

Mary Armstrong's gray eyes, wise, deep, and tender, studied her friend a moment.

"But, dear, you don't have to be married to be a mother; if it were so, it might be hard. But there are never half enough mothers to 'go round' in the world. Maybe that's why God needs some of us free, so that He can send us to lives that need mothers."

"Oh, I know — but that isn't the same!" her friend insisted.

"Two years ago," Mary Armstrong said, slowly, "a little girl of sixteen came to me. She had been neglected all her life. Her mother was no mother, cared nothing for the child, cared

only for dress and amusement of the cheapest kind. Where the child got her little white soul, God only knows. But she dreamed always of a mother who cared,— who cared about what she was and what she did; to whom she could go with her problems and girlish battles. She looked like a broken flower when she came to me. I wish you could see her now — strong and eager over life, and so pitiful over other lonely girls. She calls me ‘mother’ in her letters.”

WHERE HE WENT FOR INSPIRATION

In the history of our country there have been three great orations, and they will be found in every collection of masterpieces of eloquence. The first was by Patrick Henry, at Williams-town; the second, by Abraham Lincoln, at Gettysburg; and the third, by Henry W. Grady, at New York.

Shortly before this oration was delivered, Mr. Grady spent nearly two weeks with his mother at his childhood home. He felt that he needed a new experience, that his hold on Christian faith was lessening.

“Mother,” he said as he took her in his great, strong arms and kissed her, “I have come home to spend a week all alone with you. This time I have not come merely to kiss you how-de-do and good-by and go again, but to stay with you a bit. I want to go back to the old days and be your boy again, and have you treat me as if I were a little fellow once more.”

The wise little mother asked no question of the big son upon whom his country has lavished honor and fame, but merely said, "All right, dear."

"And I mean just what I say, mother," persisted the son. "I want you to be my 'mother dear,' just as you used to be. I want you to make me the little cakes on the back of the stove just as you used to, and the turnovers in the oven. I want the dear old gingerbread horses with the raisin eyes. Cook me the eggs in the ashes, will you, mother?"

"I certainly will, my son," gladly replied the mother, wondering much but asking nothing.

In the lazy afternoons, after a nap, he would throw himself down on the porch floor at his mother's feet, and putting his head in her lap, where she could play with his hair and smooth his cheek, he would say: "Mother, tell me the old stories you used to tell me about Joseph and his coat, David and his sling, Daniel and the lions, Elijah and the chariot, Elisha and the bears, and all those." And the mother told again the stories so dear to every child.

At other times he would go to the mantel and bring the "Bible Book," and say: "Here, mother, read me again the sweet old story that you used to read about the little Baby that was born in a stable, the angels that sang, and the wise men who brought gifts and who followed a star; and how He grew to be a man and went about doing good and making the world bet-

ter; and how men killed Him; and how He is now up in heaven, and wants your son to be a good boy.”

And the mother would.

When night came and he had gone up to bed, he would call to her, “Come, mother, and tuck me in, and hear me say my prayers.” And as in the days that had gone, he repeated, “Now I lay me down to sleep.” Then, “God bless mamma, and make me a good boy. Amen.”

Thus for nearly two weeks the famous son lived his boyhood days over again in the old home with his mother. And then he went back to his work.

Mr. Grady received his invitation to speak in New York when he returned to his office. Said the orator afterward:

“When I found myself upon my feet, every nerve was strung as tight as a fiddlestring, and all a-tingling. I knew then that God had given me a message for that assemblage. As soon as I opened my mouth, it came rushing forth.”

What induced Henry W. Grady to go back to his old home? — He felt he had lost Christ from his heart. He would renew his experience; would get back the trust and faith of his boyhood days. That was why he visited the dear old mother who taught him to pray, who could teach him again. He went back to his mother. He found his God.— *Adapted from William H. Ridgway.*

Mother, how divine your mission,
Here upon our natal sod!
Keep, oh, keep the young heart open
Always to the breath of God!
All true trophies of the ages
Are from mother-love impearled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

“Blessings on the head of mother!”
Father, sons, and daughters cry;
And the sacred song is mingled
With the worship of the sky,—
Mingles where no tempest darkens,
Rainbows ever gently curled;
For the hand that rocks the cradle
Is the hand that rules the world.

—*Author Unknown.*

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

TACT IN TRAINING

BLESSED is the mother who has tact; her every wish is not expressed as a command. Children appreciate being treated as reasonable beings. To slap, cuff, shake, and whip continually, after the fashion of some mothers, does not implant a desire to do right, nor correct the faults for which punishment is administered.

Realizing that a stream does not rise higher than its source, that her own failings are reproduced in her children, the wise mother seeks to overcome wrong traits with the least possible friction. Certainly faults must be corrected; but how?

Some mothers have tried methods which may be helpful to others.

Children fail in promptness. If Hubert is called to rise in the morning, and sleepily turns over for another nap, thus causing breakfast to be delayed, and is late at school, mother's nerves get frazzled, father is cross. What shall be done?

Hubert may be told that if he fails to rise in time, he shall have no breakfast. That will matter little to him if he can slyly fill his pockets with apples and cookies. He thus learns to deceive and to be dishonest.

Suppose mother says: "Hubert, I fear you are not having sleep enough, and father and I

think you should have an hour more. We have therefore decided that your bedtime shall be half past seven instead of half past eight."

"But, mother, that is Melvin's bedtime. I don't think I ought to sleep as long as he; do you?"

"I didn't think so, until I found you need more; so to-night you may go to bed at half past seven."

But Hubert, though ready for breakfast the next morning, has a happy thought while in school. He will invite Walter to visit him that evening; then he need not go to bed early.

Walter comes. But at seven-twenty, mother tells the visitor that Hubert must have plenty of sleep, so his bedtime is seven-thirty; therefore Walter will excuse Hubert, and come again when he can stay longer. The guest departs, and Hubert goes to bed.

After several days of promptness, Hubert asks that the old-time hour for retiring be resumed, and is told that if he can be at breakfast each morning on time, certainly that will show he needs less sleep. This method works better than severe punishment.

Melvin is a different problem. He rises when called, but becomes absorbed in other things; so it may be nine o'clock before he comes downstairs. Mother has threatened and scolded in vain. Now she tries another plan.

She decides that the child may play if he chooses; but if he is late, there will be no break-

fast in sight. All requests for food are denied; and when the dinner hour arrives, Melvin has learned his lesson. He is in time for breakfast next morning. He has learned that if he is to have food, he must eat with the family at the proper time.

One mother found that her little daughter was lazy. Elizabeth was very young, but her task was to set the table for meals. One morning mother found her playing and the table untouched.

“Where’s my little maid?” she asked. “It’s nearly breakfast time.”

“She’s quit,” Elizabeth replied.

“What do you mean, Elizabeth?”

“I’m through being maid to you, mamma.”

“Haven’t we heard papa say, ‘If any would not work, neither should he eat’? I must find another job for you,” mother said quietly, and set the table herself.

“You needn’t — I’m a bird. I’m not going to work.”

“Ah, but the birds work, building their nests, and —”

“That’s exactly what I’m doing. Do birds cackle when they lay?”

At breakfast time, when Elizabeth would have climbed to her seat, mother explained that if she was a bird, she must be caged; so she ate her breakfast in a corner of the room, penned in by chairs. She was kept in that cage for an hour or more, with only her “nest building,”

until it became very monotonous, and she decided she would much rather be a maid and do her work than stay there any longer.

A little lad only two years old had for his work to place papa's slippers in the closet each morning. He usually did his task willingly, joyously.

One morning, when he delayed, his mother suggested it was time to put away the slippers; but Buddie was indifferent. Again his attention was called to his task, but there was no response. As mother had told him what to do, she felt that she must be obeyed, and she carefully explained to the child what she wished him to do.

He picked up the slippers and took a few steps, then threw them down in anger. His mother left the room, and told him he might come out as soon as he put the slippers away.

He spent a full hour crying and picking up the shoes, only to throw them down again. At last the little feet moved slowly across the floor. After two or three trips to the closet, Buddie paused before the door. Mother opened it, and found him smiling, with his task finished.

Two boys concluded to go on a strike. They did not wish to do chores or shovel walks. Father was away. It was a favorable time to strike. They posted this placard on the kitchen door: "A strike is on. No more chores for boys. PHIL AND HAROLD."

When the strikers returned from school at noon, there was nobody at home. No dinner was

ready. They ate a cold lunch, and for supper devoured what was left. Their bed was unmade. No dishes were washed. There was no fire in the kitchen. For three quarters of an hour they toiled the next morning to get breakfast, and when it was ready, nothing was to their liking.

“How long do strikes last?” inquired Phil.

“This has lasted long enough for me,” replied Harold.

“Me, too. It hasn’t worked well at all.”

They shoveled paths, split kindling, and prepared another placard: “Strike’s off. PHIL AND HAROLD.”

At noon an appetizing meal was in preparation. Mother sat at dinner with them, as pleasant as though nothing had happened.

“We didn’t calculate on your striking, too,” said Phil.

“But it was a good time, when there were no boys to do their share in homemaking,” replied mother.

It may be that the child who insists upon spoiling his clean clothes by playing with an oily lump of putty and is put to bed for disobedience, should have an apron and a chunk of modeling clay, and be taught how to shape different objects.

It may be that the little girl who whines and frets does not so much need to “be brought up with a round turn and made to mind,” as to have some change in her diet.

If Lola complains about the cold, mother may give a brief description of the Eskimo in his frozen home. Paul listens while the story is told, and is pleased, for he has learned in school about the queer little dwellers of the North. He finishes mother's story while she takes up breakfast. By this time Lola is glad she is at home instead of in the frigid zone. More has been accomplished than if she had been scolded or told of her duty to be contented and happy.

God of the heart and hand,
Help me to understand.
I know so little of the thought that lies
Back of the shining of those childish eyes!
I guess so little of the wonder there
Under the curling of the sunny hair!
It is so very, very long ago
Since I, too, knew the things that children know!
Yet hast Thou given them to lead.
Out of Thy wisdom, grant me all I need,—
Patience of purpose, faith, and tenderness,
Trusting Thy perfect love to lead and bless.
Help me remember — ah, for this I pray:
Make me again the child of yesterday.
God of the heart and hand,
Help me to understand.

—*Marion B. Craig.*

The mischievous child is not worse than others, though more troublesome. Mischief may be avoided by furnishing occupation. The baby may have a box filled with harmless, bright-colored objects. One mother often seated her baby in a warm, sheltered spot, then gave him such a box, and it would keep him occupied a

long time. First one object, then another, claimed attention, and baby was busy and happy.

Do not give a small child all its toys at once. When it tires of some, others may be provided.

As the child grows older, it is more easily interested. Crayons with which to color pictures, sewing cards, blunt scissors with which to cut pictures from old magazines, beads to string, beans, blocks, and picture books interest and employ the child. A small piece of dough, given when mother is baking, affords much enjoyment. A sand pile where the little folks may play under mother's direction is a never-ending joy.

At first there should be free handling of the sand (guarding always against the dangerous sport of throwing it at another child); then simple forms may be molded with damp sand, and impressions made on the surface of the sand with blocks or other objects. Figures may be drawn with the finger or a stick on the smooth sand. Later on, it may be suggested that the child build a house with blocks, and lay out grounds in the sand about it. Twigs make excellent trees. Tiny sprigs help to make the garden. The flower beds may be bordered with shells. A small pan of water sunk in the sand will serve as a lake.

Clay can be modeled into people and animals. Modeline, plasticine, potter's clay,—something

of this character which the child can mold into different shapes, gives great pleasure to children.

Here is a recipe for modeling material which can be made at home. It is highly recommended by one mother.

Four tablespoonfuls salt
Four tablespoonfuls water
Two tablespoonfuls white flour

Mix and heat together in a saucepan, stirring all the time. When thick, let it cool, and it will be ready for use.

Birds, rabbits, kittens, eggs, fruits, and other objects can be made from this material, even by those without experience.

Every unspoiled child loves to dig in the dirt. If nothing better can be afforded, they can at least have a box or flowerpot in which seeds can be planted, and they can watch the growth of plants, and gain a sense of responsibility in caring for them.

The story is told of two little girls, children of wealthy parents, who were loaded with gifts at Christmas. A woman noticed a flowerpot not in use, and she gave the children some nasturtium and morning-glory seeds, told them how to plant them, and to place the flowerpot in a sunny window, keep the soil moist, and watch for what would happen. She says:

“Several weeks later I visited their home again. The children ran to meet me, exclaiming, ‘We know now! They’ve grown up!’

"The mother told me that of all the gifts they ever received, she had never known any that gave them so much pleasure; for although there had always been a garden on their grounds, the thought had never occurred to her that they would be in the least interested in gardening. The children had carefully followed my directions, she said; and when the plants appeared above the ground, they were delighted. She added, 'I realized then how deficient my training had been.'"

Many little girls dislike sewing. Tears will come when the thread knots and breaks and the needle squeaks. The stitches are long, and there is general discouragement. Yet, little girls, and little boys too, should learn to sew.

Try forming a "Stitch Club" of children at home. Let several from the neighborhood join. Conditions of membership may be that the sewing each day at home be done so neatly that it will pass inspection. If there is some older girl who can teach and take charge of the work, so much the better.

The "club" might have a meeting for an hour once a week, when the members would sew for some charitable object. There may be simple games; a story read or told while they sew; possibly fruit, lemonade, or other simple refreshment served. This plan has been known to stimulate tearful, discouraged little seamstresses, and has proved an incentive to diligence and neatness.

"MAMMA, PLEASE TELL ME A STORY"

What mother has not heard this request many times? The child's world is one of imagination.

If a story is told, every detail is a reality. Lessons may be taught, and wrong habits corrected, by the telling of stories; therefore every one who has children to teach or to control should study the art of story-telling.

A teacher not in sympathy with the story-loving boy who was assisting her in removing cobwebs in the schoolroom, lost an opportunity. As they worked, the boy said:

“Spider webs are very beautiful, aren’t they, Miss Andrews?”

“Hold the pan higher.”

“All spiders aren’t bad spiders; some spiders are good spiders, aren’t they, Miss Andrews?”

“Watch what you are doing.”

“I know a story about a spider. Miss Holmes told a story to her class about Robert Bruce and the spider —”

“When?” severely.

The child hung his head.

“If you loiter at her door again, I’ll keep you in.”

A sullen look appeared on the boy’s face, and the work continued in silence.

“We think that Miss Roberts is the best of all our teachers,” said one little girl. “When anything goes wrong in her class, she just tells a story; and when she is done, every one wants to do just what they should. The other teachers send the boys to the office when they do anything naughty; and when they come back,

they're just as bad as ever. It doesn't change them a bit."

Bible stories are best of all. It is said there are fifty-three stories in Genesis, and six chapters of stories in Daniel. The books of Samuel and Kings are a veritable story mine.

It will be well for the mother to give time and thought in choosing the best stories for her children — stories that will influence them for good instead of evil.

If mother is wise, she will inform herself so she can help and encourage the older children in their studies. A story told by Lucile Lovell is to the point:

"Bess closed the encyclopedia with a bang. 'Bother!' she said, in such a loud whisper that Barton looked up from his algebra, and mother, who was sewing at the window, laid down her work.

"'What is it, Bess?'

"'It's this dreadful lesson, mother. I've got to write something interesting about a man, and there's nothing interesting about him.'

"'What man?' demanded Barton.

"'Sydney Smith.'

"'The encyclopedia must tell something about him,' Barton persisted.

"'That he was born in 1771, and died in 1845,' pouted Bess. 'He was an English clergyman and humorist. That means, of course, that he was funny; but how am I to know? That book doesn't tell a single thing he ever said.'

"'He was something more than funny,' said mother. 'He was such a dear, delightful father that his children — Saba and Douglas — adored him, as their mother did, too. I know a little story about him that shows how well his children loved him, and why.'

"'Truly?' questioned Bess. '

“‘Truly!’ said mother, smiling. ‘Once when he was away from home, poor little Douglas was lying on the sofa very ill, while Saba and their mother were at the table. Mrs. Smith could not eat, and pretty soon she said:

“‘“Well, dear little Chuffy,”—that was his father’s name for Douglas,—“I don’t see what is the matter with us both, but we seem very good for nothing.”’

“‘“Why, mamma,” said Saba, “I’ll tell you what the matter is: You and Chuffy are sick and unhappy because father is away; he is so merry that he makes us all gay. Our family doesn’t prosper, you see, without a father.”’

“‘That’s lovely! You’ve made that great man seem just like anybody’s father. I wish mothers wrote encyclopedias,’ said Bess fondly.”

Some mothers allow home cares to rob them of joy, vitality, and interest in study or recreation. Their lives are an unceasing round of duties, till work becomes a burden.

WHAT IS THE REMEDY?

Train the children to share the toil. Every member of the family, from father down, may have his task. Instead of father’s doing all the chores, while the boys play ball, they may each have a part for which they are responsible. Let play come after work is done.

One of the girls can help mother by taking charge of the dining room, seeing that the table is properly laid, while another keeps the rooms in order. Still another, if you are blessed with that many girls, can assist in the kitchen. An exchange of tasks will give experience and knowledge to all.

If the laundry work is shared, each doing her part, the girls will not be so disposed to multiply .

it as when mother does the whole washing, and they are left to play the piano, parade the streets in their best clothes, go calling, or entertain visitors.

Little Helen Randolph went to call on a neighbor. In the Randolph home, the mother is not a notable housekeeper. Her husband and children assist with the work. All of them wait on "mummy," and seem to adore her.

"I can stay twenty minutes," Helen said; "then I must hurry home and wash dishes, sweep, and dust. Mummy looked so pretty in her new dress she finished to-day! Oh, she is the most wonderful mother!"

"But what makes her so wonderful, Helen?"

"Why, 'cause she just is. She plays and talks with us. She reads and explains everything we don't know, as she goes along. If we go to walk,



If you begin when the little folks are very young,—when they delight to "help mamma,"—it will not be so hard to interest them later, and they will surprise you by their efficiency.

she can tell us all about flowers and animals. And she lets me cook." This last statement was given with an air of finality.

"What can you cook, Helen?" was the next inquiry.

"I can cook the vegetables and oatmeal. I can make a layer cake, too, and apple pie, all by myself; and that's quite a lot for 'leven years old."

"Mummy" certainly has charms, for not many children would boast of their liking for work as Helen does, and be willing to do it that "mummy" might have time to gain useful information.

"But it is ten times easier to do the work myself than to have the children musing about," objects a careful mother.

It may be; but how can they learn to work if you do not teach them? If you begin when the little folks are very young,—when they delight to "help mamma,"—it will not be so hard to interest them later, and they will surprise you by their efficiency.

One mother says:

"We should be careful not to keep children at work too steadily, or too long at a time. They tire very quickly, and work becomes a dread and a drudgery, instead of a delight. Then, too, if they know that as soon as they have finished with one task, they will be set at another, they are likely to shirk their work, and play when they should be working. It is well to praise them and show appreciation of their efforts, even if they do prove more of a bother than a help. For instance, one of my girls is just learning to sweep. I show her how to pick up things, how to sweep under the

table and the lounge, and in corners as well. She goes around repeating: "Tell you what, we won't leave things lying around; we'll sweep well in corners, and under things," and suits her actions to her words."

Another writes:

"Plan your work so as to work with the children. When their playtime comes, join with them as much as possible. You will have time to get outdoors more if you gradually change the children's wardrobe so that white dresses, skirts, shoes, and stockings are used only for Sabbath and very special occasions. Dress the girls in something they can play in and be comfortable. Fold up your sheets and put them away without ironing; the underclothing likewise. Cut out the rich pies, cakes, and puddings, and serve plenty of milk and fresh fruit instead, with some special treat for Sabbath. Don't let your mending get ahead of you. Stop waiting on the children, and let them wait on you. Have a place for their toys and clothes, and insist upon their keeping things in their places. Plan to have your evenings free."

HOW THE CHILDREN HELPED

"I have let my children work for me," says one mother, "from the time they were babies and sat in a high chair beside me while I baked pies or mixed bread. Of course they bothered me in my work; they teased me for dough; but that was the way they learned. And that is where mothers generally fail in this respect. They put the children off in another room, or send them to play, whereas these little ones might be taught right along.

"My little girls learned to make pies in this way: They had little pie tins and tiny mixing bowls, and their pies were made in exact imitation of mine. When I made bread, they also made little loaves; and their tiny biscuits were as cute as could be. When I ironed, they also ironed beside me; and their small flatirons were put to good use on ironing day. So it was with all my work. They worked along with me, and it often was as much pleasure for me as for them, and they were always lively company.

"Among their toys were imitations of my culinary tools; also little brooms, tiny tubs, wringers, washboards, and the

like. And the nearer they were like the real article, the better the little girls were suited.

"When I made a pudding, they watched the proceedings; when I cooked or canned, they helped do what they could. They were a bother many times. When I was in a hurry, it took patience to answer their questions and wait on them; but it paid in the end, for my girls can do everything in the domestic line, and I am proud of them. Many times when I am late getting home, or when I am very tired, or indisposed, what a comfort it is to know that these little girls, not yet in their teens, can get a meal as quickly, as neatly, and as cheerfully as the most experienced housekeeper of forty or fifty!"

NOT SO STRANGE

"I don't know what to do about my daughter," said a perplexed mother who had come to a kindly old physician for advice. "She seems so listless, does not have any interest in life, and she is so irritable at times! I don't think she has exercise enough, and I want to know what you think about sending her to a gymnasium. What would you advise?"

"How old is she?" asked the doctor.

"Nearly nineteen."

"Can she cook?"

"Oh, no, she knows nothing about cooking!"

"Can she sweep?"

"No; my maid does all the sweeping."

"Does she take care of her own room and make her own bed?"

"No; I do that. Her room is next to mine, and I've always attended to that."

"Does she have any part whatever in household duties?"

"No, I cannot say that she has."

"No duties, no responsibilities, no sense of obligation, no part in the work to be done?"

"Well, no."

"Then, madam," said the doctor frankly, "your daughter has no need of a gymnasium. I don't wonder that she is irritable and unhappy."

"What would you advise?" asked the mother weakly.

"I should advise you to make her feel that she has a part in your home life; that its duties must be borne by all the members of the family in common; that she must do her part toward contributing to the general comfort of the home. A girl of her age with no interest in her home, needs more than a gymnasium to make her healthy and happy."

BE TRUE TO CHILDREN

Probably one of the most frequent occasions of lying to children is when they must take medicine, visit a dentist, or endure suffering. One girl who needed a tooth extracted, cried, kicked, and fought with the dentist until he declared he would not try further. Then a friend took the girl in hand. She asked her to act sensibly, and have the aching tooth removed.

"But it will hurt!"

"Yes, but not as much as you think. If you keep still and are brave, it will be over in a moment. Will you keep your hands still, or shall they be tied down? for the tooth must come out."

"I'll keep my hands down, honest, I will; but please may I take hold of your hands?" she asked.

When the tooth was out, the child declared, "Believe me, I'll never make such a fuss again."

"If mothers could only be made to realize," says a trained nurse, in *American Motherhood*, "what a great help discipline is in time of sickness, I'm sure they would be more careful about letting their children have their own way all the time. In little things, it may seem not to matter

so much; but in many cases, obedience not infrequently means life, and disobedience death.

“The mother who has lost her child’s confidence by saying of a dose of medicine, ‘It will not taste bad,’ when she knows the contrary is true, will find it hard to regain his confidence; for confidence and obedience are not to be established after illness begins, but must be the result of the child’s whole training. Aside from all the other advantages of good discipline, it is the mother’s greatest asset in fighting the dangers of disease.”

Never offer bribes. Teach the child that he must do right because it is right, and tell him the reason.

One woman had trained her boy in this way. At the age of eight, he had serious trouble with one of his ears and was taken to a specialist. After examination, the doctor told the mother what needed to be done. It would be very painful, but would give relief.

When the boy was consulted, he said, “I’ll have it done, mother; but please stay where I can see you.”

The doctor seated mother and son, and went to work. Whenever the boy raised his eyes, he received a smile of encouragement from his mother. While in the chair, he was as motionless as if strapped there. He never uttered a cry. Once the doctor said, “I hurt you pretty badly then, didn’t I?”

“A little,” came the answer, in a voice as steady as if he had said a cheery “Good morning.”

After all was over, the doctor said to the boy, “Son, I’m proud of you”; and to the mother, “Madam, I wish all children could come under your training.”

If mothers will teach their children to bear pain bravely, it will mean much to them all through life.

TEMPER AND TANTRUMS

Much care and patience are needed in dealing with a nervous, quick-tempered child. Ill nature is often the result of bodily conditions. Neglected adenoids, teeth, eyes, tonsils, and digestive disturbances account for much that is called “temper.”

One quarrelsome little fellow who often became very angry was found not to be “naturally ugly,” as had been supposed. When sent to kindergarten, his breakfast had consisted of hot rolls, coffee, doughnuts, and cookies. His “sour stomach” created sourness of disposition. A proper diet worked wonders. He was induced to buy an orange or an apple for lunch instead of a “lollipop” or “candy buttons.”

A mother had a daughter whom her school-mates called “Spitfire Lizzie.” She would pinch and slap her younger sister, then stolidly hold out her hand for a whipping, with only an impertinent grimace after the punishment.

The mother was in despair. Finally Lizzie was isolated to "Lonesome Corner," where she could see the children play, but could have no part in their pleasure unless she would refrain from pinching and slapping. Lizzie did not relish such discipline, and began to treat others kindly.

An older girl had a violent temper, which punishments of various kinds failed to subdue or control. The loving mother prayed, asked advice, and tried to teach the child that she must not fly into a rage and kick and scream. Finally she called the girl's attention to the fact that she was very truthful, and that therefore her mother would not be blamed for producing a deceitful woman. She praised her other good qualities, such as neatness and prompt obedience. Lastly she reminded her that in one thing the mother had failed, and that was in teaching her little girl self-control. She warned her that this temper would finally become her master if not controlled.

"And now," the mother said, "I am going to ask you to help me to get the best of this fault. God wants you and me to see just how good a child we can make of you, just what we can do with that temper of yours. Will you help me to conquer it?"

The girl promised, and kept the promise. There were times when anger got the better of good resolutions, but a loving reminder from mother would abate the storm of passion. She

would stop screaming suddenly as the words, "Please help me, darling!" were spoken. The temper was controlled.

No rule can be made to fit every case. Such faults need the wisdom and care of a specialist. That which will help one child, will sometimes harden another. But mothers should be specialists.

PROMPT OBEDIENCE

If mother decides that her child must be obedient from babyhood, and then combines tact, patience, and firmness, she will obtain desired results. No key will fit all locks, so one method cannot be used successfully with every child. Children of one year and even younger, understand far more than is generally supposed.

IN QUARANTINE

Some one may find help in the plan suggested by Hilda Richmond, in the *Sunday School Times*:

"Aunt Mary was greatly surprised that little Martin should so quickly stop pouting when the kitty upset his block house. Martin said he was not brave, but he did not wish to go into quarantine.

"'In what?' asked the lady in surprise over the big word.

"'In quarantine. You know when folks are sick, they may give the sickness to somebody else; and so they are shut up all alone till they are well.'

"'But you aren't sick, are you?'

"'Mamma says it is worse than being sick to be naughty, and she's always afraid one of the other children will catch the naughty. I tell you, I don't like to be shut up all alone. It's no fun.'

"All the children ran to show Aunt Mary the quarantine room, and she smiled as she saw the bare little 'hospital'

for naughty children. There was a little stool in the room, but not a single plaything or picture or kitty or anything; just the bare walls, the little window, and the little stool.

“‘Does it take very long to get well in here?’ inquired Aunt Mary.

“‘Not very long!’ said all the children at once. ‘We don’t have to take any medicine, and we all get well in a hurry.’

“‘And nobody ever catches the naughty,’ said little Janie. ‘Mamma hurries us in here as fast as anything, and lots of times nobody knows we have been naughty until we get out. I haven’t been in here for two weeks.’ . . .

“‘I’m going to tell the mothers of some little children I know, about this little hospital,’ said Aunt Mary. ‘I think it is a lovely idea to keep naughtiness from spreading, for there is too much of it in the world now. I’m going to have a little quarantine for my very own self, so if I ever get naughty, I can get away from everybody.’”

THE HABIT OF TEASING

One boy, visited by another, was overheard saying: “Now, Bertram, I know you’ll like this place, and you’ll like my mother, too. But it won’t do any good to tease her for things; for when she says ‘No,’ she means no; and when she says ‘Yes,’ she means yes. You’ll get along all right if you don’t tease.”

That is a valuable lesson for any child to learn.

This interesting experience is related by Mrs. L. Flora Plummer:

“‘I don’t want to say my prayers.’

“‘Robbie, you must say them. Jesus won’t love you if you don’t say your prayers. Now come here and kneel right down and say them.’

“‘I don’t want to say them, and I’m not going to.’

“‘Well, I shall tell mamma, and she will make you say them. Mamma, Robbie won’t say his prayers.’

“Mrs. Kent appeared in the doorway, her clear eyes taking in the scene at once — Robbie, irritated and angry; his

sister, Jessie, anxious but tactless — and in her calm, soothing way she said, ‘Never mind, Jessie; just let Robbie do as he chooses.’

“Jessie looked at her mother in surprise, but passed out of the room and spent the evening studying her lessons. Mrs. Kent busied herself about the room, saying nothing to Robbie for some time. After a while, she called him to her, and began to talk to him pleasantly about the things they had enjoyed. It had been a beautiful day, all nature rejoicing in the bright sunlight. A trip to the woods with Robbie and Jessie had afforded the children the keenest pleasure. Gradually Mrs. Kent led the little boy’s mind to think of the goodness of our heavenly Father in giving us so much to enjoy; then she said, ‘I thanked God this morning for this new day, and asked Him to help me enjoy it, and to take care of me all day. To-night I will thank Him for the happy day I have had, and ask Him to care for me through the night. I do not want to live a single day without asking Jesus to love and care for me.’

“Robbie looked sober. ‘Did you ask Him to take care of me, mamma?’

“‘Oh, yes, dear; but Jesus likes to have us ask Him, and He knows when we do not ask Him.’

“‘Won’t Jesus take care of me unless I ask Him?’ said Robbie.

“‘Jesus gives us many blessings that we do not ask Him for, but He wants us to thank Him for all He does for us. He hears us when we pray, and He misses our prayers when we do not pray.’

“Other questions were asked, but Mrs. Kent held steadily to the one thought, that the little man might get it clearly. She repeated very often the words, ‘Jesus hears us when we pray,’ and, ‘Jesus knows when we do not pray.’

“‘Mamma, I want to say my prayers,’ said Robbie, slipping down from her lap and kneeling at her feet.

“‘All right, my son,’ said Mrs. Kent.”

Notice, Robbie was not *compelled* to pray when he did not wish to do so; but by tact and careful management, he was made to feel that

he *wanted*, he *needed*, to pray. The practice of simply *saying* prayers without thought, or as a form, should not be encouraged. Teach the children to think of their blessings and of their needs; then let them ask Jesus in faith to supply them. To tell others of their simple petitions and smile about them in their presence is wrong.

When the mother appreciates the privilege of teaching her children to pray, not as a form, but to express the heart's desires, and prays thus for and with them, she binds them to our Father and to herself by a tie that cannot be broken.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

“Oh, mother, guard the feet of inexperience,
Too prone to wander in the paths of sin.”

IN the forests of northern Minnesota, early settlers were easily lost. At one home, the little girl was allowed to play near the house, while the mother watched that she did not stray far away. When the child neared the forest, the mother would rap on the window to call her back.

But on one occasion, the mother forgot — for even mothers sometimes forget. The child wandered till she was lost in the dense forest. She was finally found in an unconscious state by a searching party. Restoratives were applied; and as consciousness returned, the child gazed on her mother as though she would speak. Finally she found voice, and asked, “Mother, why didn’t you rap on the window?”

Girls are now lost every day. Sometimes search is made, sometimes not. Mothers may call and weep, but in vain, for they begin too late.

It is said that a few years ago, within thirty days, seventeen hundred girls were lost *en route* between New York and Chicago. There are no figures to show that conditions have improved since. What must the total number for the whole country be?

“Dr. Harper told of the sensational discovery made in a high school recently, that twenty of the girls attending



HOMELESS

that institution had fallen from grace, and he declared that the shocking condition of affairs was due to the tactics of a band of young men who ostracized girls that would not accede to their vicious demands. The rule of the band was that a girl must be unchaste or she would not be permitted to have a good time."

Probably this high school was no worse than those in many other cities. "We are in a day of joy riding," says an editorial in the Springfield *Republican*, "and it is time to put on the brakes."

In the city alluded to, a legislative investigating committee was appointed, and the chief of police bore this testimony before it:

"In the first place, some of the parents of girls do not take proper care of them; and in the second place, these girls will do anything to go with a man who to them appears above their social scale. They like to go out automobile riding. Gradually they are induced to take long trips; occasionally they will drink a little to be congenial; and all the rest follows in close succession."

A woman connected with the associated charities of another large city, gave before the same committee this analysis of the situation:

"The chief cause for this low condition of morality is improper supervision of the young people. The parents are greatly to blame for allowing their children to keep late hours, eat large dinners and stimulating food, and attend many dances improperly chaperoned. The desire of the young girl to gain social position often leads her to leave the straight and narrow path of virtue."

The editor of the *Republican*, while advocating that too much trust be not placed in police regulations, states the truth when he declares:

“But to keep the morals of the community sound and sweet is the business of the family, and our increasing dependence upon the schools and the police for what is the proper business of parents is a real danger.”

These conditions existed before the World War. High-thinking men and women were shocked and alarmed as they took in the situation during those dreadful days. “It is one of the sorriest sights imaginable,” wrote the editor of the *Ladies’ Home Journal*, “in these days of anxiety, to walk any evening along the main streets of a city adjacent to a military camp, and see the hundreds of young girls, until late hours, idly parading up and down, giggling, and striving by every known feminine artifice to attract the attention of the young men in uniform who are on ‘leave.’ These young girls hover around moving-picture houses and railroad stations, even the solitary tent of the boy guarding a bridge not being free of two or three girls passing and repassing his tent until his attention is attracted.”

The editor says further:

“But what of the parents of these girls? What are they thinking about, that they allow their young daughters deliberately to flirt with danger and do what they can to break down the gentleman’s code? Life must have taught these parents some lessons that their daughters have not learned. Are they insensible to them? Or have they no idea — and this is probably closer to the truth — where their daughters are, or what they are doing? ‘We trust the boys,’ they say. That is a very comfortable theory, but have we the right to place all the responsibility on the boy? Shall we say to the boy, ‘Thou shalt not forget,’ and not to the girl, ‘Thou

shalt not tempt'? Is it any fairer to expect our boys to hold fast to their standard when every artifice is used by girls to break down those standards? . . .

"We have been fearfully lax in this country about the freedom that we give our girls. We have fooled ourselves with the belief that the American girl can take care of herself anywhere. But responsible reports do not prove this to be a fact. We might as well get it into our heads that these are days fraught with gravest danger for young girls, and the sooner their parents awake to this fact, the better it will be. Proper parental caution now will save after regrets and the keenest lamentations that can come to thousands of homes. An ounce of prevention now is worth pounds of cure, not forgetting that there are some things which cannot be cured!"

Yet, despite all warning, fathers and mothers seem to have no sense of the critical situation.

In an automobile accident near an Eastern city, two girls were badly injured. When this was printed in the morning paper, one hundred eighty-six mothers telephoned to the hospital to know if those injured were *their* daughters. It is hard to believe that there could be in that city so many mothers who did not know where their girls were the night before.

As an illustration of the consequences of parental neglect, an incident is related that took place in a Western city:

"Eleven young people between the ages of fourteen and twenty years, all children of respectable families, were arrested, accused of a long list of crimes. Rigid examination brought confessions which revealed the fact that this was one of the most perfectly organized gangs for the commission of petty crimes, that was ever known in that vicinity. Three members of the gang were girls, the youngest being only fourteen years of age. The girls confessed that they

had made a practice of meeting boys at dance halls, and staying with them till two or three o'clock in the morning, sleeping in barns and other places, while their mothers believed they were spending the night with some of their girl friends. The account of the affair ended with these words, which will touch the heart of every mother:

“‘There were heart-rending scenes at the police station to-day. Mothers came to see their children, and when told of the crimes they had confessed, broke down and sobbed. With a maternal love that caused them to doubt that their sons and daughters were guilty, they kissed their children, and departed with eyes blinded with tears.’”

It would have been well for these mothers, and also for their children, had they done their weeping before they were brought to the police court.

Do you, mother, know where your daughter is to-night and every night? Do you absolutely *know*, or is your belief based on what your girlie says as to her whereabouts? If you permit her to stay away from home at night, if she is allowed to go where and when she pleases, a sad awakening is before you.

While the police of two cities on the Pacific Coast were searching for her, Florence Blank walked into her home on Twenty-seventh Street, and nonchalantly remarked, “I’m married, mother.”

Florence was seventeen years old. She was a pretty girl. One night she disappeared. She left no clue behind. She met a girl friend in the evening and went to stay with her that night. The next day, the girls met two young men, Maurice and Edgar. Florence and Edgar fell

in love(?) with each other. They did not confide in their friends. The following day, they were married, after an acquaintance of twenty-four hours. Only three days of absence, and then Florence returned home to announce coolly that she was married.

Such accounts are familiar to all who read the newspapers. Each means one more misguided, unfortunate girl. Mother failed to "rap on the window," to train and guard her child in time. How inexpressibly sad for both mother and daughter!

MOTHERS WHO ARE BLIND

On one occasion when Mrs. Bess Fife Brooks had given a lecture to mothers, at its close they filed by to shake hands with the speaker.

One mother paused to say: "I think, Mrs. Brooks, you are too hard on the girls when you say they need so much watching. I am glad to say *my* daughters have never caused me a moment's anxiety. I would trust my girls anywhere."

Her daughter closely followed, and listened to what she said. The girl then whispered to the lecturer, asking if she might see her alone the next day. When she came, she began her visit thus:

"I heard what mother said to you yesterday, Mrs. Brooks, and I want to tell you she is one of the worst fooled women in this town. I have deceived her shamefully; but it is partly her own fault, for we girls have never felt free

to go to her with our troubles. If she knew half of what I've been into in the last six months, she'd have a fit. The truth is, I've been in dreadfully bad company. I've been running around with a bunch of girls—four of us—that are downright tough, only our mothers don't know it.

"We would go around to each other's houses, when all the folks would be out for the evening; we would drink beer, smoke cigarettes, dance, and everything else you could think of.

"One night we went over to Marie's, and when we were trying to kick the globe off the electric light in the ceiling, her mother came home unexpectedly. The upstairs was full of cigarette smoke, and we had a beer bottle sitting in the middle of the floor. We heard her coming. We nearly killed ourselves getting things hid. One girl tried to get up in a hurry and kicked the beer bottle over. It spilled about half out on the carpet. One girl grabbed the bottle and threw it out of the bathroom window. Two of the girls threw their cigarettes in the slop jar. I stuck mine under the bed on the springs, and set the mattress on fire. We told her mother we had been burning tobacco to kill the smell of moth balls off our furs, and one girl had presence of mind enough to say that the big spot on the rug was where we had upset the lamp to the chafing dish when we were making fudge. She swallowed it all down and went to bed; and not one of our mothers knows about that scrape to this day.

"I've smoked cigarettes till it has ruined my voice. I used to sing high soprano, but now my voice is so harsh and coarse I can scarcely get in on the alto row of the Glee Club. My father has been paying doctor's bills, had me under the care of a nerve specialist all winter long. They think it is the heavy studies I am carrying that have broken me down and made a wreck of me. But if I told them the truth, it would make the old folks sit up and take notice, believe me."

Mrs. Brooks looked at the girl in astonishment, and said:

"Why, girlie, your mother is a church worker; she is a good woman, and dresses you beautifully. Your father has

spent much money on your music, and has given you advantages, even beyond what he can afford. Why don't you go to your mother and tell her all about this? She'll help you. I'm just a stranger."

The girl replied:

"Not for me, Mrs. Brooks. My mother is a good woman, and I love her; but if you think I could cuddle up to her and tell her what I've told you, you've got another guess coming. A girl needs something besides nice things to eat and handmade underwear. We girls might as well live with a fence post for all the companionship she gives us. When we try to ask her about things we want to know, she changes the subject, and says it isn't nice."

Another daughter said she was going to spend the night with a chum. Mother gave her consent, for this girl was a lovely young woman; but instead of going to the home of her friend, Alice met a man standing in the shadow of a telephone pole with his hat pulled over his eyes. They boarded a street car and went to town.

Soon after Alice left, an uncle whom she had not seen for many years, arrived at her home. His coming was unexpected; and in her joy, the mother telephoned for her daughter to return. What was her astonishment to learn that Alice was not at the home of her friend, had not been there, nor had she been invited to spend the night with her. The mother called other friends, thinking she had misunderstood her daughter. Nobody had seen the girl; nobody knew where she was.

Just then Alice's brother arrived with the information that he had seen his sister come from

a show with a fellow of bad reputation. The mother was now thoroughly alarmed, and, with the uncle, started to town. They went to the theaters and the restaurants, where they thought she might be. They continued the search till midnight. Almost crazed with anxiety, they were about to return when the mother saw a girl stagger from the rear of a saloon in a back alley, supported by a Negro bartender and an intoxicated man. A taxi was waiting for them.

The mother gasped. "That looks like Alice's coat," she said to the uncle. "Run! See!"

The uncle halted the driver, pulled open the door of the taxi, and the limp form of his niece fell into his arms.

Perhaps that mother had said: "Oh, yes, I can trust my daughter! She will never fall."

"This period in a girl's life," says a worker among girls, "or a boy's either, is like measles or mumps,—looks as though they just have to have them. If you can nurse them through, they will come out all right. But when it takes all my husband and I both can do to keep track of our daughter and keep her in the right road,—and she is no worse than other girls,—I wonder what must become of girls whose mothers do not care, or who, because of their implicit trust in their children, turn them loose, thinking they can do no wrong."

Some astonishing facts relating to the criminal indifference of mothers, and their neglect to safeguard their young daughters in the teen age,

are given in "The Second Line of Defense," by Margaret Slattery.

In a certain town, a group of homes was visited where there were daughters from thirteen to nineteen years of age. Sixty such homes were visited, and only five girls were found at home between half past eight o'clock and half past nine o'clock in the evening. Only eight parents knew where their daughters were supposed to be.

When inquiries were made as to where they might be, such answers as these were given:

"Probably taking a walk."

"At the movies, maybe."

"She goes to a little party most nights."

"With her friend Mamie; they always go together."

Some confessed they didn't know where their girls were.

Some would justify themselves by saying, "I can't be tying her up in the house or chasing after her, can I?"

If the father was at home, he would, as a rule, criticize the mother for her carelessness.

"The women engaged in rescue work were convinced that the parents of these girls practically never knew where they were, and in some cases, did not care. They did not know what time they came in, or if they did, roused themselves only long enough to administer a scolding, . . . and went to sleep again. These were the city's untrained, unprotected girls. Schoolgirls with girl chums or with boys, found upon the streets, at the movies, or in the parks, after nine o'clock, admitted, in many cases, that their parents did not know where they were."

“EVERY CHILD IS AS GOOD AS THE HOME HE
COMES FROM”

In the annual report of the Seattle Juvenile Court for 1913, Dr. Merrill gives some of the conclusions at which he arrived while examining causes of juvenile delinquency that came before the court. Probably in most of the cases, the parents were sure *they* were not to blame for the misconduct of their children. Dr. Merrill says:

“The one outstanding fact revealed by the study of the children who have appeared in the juvenile court during the last year is the inefficiency of parents. Eighty-five per cent of those children were apprehended for conduct and conditions of neglect which, in most instances, would have been avoided if fathers and mothers had safeguarded the children with a reasonable amount of affectionate companionship.”

About five eighths of the misconduct was found to be due to parental neglect, and about three eighths to unwholesome companionship.

Happy the child who can say:

Mother is a little girl who trod my path before me;
Just a bigger, wiser little girl who ran ahead —
Bigger, wiser, stronger girl, who always watches o’er me;
One who knows the pitfalls in the rugged road I tread.

Mother is a playmate who will always treat me kindly —
Playmate who will yield me what true happiness demands.
She will never let my feet stray into brambles blindly —
Mother’s just a bigger little girl who understands.

Mother is an older little playmate who’ll befriend me —
Yesteryear she traveled in the path that’s mine to-day!
Never need I fear a foe from which she might defend me —
Faithful little pal who ran ahead and learned the way!
— *Strickland Gillilan.*

When James Gordon Bennett sent Stanley into Africa, he said:

“Draw on me for a thousand pounds to-day to provide your equipment, and when that is exhausted, draw on me for another thousand; and when that is gone, draw another thousand; and when that is used, draw another, and another — *but find Livingstone.*”

To parents filled with sadness because of wayward sons or daughters, perhaps broken-hearted because of their mistakes and sins, our Father says: I know your sorrow, for I am a Father. “I have nourished and brought up children, and they have rebelled against Me.” I gave My well-beloved Son to save you and yours. For His sake and in His name, draw on Me. I will draw with you.

When your strength is gone, draw a fresh supply from Me. Draw again and again, and keep drawing on Me — *but find the lost.* Seek the straying ones as I sought you. Pray for them as Jesus prayed for you. Love them as I have loved you. Watch for their return as I watched for you. Draw the power to wait, to hope, to love, to believe. Draw, *draw*, DRAW all you need — *but find the lost.*

Are you standing at “Wit’s End Corner,”

Christian, with troubled brow?

Are you thinking of what is before you,

And all you are bearing now?

Does all the world seem against you,

And you in the battle alone?

Remember, at “Wit’s End Corner”

Is just where God’s power is shown.

—*Antoinette Wilson.*

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

THE BEST HOUR OF THE DAY

“Hold diligent converse with thy children. Have them Morning and evening round thee; love thou them, And win their love in these rare, beauteous years; For only while the short-lived dream of childhood Lasts are they thine,—no longer.”

A MISSIONARY who had returned to America after twenty-five years abroad, said that that which impressed him most while he was journeying through the homeland was the broken-down family altars found everywhere.

In Nehemiah's time, when a great task was to be accomplished, every one began building “over against his house.” The work in which we are engaged is that of home reformation. All need to begin at this point. The life in our own home is what counts. Many men who have gained public success are private failures, because the religious life at home is neglected.

Robert Dollar, millionaire lumber king and shipowner of San Francisco, when invited to give a talk to hundreds of young men in Shanghai, China, chose as the basis of his address: “This book of the law shall not depart out of thy mouth; but thou shalt meditate therein day and night, that thou mayest observe to do according to all that is written therein: for then thou shalt make thy way prosperous, and then



International



Robert Dollar, millionaire lumber king and shipowner
of San Francisco

thou shalt have good success. Have I not commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.” Joshua 1:8, 9.

His theme was “God’s Help in Business.” He interpreted his text as a command to read the Bible every day. He said concerning his own experience:

“I attribute much of my success to the teaching I have received from reading the Bible daily. Reading the Bible thoughtfully inspires reflection. It helps to give you the right perspective. It tends to bring home to you the things that are really worth while. It inculcates the homely virtues which are too often forgotten in the heat and the battle and the bustle of life. It imparts to the spirit a certain calm, a poise, a steadying and strengthening of the mind which tends to improve judgment and clarify vision. You feel that after all, there is a God in heaven, a God that is almighty, a Supreme Being that rules the universe, a God that is on the side of righteousness. In time it begets a peace of mind and a resoluteness of purpose that the ever-shifting events of the world cannot shake. If your purpose in life is right, the very stars in their courses are on your side.

“There is not enough money in the world to tempt a man to barter away this peace of mind, this faith, once he has experienced it.”

For thirty years, Captain Dollar, though he has large interests at home and abroad, has not once missed giving time in the morning to Bible study. If he could give it, why not we?

Ex-president Woodrow Wilson has said:

“Give the Bible to the people unadulterated, pure, unaltered, unexplained, uncheapened, and then see it work its wholesome work through the whole nature.

“It is very difficult indeed for a man or a boy who knows the Scripture, ever to get away from it. It haunts him like an old song. It follows him like the memory of his mother. It reminds him like the words of an old and revered teacher. It forms a part of the warp and woof of his life.”

Too busy to read the Bible,
Too busy to wait and pray,
Too busy to speak out kindly
To some one by the way!
Too busy with care and struggle
To think of the life to come!
Too busy building mansions
To plan for the heavenly home!

Too busy to help a brother
Who faces the wintry blast!
Too busy to share his burden,
When self in the balance is cast!
Too busy for all that is holy
On earth beneath the sky!
Too busy to serve the Master!
But — not too busy to die!

— *Robert Hare.*

FAMILY BIBLE STUDY AND PRAYER

The best hour of the day is when father, mother, and children come together to read God's Word and to worship Him.

It is then that the “glooms” are driven out, and Jesus Himself draws near to speak peace and to give His blessing to the group bowed before Him. Hearts are united in love and sympathy, wrongs are righted, peace takes the place of discord, and all are strengthened for life's duties and trials.

In his “Cotter's Saturday Night,” Robert Burns well describes family worship in a simple

Scotch home after the sons and daughters, employed during the week laboring for others, have returned for a short visit with their parents, and have with them partaken of the evening meal. The Scotch rendering and spelling of some words have been changed so the sentiment may more easily be understood. This poem is a gem in literature, and is worthy of careful study. We cannot quote it all.

“The cheerful supper done, with serious face,
They round the ingle form a circle wide.
The sire turns o’er, with patriarchal grace,
The big hall Bible, once his father’s pride;
His bonnet rev’rently is laid aside,
His temple locks wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He chooses a portion with judicious care,
And, ‘Let us worship God,’ he says with solemn air.

“They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim;
Perhaps ‘Dundee’s’ wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive ‘Martyrs,’ worthy of the name;
Or noble ‘Elgin’ feeds the heavenly flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia’s holy lays.
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
No unison have they with our Creator’s praise.

“The priestlike father reads the sacred page,—
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek’s ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven’s avenging ire;
Or Job’s pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah’s wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

“Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,—
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He who bore in heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote in many a land;
How he who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab’lon’s doom pronounced by
Heaven’s command.

“Then, kneeling down to heaven’s eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays.
Hope ‘springs exulting on triumphant wing,’
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator’s praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

“Compared with this, how poor religion’s pride
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion’s every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incens’d, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole,
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul,
And in His book of life the inmates poor enroll.”

ONE METHOD

Family worship, as sometimes conducted, becomes a dry, formal affair, instead of a life-giving, inspiring exercise. The children are glad to escape from the monotonous, dreary ordeal, and look upon it with dread. All feel relieved if for any reason it is omitted from the daily program.

In such homes, the Scripture portion selected is usually a long chapter, possibly several of them, read in a monotone, without comment or question. The selection may be wholly unsuited to the understanding of children, and might as well be read in a foreign tongue. While all are kneeling, the children look about, manifesting neither reverence nor interest, while a long, tedious prayer, which must weary the angels, is uttered, perhaps in a low, indistinct voice scarcely audible even to the most attentive listener,—a prayer covering every need of the world except the everyday, personal wants of that particular family. As soon as the “Amen” is pronounced, all spring to their feet, the hum of worldly conversation is resumed, and all feel relieved because “prayers” are over.

A BETTER WAY

In another family, when the hour for family worship comes, all are expected to be present, and an air of pleasure and expectancy is seen on all faces. In the morning, as time is limited, there is no long chapter read. The Morning Watch text may be memorized, and repeated in concert. Perhaps two or three questions of the Sabbath school lesson are studied, the central thought being mentioned as worthy of study and meditation during the day. The shepherd psalm may be repeated together.

Then all reverently kneel while a short, simple, earnest prayer is offered by one member

of the family, for strength to meet the tasks and tests of the day. Father's and mother's burdens will be remembered before the throne. The temptations and associations Adolph and Elizabeth will meet in their school life, the particular situation each must face that day, will be the subject of prayer. Past blessings will be gratefully mentioned, and strength sought that each individual may lead a life in which he will be victorious over sin. In closing, all may join in the Lord's Prayer. On rising, each will feel that he has talked with God as with a friend. The impatient word will be unspoken, the irritation of spirit soothed. Such a season of prayer will be a bond of union which will comfort and protect and bind hearts together. It throws about every member of the family an influence which will pervade the whole day.

If the father *must* be absent in the morning, it is the mother's privilege to conduct the worship, praying as only a wife and mother can for the loved ones needing so much of the Father's help, including the absent husband and father who is toiling and planning for all.

Even in homes where the husband is not a Christian, the wife may gather her children about her each day for Bible study and prayer. The following story illustrates the influence of such a custom, not only in the home, but outside of it:

"Ten years ago I boarded in the family of a pious woman whose husband was not religious. There was a daughter

nineteen years of age, another of fourteen, and a son of ten. Every morning, I heard that humble woman gather her family in the kitchen, and read a chapter, verse about, in the Bible. Then, as I could not help listening, there was a peculiarity of service that mystified me.

“At last, one day, I asked if I might remain. She hesitated; her daughter blushed; but she said I could do so if I really desired it. So I sat down with the rest. They gave me a Testament, and we read a verse in turn. Then, kneeling on the floor, that mother began her prayer audibly, for her dear ones there, for her husband, and herself, and then, pausing a moment, as if to gather energy, or wing her faith, uttered a tender, affectionate supplication for me.

“She closed, and her daughter began to pray. Poor girl, she was afraid of me. I was from college; I was her teacher; but she tremulously asked a blessing as usual. Then came the other daughter, and at last the son, the youngest of that circle, who only repeated the Lord’s Prayer, with one petition of his own.

“His ‘Amen’ was said, but no one arose. I knew, on the instant, they were waiting for me. And I, poor, prayerless I, had no word to say. It almost broke my heart. I hurried from the room, desolate and guilty.

“A few weeks only passed, when I asked their permission to come in once more; and then I prayed, too, and thanked my dear, patient Saviour for the hope in my heart and the new song on my lips.”

In the early evening, the worship may be the best and brightest hour of all the day. If there are young children, have it appointed before they become tired and sleepy. A stanza sung of some well-known hymn may be the signal to begin. “Music hath charms,” and the home hymns which are sung until they are memorized can never be forgotten. They will ever thrill the heart in after life. At evening, the wanderer will hear:

“Thus far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far His power prolongs my days;
And ev’ry evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of His grace.

“Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But He forgives my follies past,
And gives me strength for days to come.

“I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head,
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.”

In a well-remembered family, father’s tenor, mother’s and sister’s soprano, brother’s deep bass, and a sweet alto sung by younger sister, made a harmony that seemed sweet as the song of angels. Peace and love filled each heart as the family fared forth to the duties of the day after the song:

“Lord, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye.

“Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness,
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face!

“The men that love and fear Thy name
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;
The mighty God will compass them
With favor as a shield.”

The evening Bible study may be longer than that of the morning, but not *too long*. A portion

of the Sabbath school lesson may be studied. If there are different lessons for various members of the family, part of the study periods during the week may be devoted to each, and the older ones will find even in primary and kindergarten lessons that which will be food for the soul.

An illustrative Bible story, and the defining of hard words, will be appreciated, especially by younger children. Their memory verses may be learned, and recited in concert. Every one in the family should take part in the reading and recitation. Such Bible study is common ground, where each has an equal right to be interested and instructed. The experiences of the day may be the text for a truth to be taught and deeply impressed.

In one home, at the evening worship hour, the topic of study was the family of earth and heaven. (Ephesians 3:15; 2:19.) That day, one of the girls had treated another unkindly. After the question as to who composed the family of heaven, the question was asked how the members of the family in heaven would treat one another. Would they be unkind, manifest temper, and act hatefully? With our heavenly Father as the head of the family, would He not be grieved if He saw His children hateful and spiteful to one another? God's Spirit sent the arrow home to the heart of the young girl. Before the good-nights were said that evening, the child confessed her fault to her sister, saying she did not wish to be the hateful, unloving member

in the family of God. No personal reproof had been given; but prayer and faith, connected with Bible study, had remedied the wrong without it.

And children early learn to love family worship, and the giving of thanks at meals, when these are conducted the right way, and they have a part to act.

Children trained to be quiet at family worship from babyhood will be orderly and reverent in church services. Let each child have his own chair, suited to his age, in which he can sit comfortably. Some simple question may be directed to them if their interest is seen to be lagging; and the habit of orderly, quiet worship will become firmly fixed.

At evening worship, let every member of the family pray aloud. This is an important part of childish education. Memory recalls a baby sister in a large family, who would offer her lisping prayer after the prayers of older brothers and sisters: "Dear Jesus, bless all of us. Amen." That was all; but when the sweet lips were silent in death, her prayer was still remembered by stricken hearts.

Those who early learn to pray at home are better prepared to take part in public worship without embarrassment, as they grow older. It will not be so difficult to pray before others outside the home circle.

The most devoted and unselfish workers for God, the missionaries who have been as lights in

darkness, have gone from homes where family worship was not neglected.

The devoted missionary John G. Paton thus writes of the influence daily morning and evening prayer exerted in the home of his childhood:

“And so began that blessed custom of family prayer, morning and evening, which my father practiced probably without one omission till he lay on his deathbed, seventy-seven years of age, when, even to the last day of his life, a portion of Scripture was read, and his voice was heard joining softly in the psalm, and his lips breathed the morning and evening prayer,—falling in sweet benediction on the heads of all his children, far away, many of them, over all the earth, but all meeting him there at the throne of grace. None of us can remember that any day ever passed unhallowed thus; no hurry for market, no rush of business, no arrival of friends or guests, no trouble or sorrow, no joy or excitement, ever prevented at least our kneeling around the family altar while the high priest led our prayers to God, and offered himself and his children there.

“And blessed to others, as well as to ourselves, was the light of such an example. I have heard that in long after years, the worst woman of Thorthorwald, then leading an immoral life, but since changed by the grace of God, was known to declare that the only thing that kept her from despair and from the hell of suicide, was when in the dark winter nights she crept close up under my father’s window, and heard him pleading in family worship that God would convert ‘the sinner from the error of his ways, and polish him as a jewel for the Redeemer’s crown.’ ‘I felt,’ said she, ‘that I was a burden on that good man’s heart, and I knew that God would not disappoint him. That thought kept me out of hell, and at last led me to the only Saviour.’”

The part that family worship had in leading this lad to devote his own life to missionary service, is thus described:

“How much my father’s prayers impressed me I can never explain, nor could any stranger understand. When,

on his knees, and all of us kneeling round him in family worship, he poured out his whole soul with tears for the conversion of the heathen world to the service of Jesus, and for every personal and domestic need, we all of us felt as if in the presence of the living Saviour, and learned to know and love Him as our divine Friend. As we rose from our knees, I used to look at the light on my father's face, and wish I were like him in spirit,—hoping that, in answer to his prayers, I might be privileged and prepared to carry the blessed gospel to some portion of the heathen world.”

But if family prayer becomes what it may and should be, the father must often prevail with God in the secret place. Mr. Paton describes his father's custom with reference to private prayer:

“Our home consisted of a ‘but,’ a ‘ben,’ and a ‘midroom,’ or chamber, called the ‘closet.’ The one end was my mother's domain, and served all the purposes of dining room, kitchen, and parlor, besides containing two large wooden erections called by our Scotch peasantry ‘box beds’—not holes in the wall, as in cities, but grand, big, airy beds. . . .

“The other end was my father's workshop, filled with five or six ‘stocking frames,’ whirring with the constant action of five or six pairs of busy hands and feet, and producing right genuine hosiery for the merchants of Hawick and Dumfries. The ‘closet’ was a very small apartment betwixt the other two, having room only for a bed, a little table, and a chair, with a diminutive window shedding diminutive light on the scene.

“This was the sanctuary of that little cottage. Thither daily, and often many times a day, generally after each meal, we saw our father retire, and ‘shut to the door’; and we children got to understand, by a sort of spiritual instinct (for the thing was too sacred to be talked about), that prayers were being poured out there for us, as of old by the high priest within the veil in the most holy place. We occasionally heard the pathetic echoes of a trembling voice pleading as if for life, and we learned to slip out and in past that door on tiptoe, not to disturb the holy colloquy. The

outside world might not know, but we knew, whence came that happy light as of a newborn smile that always was dawning on my father's face: it was a reflection from the Divine Presence, in the consciousness of which he lived.

"Never, in temple or cathedral, on mountain or in glen, can I hope to feel that the Lord God is more near, more visibly walking and talking with men, than under that humble cottage roof of thatch and oaken wattles. Though everything else in religion were by some unthinkable catastrophe to be swept out of memory or blotted from my understanding, my soul would wander back to those early scenes, and shut itself up once again in that sanctuary closet, and hearing still the echoes of those cries to God, would hurl back all doubt with the victorious appeal, 'He walked with God; why may not I?'"

John G. Paton's father was but a man. The life he lived before his children, other parents may live. There is such a thing as a spiritual atmosphere in the home. Children learn more by example than by precept. They take in by absorption, and they absorb what they find in the home,—its spirit, its influence; and what the child takes in, makes or unmakes him. Prayer will drive away unkindness, complaining, and anger. It will silence criticism, and soften the heart and the voice. The day is not past, but is now here, when the hearts of the fathers shall be turned first to God, and then toward their children. "Effectual fervent prayer" will avail now as in the days of Elijah, and in no place is it needed more than in our homes.

SECRET PRAYER

Mrs. Adelaide Bee Evans tells this story, which will interest parents:

"‘I must talk with God,’ said a tired mother to a guest, as she cleared away the last vestige of the midday meal. ‘That is my duty and my greatest privilege. I am sure you will gladly excuse me a little while, will you not?’

"Her friend assented, and the mother went to her room, tired and heated with the duties of the day. She bathed, put on a loose gown, and lay down for a few moments to rest. When she arose, she dressed neatly, and sat down, her Bible in her hand, as if she expected a visit from some loving friend. She read for some time, then knelt in prayer. When, after a time, she returned to her guest, Mrs. Paull exclaimed, ‘How refreshed you look!’

"‘Yes. I *am* refreshed,’ replied the mother, ‘both in soul and in body.’

"‘Tell me why you look so composed and happy. Have you received good news?’

"The mother sat down, and looking straight into the eyes of her guest, said: ‘Three years ago I gave my heart anew to God. Before that time, I had been greatly discouraged. My health was failing. My duties, as you know, were increasing with my large family, and I had no heart to live and face the future. I had been a professed Christian for many years, but I had grown peevish, fretful, and fault-finding both with my husband and with the children. Nothing seemed to suit me. My own life was far from happy, and I made others as unhappy as myself. During that time, a sister came to visit me. I noticed how different she was from me. She always seemed reconciled and contented. She spoke so cheerfully and hopefully of her husband and her children, of the church, and in fact, of everybody.

"‘One day, I said to her, ‘Tell me how you can be so contented and happy with all your work and poverty.’

"‘She looked at me for a moment, her eyes filled with tears, and she said, ‘Well, will you go up to my room and let me tell you?’ Of course I consented. When we were seated, she said: ‘I too used to fret and worry. The harder I worked, the crosser I grew. I felt ugly at times. I complained at my hardships. I scolded my children almost continually. My husband never seemed to please me. One time, a minister came to our place and preached a sermon which greatly touched my heart. I do not remember now

his exact words, but I resolved, while listening to his discourse, that I would get the victory over these things. Then and there I set apart one hour of each day to reading my Bible and prayer. I began at once, and I have never failed to meet God daily since that time."

"Then we knelt in a season of prayer together. It broke my heart to hear that woman pray. God showed me what a sinner I had been. There came to me an impression of my utter worthlessness. My supreme selfishness overwhelmed me. I cried to God with all my heart to save me from these failings, and He gave me a new experience. Never shall I forget the moment when I found my Saviour. I promised that sister that I would not allow any family cares to intervene, but would undertake to seek God daily.

"I have tried now for three years to lead a Christian life. This season of prayer has been the keynote to all the victories I have gained. Every day, I spend an hour or more in meditation and prayer, always first letting God talk to me through His Word. Sometimes I feel God's presence in the room in a very definite way. Then I talk to Him. I tell Him some of the promises He has made in His Word, and ask Him to fulfill these promises to me, and make them very true in my life. I ask Him for cleansing, that I may be made pure and clean. I place before Him all my troubles, all my little worries, all my cares and burdens. If I have any special hurts or particular trials that are pressing me sorely, I make all these known to the Lord. Nor do I cease praying until the load is lifted and I am reconciled to His will. I never come from this audience with God until I know that everything is right between us. He has all my burdens, and understands them; and I have His peace, and am in harmony with His will concerning me.'

"Mrs. Paull sighed, and said: 'Is that experience for all? Would God hear *me* pray if I talked to Him as *you* do?'

"The mother answered: 'When I began this communion, I doubted as you seem to doubt. I wondered if God did hear me. Once, after a very earnest season of prayer over a severe perplexity, I said to myself: "I will watch and see if God answers this prayer. If He does, then I shall know that He hears me."' But to my surprise, the answer did not come. I was disappointed. I did not know what to do. I

had made this case a test in my mind, and what I had expected, did not come true. As I was brooding over this condition, the thought came to me like a flash of lightning: "You do not believe God. Until you truly believe, He cannot answer you." Then I began to pray in faith. It did not come to me in any miraculous way, but by degrees. I tried to believe God. As I persisted in prayer, I learned to act as if God had done the thing. I left the entire responsibility with the Lord. But in all my actions and planning, I sought to work on the side of God, with the understanding that He had answered me; and things were changed.

"Now I never worry concerning any of our troubles, but trust the Lord to see that His will is fully accomplished. As a result of this experience, my health has greatly improved. I enjoy almost uninterrupted peace. My whole life and the life of my family have been entirely changed. My children have found Christ, and my husband has given his heart to the Lord. I can only say that this daily season of prayer has done more for me and my family than anything else that I know.'"

Time devoted to Bible study and prayer is a paying investment. Not one day in the week, but every day, we need communion with God. As the body needs daily food, so the soul must be fed, or it will weaken and die. Here is found wisdom to meet the problems and perplexities of family discipline, and to enable us to bear the wear and worry of daily life.

"Keep the home near heaven. Let it face toward the Father's house. Not only let the day begin and end with God, with mercies acknowledged and forgiveness sought, but let it be seen and felt that God is your chiefest joy, His will, in all you do, the absolute and sufficient reason."

Children cannot forget the prayers of a godly father or mother, one who has learned the secret and power of prevailing with God. Many per-

plexities of management and discipline will vanish before the voice of fervent prayer. Wisdom will be received for the asking, and prayer will be the lubricant that will oil the wheels of family life, causing them to move without friction.

The wireless telegraph called prayer
Needs neither ether, space, nor air
O'er which to speed fear's quivering waves
From us who need to Him who saves;
Through vacuums of forgetfulness
Race the flashing messages.
No medium is too dense or hard;
Flesh, distance, time, in vain retard;
Prayer needs two instruments alone,—
God's heart, and, tuned therewith, thine own.
These signal stations in accord,
Thou shalt hold converse with thy Lord
Through hills or plains, beneath the sea;
For love's the electricity.
Who loveth, though the meanest clod,
Can telegraph each day to God.

—*Selected.*



CHAPTER SIXTEEN

THE BEST DAY OF THE WEEK

The Sabbath day remember ; then shall close
The days of weekly toil, for calm repose.
For earthly labor stern, six days are thine ;
The seventh is God's holy day divine. . . .
That man on earth and fading things below
Might not his best affections all bestow,
But calm his soul with holy thoughts of heaven,
The rest day of the Lord was kindly given,
A blest memorial which to mind should bring
Creation's birthday and creation's King.

—“*A Word for the Sabbath.*”

IT was Sabbath afternoon. Mother was reading. Bubby and sister Ruth were in the next room. Unpleasant words came to mother's ear. It was plain that the children were quarreling.

“Ruthie,” mother called over the top of her book, “didn’t you ask God last night to help you be a good girl?”

“Yes, I did,” came back the impatient answer; “but He hasn’t done it yet.”

Those older than Ruth have not all yet become “good” as Sabbath keepers. There is a growing laxity and lawlessness which leads us to use God’s time as our own. How can we do better, especially in our homes?

The Sabbath is the golden clasp of the week, the best day of all. In the beginning, it was made for man; and it is God’s love-gift to us. While it is *ours*, it is at the same time *His*,—a token held by both in joint ownership. Had men always kept God’s Sabbath, they would not have forgotten Him, and hence there would not have been a heathen nation on earth.

The Creator was generous in His giving. He gave us six days of each week for our own work. He kept but one for Himself, and He calls it “*My* holy day.” As He presents this gift, He tells us how to use it,—what to do, and what to say.

“If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord.” Isaiah 58:13, 14.

The Sabbath is of such great importance that God gave a commandment telling us to “remember” it. No press of work is to interfere with its sacred hours. “In plowing time and in harvest thou shalt rest,” He commands. Exodus 34:21, A. R. V. The Sabbath comes each week, while we sow and when we reap.

“Remember the Sabbath day, to *keep* it.” That which is kept is guarded and cherished. We strive to keep our health, our property, our lives. That which we prize most is most jealously kept. As the Sabbath comes from the Giver of “every good and every perfect gift,” it is worthy of being carefully and religiously kept to His glory and praise.

NOT A HOLIDAY

How shall we keep the Sabbath? —“Holy.” That which is holy belongs to God, and is to be treated accordingly. Anything set apart for His service is holy, consecrated, sacred. A holy day is not a holiday, nor is it to be treated as such. It is a time to give thought to our Creator, to learn His will, His character, to delight in His communion and fellowship.

“Sabbath” means rest,—spiritual rest; and he who simply refrains from work, while he talks on worldly subjects, feasts, and plays, is not truly keeping God’s rest day.

Children quickly catch the spirit of their parents and associates in Sabbath keeping. If father and mother keep it according to the

commandment,—if servants, animals, all on the premises, are under the instruction given,—the children know it; and if not, they are not slow to follow the example of others.

THE PREPARATION DAY

In Bible times, the day preceding the Sabbath was known as “the preparation”; and on that day, all was made ready for the keeping of the Sabbath.

The holy women were so careful about the observance of the Sabbath, that they would not even more perfectly embalm the body of their crucified Saviour on that day; but after seeing Him laid in the tomb, they “returned, and prepared spices and ointments; and rested the Sabbath day according to the commandment.” Luke 23:56. After the Sabbath was past, “upon the first day of the week, . . . they came unto the sepulcher, bringing the spices which they had prepared” (Luke 24:1), expecting to finish the work left incomplete two days before.

The Sabbath is desecrated by the use of its hours to repair clothing, do extra cooking, and for other works of preparation which should have been performed the day before the Sabbath. If children are taught that the Sabbath is to be spent differently from other days, they will early have a sense of the sacredness of God’s holy time.

The Sabbath is to be remembered during the working days — which means that work will be

finished, and plans made that the Sabbath may be properly kept. The temporal must not be allowed to encroach on the spiritual. We must not become too weary to enjoy the Sabbath rest. It is not true Sabbath keeping to sleep away the holy hours.

The Sabbath should never be a day of gloom and sadness. One little boy said he did not want to go to heaven. When questioned why, he re-plied, "You know we sing,

"Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end.'

If we must go to church all the time," he said, "and every day is Sabbath, I don't want to go there."

This little boy's education had been wrong. The Sabbath had not been made a joyful day for him. Another child, where the Sabbath had always been pleasant, remarked, "I wish the Sabbath would come every day; it's too long to wait a whole week."

The Sabbath is the father's special opportunity. That day, he can be at home and in touch with his children as at no other time. It will be profitable for both father and mother to study how to instruct and help their children on this day.

It is a beautiful custom for all the family to attend church, sitting in the same pew, all singing, all bowing in prayer, all listening to the service together.

FAMILY OR DELEGATE—WHICH?

In some families, the children are sent to Sabbath school, and return home as their parents go to the church service. It is far better for father and mother to go with the children to Sabbath school, and at its close, all remain for the regular service. Some one has said: "The most beautiful sight from the pulpit is a whole family seated together in a pew. The church service is not a convention, that a family should send a delegate."

A gifted writer forcibly says:

The absence of the children from the service of the sanctuary is one of the alarming evils of our day. There are but few congregations where children can be found in any considerable numbers. No one will attempt to deny the sad consequences which must follow as the inevitable results of such a course. The children at eight years of age who have not already begun to form the habit of church attendance, and are not quite thoroughly established in it at sixteen, will stand a very fair chance of spending their entire life with little or no attachments for either the church or religious things. The non-churchgoing youth of this decade will be the Sabbath breakers and irreligious people of the next.—*Sylvanus Stall.*

Reverence for the house of God and His worship is a very important item of the child's education. It should be taught by precept and example. Children who attend church services and are able to write may be furnished small notebooks in which to write the texts and anything they wish to remember.

When at home, let the children tell what they recall of the sermon. Whatever the judgment

of parents may be concerning the minister or the sermon, they should *never* under any circumstances criticize him, his manner, or his message, before their children. (Better not do it at all.) If this is done, when they would like them to receive God's messenger and His message, they will find it regarded with suspicion and often with unbelief.

MAKING SABBATH AFTERNOON PLEASANT

But it is the afternoon that is the problem where there are children of different ages in the family. Plans may be carefully arranged, and if the weather permits, a walk is both pleasant and profitable. The Creator was refreshed by viewing His handiwork the first Sabbath, and nature is ever a fresh field for contemplation; but —

“The works of God are fair for naught
Unless our eyes, in seeing,
See hidden in the thing, the thought
That animates its being.”

One mother suggests this plan:

“Discover the largest tree within walking distance of your home. Find out all you can about it. Take the children on a pilgrimage to it once a month for a year. Lead them to notice every change, at each visit. Let them discover the simple facts about it,—its general form, outline of branches, shape and distribution of foliage, bud protection, formation of bark, leaf coloring, and its various manifestations of adaptation to season.

“You will soon find them taking an interest in every tree they pass. Then give them a description of trees native to your section of country. Help them to discover as many as possible and learn to recognize them.

“An interest in bird life may be aroused in a similar manner. Introduce the children, if possible, to Mr. and Mrs. Robin, or Bluebird, or Oriole, who are setting up house-keeping. Let them carry string, cotton, feathers, for nest building, and later, food for the little ones. They will also learn something about birds, and lessons in kindness, thoughtfulness, and love of nature.

“The elements of botany may be learned from the common flowers. We have spent some of the happiest hours lying on our backs in the open, watching the shifting mass of clouds — a veritable moving picture show against a screen of blue.”

But the walk, and the study of trees, birds, clouds, and flowers, will be purposeless unless the children are taught to connect these objects with God and His Book.

There will be occasions when those who are sick or in trouble may be visited. The children can carry flowers, fruit, good books or other reading, and thus learn to be kind and helpful.

Very young children may be taught that the Sabbath is different from other days. Two little girls were presented with dolls and their wardrobes. After the first gladness, as they looked at the dresses and other articles, it was pointed out that each doll had three gowns.

“The ones they have on now,” explained Aunt Esther, “are their company dresses. When they go visiting, or little girls with their dollies come to visit them, these are the dresses to wear. This,” taking up a plain gown, “is dolly’s every-day dress, to be worn at home, while Alice and Gwendolyn are helping mamma. And this pretty gown is dolly’s *Sabbath* dress. During

the week, it will be folded carefully away; but on the day we get ready for Sabbath, Miss Dolly can put on her best dress, and be all ready when Sabbath comes."

If mother sees that such instruction is followed, the child will learn a lesson in preparation for, and observance of, the Sabbath, that will not soon be forgotten.

It is a good plan to have Sabbath books, games, blocks, scrapbooks, albums, blackboard, slates, crayons, blank paper and pencils, and a sand table or box while the children are small. All this material should be kept for use only on the Sabbath, and will impart freshness and novelty.

Dolls in Sabbath dress may form a Sabbath school class, with Margery or Horace as teacher. The lesson story for that day can be "taught" them by the little teachers. One little girl was seen to place her dolls in a row and "teach" them the memory verses.

Children may also be allowed to "play church" on Sabbath afternoon. Thus lessons of proper behavior may be learned. If the older people join in this exercise, it will be both profitable and entertaining. It should be perfectly real, and the children should not be laughed at, nor should their cute sayings or doings be repeated in their presence. Dolls may form part of the congregation, or imaginary people may be present in vacant chairs properly placed.

Begin the service by singing songs the children have learned in Sabbath school. The Lord's Prayer may be repeated in concert. If a child desires, he may be allowed to give the Sabbath school lesson story as a talk, while the others listen as they would to a sermon.

One interesting feature is the collection to be taken by one of the children, in a little box or basket kept for the purpose. This money may be given at Sabbath school or church, or to some special offering. It should *never* be used for common purposes. Close the exercises with a song.

This play service, if not long, will not be wearisome, for the children will be the actors. Even where there is but one child, father, mother, and other members of the household can join in the service. But all should be reverent, and everything should be conducted properly.

Ordinary games are not to be played as on other days, and it should be the pleasure of Christian parents to make the hours so happy that their children will not look forward to the Sabbath with dread. Rather, they will hail its coming with delight, as a visit from a friend.

Mrs. Brown says: "Johnny is so restless, and Mary won't pay attention. I have tried to teach them Bible verses and their Sabbath school lessons, but I can't do anything with them."

Mrs. Goodwin says, "I have bought books for the children, but they will not use them."

Let us visit a home where the parents have had some success in solving this problem.

When dinner is over, four little faces look at mother, waiting for something to do. Does she put them on four straight-backed chairs, stand stiffly before them, Bible in hand, frowning if they smile or speak while she drills them on the commandments and the psalms? — O no! She says, “Benny, run and bring your blocks — the wooden construction blocks and the stone building blocks.” The dining room table is cleared, while the children eagerly crowd around it.

“What shall we make?” mother inquires.

“The temple,” answers twelve-year-old Fred.

Quickly the children build the temple, with its courts.

When it is completed, mother asks, “When did we first hear of Jesus in the temple?”

“When He was a tiny baby,” replies Benny.

“And what was the next time?”

Iona answers: “When He talked to the doctors. He was only twelve years old then.”

“What happened here?” and mother points to the court of the gentiles.

“I know! I know!” cries Fred, jumping up and down and almost tilting the table. “Jesus turned the tables over, and drove out the sheep and the cattle and the money changers.”

“Can any one tell what He said?”

“I know,” says little Benny: “‘My house shall be called the house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves.’”

“Now,” mother asks, “what happened in the temple during the crucifixion?”

After a moment, Fred says, “I don’t know, but I can find out.” Opening his Bible, he turns to the next to the last chapter of Matthew, then says, “I’ve found it: ‘The veil of the temple was rent in twain.’ ” Iona shows the younger children where the veil was.

Then comes a blackboard exercise. Mother draws a shepherd’s crook, and asks for a verse which it suggests.

“ ‘There were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night,’ ” says Benny.

Next a star is drawn, and one of the children tells the story of the wise men.

Baby Elsie is elated when mother draws a picture of a basket in a river, for she knows the story of baby Moses.

Just then father comes downstairs and tells the children he has a new book to read to them. Together they look at the pictures and read the stories. Then with some songs and a Bible-verse contest, the happy afternoon goes quickly by.

Another Sabbath afternoon, the children looked at a box of Scripture pictures. When tired of these, they took turns in giving word pictures. One said: “I see a sick man by the road, and a donkey standing beside him. Another man came along and helped him.” Then all the rest exclaimed, “The good Samaritan!”

Such an afternoon takes mother's time; but what did the Lord give the mother time for? Is it not better to give such training than to make a social call, or to take a nap so she can work better the next day? It will mean much to boys and girls to have these hours to look back upon.

Much of the "restlessness" and "nervousness" of children may be traced to the Sabbath dinner, which may be so rich and indigestible that it disturbs the whole body. Sabbath meals, while palatable, should be simple, and some treat not common to other days will give pleasure. If there is less elaborate cooking, there will be more time for rest.

A mother writes:

"One thing which has helped me to keep my little girl interested on Sabbath afternoons is her Memory Verse Cards. They are all saved, and neatly pasted in a post-card album, which makes not only a pretty book, but one that is full of interest and stories.

"On Sabbath afternoon, we look over four or five of the cards—not too many at one time, lest she become confused. Then I tell her a Bible story, and she guesses which card it belongs to. Sometimes she tells the story, and I must guess the right card. Often two or three hours are spent very happily in this way.

"Not only does this method help make the Sabbath hours a delight to the child, but it firmly fixes in her mind a large number of Bible stories."

Drills on the names of the books of the Bible, their authors, and the number of chapters in each, are entertaining and valuable. Such knowledge will be helpful all through life.

After the books of the Bible are learned, name one, and ask where it is found; what book goes before; which one follows it; as: "What book comes before Proverbs? What follows it?" Other books may be taken up in the same way.

Conduct a Scripture hunt. That is, name a text, and see who can find it first. Of course, every child should have a well-bound Bible in suitable type as soon as he is able to read, and be taught how to care for it.

Scrapbooks made by the children themselves, containing texts and stories from their Sabbath school papers and Memory Verse Cards, are instructive and interesting.

If the children have proper home companionship, they will not feel the need of going visiting or pleasure seeking on the Sabbath. It is almost impossible for grown folks to confine their conversation to proper Sabbath topics when visiting on that day, and surely we cannot expect more of children.

The hour of prayer, like a strong hem, binds off the day — an hour when each member of the family may pray, and even the youngest not feel ashamed. Possibly other days do not permit all to unite heart and voice in prayer, but the Sabbath does.

To those who "remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy," it will ever be —

"The best, the holiest, happiest day,
The sweetest of the seven."

CHAPTER SEVENTEEN

THE FAMILY LIBRARY

“Read, mother, read! Read to your little lad;
Turn not impatient away, but deep in your heart be glad,—
Glad of the joyous task. Soon he will learn to read,
And your eyes will fill with tears to note how the years
make speed.
Now, while the time is yours, read to your laddie, read!”

ONE writer has said, “There is no ship like a book to take us worlds away.” Certainly no one who enjoys good reading has cause for loneliness or lack of occupation.

Mothers and fathers who feel that they have not the gift of telling stories to their children, have still the opportunity to read to them, thus combining entertainment with instruction.

In recent years, books and periodicals have greatly multiplied. The Information Bureau of Washington, D. C., is authority for the statement that periodicals have a yearly circulation, according to the figures of 1921, as follows: dailies, nine hundred fifty million, two hundred ninety thousand; weeklies, nine billion, seven million, three hundred forty-three thousand; monthly publications, nine hundred fifty million, two hundred ninety thousand. When to this immense number we add the millions of books printed and sold every year, we must conclude that there is a vast amount of literature read.

But whether all this reading is beneficial may well be questioned. What we read is our mental

food. It weakens or strengthens character. Like food for the body, it needs digestion. One may gormandize mentally as well as physically. To read that which simply entertains but does not profit, weakens the mind.

The books Abraham Lincoln read when a boy were the Bible, much of which he could repeat, "Pilgrim's Progress," "Æsop's Fables," Weem's "Life of Washington," and a "Life of Henry Clay." These books were not read once only, and then tossed aside; they were studiously read again and again. Such books did much in adding simplicity, earnestness, and kindness to the character of a man whom the world delights to honor. It will not be hard for those who have seen the effects of modern reading on children to believe that Lincoln's poverty in books was the wealth of his life. Now, because there is a multitude of "good books," there is danger that the best shall be neglected.

THE BEST BOOK

The Bible towers above all other books in point of excellence. It is emphatically the book above all others for childhood and youth.

Thomas Jefferson declared:

"I have said and always will say that the studious perusal of the Sacred Volume will make better citizens, better fathers, and better husbands."

Daniel Webster said:

"If we abide by the principles taught in the Bible, our country will go on prospering and to prosper; but if we and

our posterity neglect its instructions and authority, no man can tell how suddenly a catastrophe may overwhelm us and bury all our glory in profound obscurity. The Bible is the book of all others for lawyers as well as divines, and I pity the man who cannot find in it a rich supply of thought and rule of conduct."

Mrs. Julia McNair Wright, in the *Complete Home*, writes:

"There is one book which is alone a library in itself. He who has not read and reread the English Bible knows nothing of English literature. There is history, there lie biography, and travel, and philosophy, and poetry, and depths of science, and sweetest romances of youth and love and adventure, that have the added glory of being true. The Bible is a standard of pure taste; it is a measure and a model of the English tongue; more than anything else that has been written, it permeates all literature. If we fail to read it, to study it, to possess it — then fairest similes and choicest allusions and aptest quotations in poet and essayist and novelist and historian fall unapprehended upon our stupid brains. And I mention this simply as an intellectual point, without referring to the fact that here flow, as in a blessed fountain, the life currents of the soul."

Children are so much more easily impressed with spiritual things than we realize! J. Wilbur Chapman says this:

"The Bible has a peculiar way of fastening itself to one's memory, and then just at the right moment of stress and strain, it asserts itself; and many a scripture learned in childhood never loses its force throughout the longest of life's journeys."

As literature, the Bible has no equal. Its stories are so true, so real, so thrilling, so inspiring!

As a means of intellectual training, the Bible is more effective than any other book, or all other books com-

bined. . . . The mind thus brought in contact with the thoughts of the Infinite cannot but expand and strengthen.—“*Education*,” page 124.

One of the chief causes of mental insufficiency and moral weakness is the lack of concentration for worthy ends. We pride ourselves on the wide distribution of literature; but the multiplication of books, even books that in themselves are not harmful, may be a positive evil. With the immense tide of printed matter constantly pouring from the press, old and young form the habit of reading hastily and superficially, and the mind loses its power of connected and vigorous thought.—*Id.*, page 189.

It is the privilege of parents to read and study the Bible *with* their children. If father and mother are interested in it, the children will be. High ideals will be placed before them. They will love its stories even when these are repeated over and over again. The story of creation, of the call of Abraham, of Isaac, of the boy Joseph, of little Moses in his ark, of the Passover, of Samuel, David, Daniel, the baby Jesus; how the Saviour blessed the children, the new heaven and earth,—all are so wonderful, so appealing to the child as yet unspoiled! There are action, real persons, things said and done; and the child is fortunate who daily listens to the parables and precepts, the history and revelation, of this inspired Book.

When writing of education among the Scotch in his childhood, one writer describes the method used:

Having learned our letters and some small syllables, we were at once passed into the book of Proverbs. In olden time, this was the universal custom in all the common

schools in Scotland—a custom that should never have been abandoned. That book is without a rival for beginners, containing quite a repertory of monosyllables, and pure Saxon-English undefiled. . . .

While learning the art of reading by the book of Proverbs, we had our minds stored with the highest moral truths; and by sage advices applicable to all ages and departments in life, the mind, while it was supple, received a bent in a direction largely favorable to future well-doing and success. The patience, prudence, forethought, and economy which used to characterize Scotchmen—giving occasion to the saying, “a canny Scot”—by which they were able so often to rise in the world, and distance competitors in the race of life, were, to a large extent, due to their being thus ingrained in youth and childhood with the practical wisdom enshrined in the book of Proverbs.—*John Muir*.

A teacher says: “Though I’ve taught English for many years, I’ve never learned of so sure and so good a way of enriching a child’s vocabulary as by making the Bible a part of his mental life. Nothing in our Anglo-Saxon literature is so beautiful and so virile.”

But never should Bible reading and study be made a task or a punishment, but rather a privilege. The child who is told that if he is naughty he must sit down and learn his Sabbath school lesson or read a whole chapter, regards Bible study and reading as a punishment. To be compelled to read to keep him from doing something he desires, will not impress him that there is anything about such reading that is pleasing or profitable.

Perhaps John Ruskin’s mother was extreme in her method of teaching her son the Scriptures, but the training resulted in developing one

of the best writers of English literature. Ruskin himself says:

“My mother forced me by steady toil, to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, as well as to read it every syllable through, aloud, hard names and all, from Genesis to Revelation, about once a year; and to that discipline—patient, accurate, and resolute—I owe not only a knowledge of the Book, but much of my general power of taking pains and the best part of my taste in literature. . . .

“After our chapters (from two to three a day, according to their length, the first thing after breakfast, and no interruption from servants allowed,—none from visitors, who either joined in the reading or had to stay upstairs, and none from any visitings or excursions except real traveling), I had to learn a few verses by heart, or repeat, to make sure I had not lost something of what was already known.”

Professor Vernon P. Squires, of the University of North Dakota, conducted a quiz on the Bible in his English classes, the result of which is given in the article which follows:

Almost daily we come, in our reading, upon allusions to the Scriptures, a clear understanding of which is absolutely indispensable for the appreciation of the passage in hand. But far too often, to the majority of my students, the reference is meaningless. . . .

So forcibly has this general ignorance of the Scriptures thrust itself upon me that I recently experimented with a group of freshmen. I asked them to answer a few simple questions in regard to the Bible. It was optional with them whether or not they should do so; but one hundred and thirty-nine attempted the examination, and I have every reason to believe that they took the matter seriously, and answered the questions to the best of their ability. I would remind my readers that these young people were *all high school graduates*, who had completed fifteen year-units of high school work. Most of them come from good homes, and they certainly represent a grade of culture considerably above the average of the community.

The questions were as follows:

1. What is the Pentateuch?
2. Name ten books in the Old Testament.
3. Name ten books in the New Testament.
4. Into what groups or divisions is the Old Testament divided?
5. Who was (1) "the apostle to the gentiles"? (2) "the beloved disciple"? (3) "the wisest of men"? (4) "the strongest man"? (5) "the first murderer"?
6. What idea is suggested to your mind by each of the following nouns? (1) Apollos, (2) Cana, (3) Carmel, (4) Esther, (5) Hezekiah, (6) Ishmaelites, (7) Jephthah, (8) Jezebel, (9) Saul, (10) Sinai.
7. Briefly explain the allusion in each of the following passages:
 - (1) "When Lazarus left his charnel cave."—*Tennyson*.
 - (2) "And so the Word had breath, and wrought
With human hands the creed of creeds."
—*Tennyson*.
 - (3) "A hungry impostor practicing for a mess of
pottage."—*Carlyle*.
 - (4) "The two St. Johns are the great instances of the
angelic life."—*Newman*.
 - (5) "The man of Uz."—*Browning*.
 - (6) "You stand stiff as Lot's wife."—*Tennyson*.
 - (7) "A clamor grew as of a new-world babel."—*Tennyson*.
 - (8) "Jonah's gourd."—*Tennyson*.
 - (9) "Except they meant to bathe in reeking wounds,
Or memorize another Golgotha."—*Shakespeare*.
8. Where did you learn what you know of the Bible—at home, at school, church, Sunday school, or elsewhere?

If we regard seventy per cent as the "passing mark," twelve passed this test. Ninety-one received less than fifty per cent; seventy-one received less than forty per cent. The average standing of the entire group was about forty per cent.

An analysis of the answers to some of the questions is rather interesting. Ten could not name a book in the Old

Testament, and only sixty-eight answered the question properly. This is, however, a too liberal allowance, as it is based on the acceptance at full value of such spelling as "Deuteromy," "Deuteromoty," "Deuterominy," "Deuderominy," "Goshua," "Salms," "Nehiamiah," "Joob," "Jobe," "Jeob." Fourteen named "Hezekiah" as one of the books; five named "Solomon"; two, the "Book of Moses." Among original ideas was the mentioning as Old Testament books "Paul," "Timothy," "Titus," "I and II Romans," "Phenecians," "Babylonians," "Gentiles," "Philistines," and "Xerxes."

The answers in regard to the New Testament were still more unsatisfactory. Twelve were unable to mention a single book; only forty-six mentioned ten, as requested. Five put Samuel in the New Testament; three, the Psalms; three, Ruth; and two, Esther. One mentioned "I and II Judges." Seventeen mentioned "Paul," or "St. Paul," or "Paul's." Three suggested "Simon"; two, "Jacob." There were also mentions of "Thelesians," "Philipi," "Thomas," "Lazarus," and "Samson Agonistes."

The answers to question four were too varied and vague to be reported here. Question five brought several surprises. I will mention two. The expression, "The apostle to the gentiles," is so common that I at first hesitated to include it. It seemed to me that every one would answer it correctly. To my surprise, twenty-seven made no attempt at an answer. Seventy-two replied correctly, twelve voting for John, twelve for Jesus, twelve for Abraham, five for Peter, John the Baptist, Judas, Moses, Jacob, and Methuselah. As to "the beloved disciple," sixty-eight were right; twenty made no attempt; thirty-seven (strange to say) guessed Peter, while others named Paul, James, Jesus, Abraham, and David.

In question six I confess to have intentionally included one or more pitfalls. For instance, I expected some would be confused by the name "Apollon." The results, however, exceeded all expectations. Seventy-four (over one half) made no attempt at an answer. Eleven others answered so vaguely as to be unintelligible. Twenty-six declared it to be the name of a Greek (or heathen) god. Only seven gave answers which were clearly correct. Four thought it meant a mountain; three, a town. Others answered "a king," "a giant," "an apostle of the Greek Church," "another name for Paul." In regard to Cana, too, I expected some confu-

sion. The results were as follows: No attempt, forty-nine; altogether vague, twenty; "the Promised Land," fairly correct, twenty-eight. Other answers were "a mountain," "a desert," "a land in Egypt," "the first murderer," "a battle fought in Italy."

"Hezekiah" was included in the list with the knowledge that for some reason or other a good many people have the idea that there is a book in the Old Testament bearing this name. Eighty in the class made no attempt at an answer; fourteen got it right. Other answers were "a mountain," "an idolater," "a priest," "a woman," while one said that to him it suggested "the handwriting on the wall."

"Jezebel" is a name used so frequently to suggest a vi-rago, or wicked woman, that I really expected a large percentage of correct replies. To my surprise, one hundred and one left the answer blank; thirty answered it correctly; five thought it the name of a man. One wrote, "A prophetess in the temple"; and one, by a peculiar confusion of ideas, replied, "A wicked woman who demanded the head of Paul."

But it is hardly necessary to go into further details. I will add a few words about question eight. To this, only sixteen failed to reply. Ninety-one said they had attended Sunday school. Sixty-eight mentioned the home as one of their sources of Biblical knowledge. It was noticeable that with a single exception, every one who passed emphasized the home. The writer of the best paper said, "Especially at home"; the writer of the next best paper, "Mostly at home and by personal study." This emphasis on the home is, I believe, suggestive. Biblical knowledge cannot be taught by ordinary Sunday school methods any more than other sorts of knowledge could be so taught. The only means to exact information is study—hard, painstaking study. Nor can Biblical study be carried on in school. There would be trouble at once, were it attempted. But the home remains—the home, which, after all, is the logical place for religious instruction.—*Journal of Education.*

LOST OPPORTUNITIES

A father or mother who can read aloud *well*—read so the children see and feel what is read—possesses a wonderful power for entertain-

ment and instruction. Most children love to listen to reading. They prefer it to reading themselves. They can then more easily ask questions about what is not understood, the meaning of hard words may be explained, the lesson enforced.

But to read in a monotone without interest or expression will not be profitable. If one cannot read well, let him learn how, and boys and girls will not be unduly critical. The reading should not be too long. Let the interest and other circumstances determine its length.

And parents may permit the child or youth to read to them. By this means, their ability to read will be improved. One great fault to be corrected, both in speaking and in reading, is that of pronouncing words indistinctly. Teach children to enunciate clearly, and to cultivate a pleasant voice in reading and talking. There are far too few really good readers even among people of education and refinement.

A library is indispensable to the family where that which is best is prized. Besides the Bible, there are many books one can read with profit. The furnishings of the home may be plain; but if those dwelling there have the companionship of good books, there will not be a dull moment. Culture and contentment will be present, for the mind associates with the best of earth. If parents have not had opportunities for education, they can do much to make up this lack by wise reading.

Not only will children be interested in what interests the parents, but in that which is daily talked about at the table and the fireside. It will be useless to bring good books into the home and expect the children to enjoy reading them by themselves when father and mother take no interest in reading. Where parents lead, the children will follow.

One woman was lamenting that her boy was a trouble instead of a comfort to her. When the reason was asked, she said:

“It’s his reading mostly, I think. I don’t know where he acquired a taste for those vicious novels. I’ve tried to be careful with him. I’ve forbidden any literature of that sort to be brought into the house at all. Why, when he was old enough to read, I even stopped the subscriptions of two of my household journals, because there were so many cheap stories in them. I was also careful that he did not get any of that kind of reading from the neighbors’ children. Really, I do not see what else I could have done. Now he has developed a craze for cheap novels. Where in the world he gets them, I don’t know. He is filled with all sorts of foolish notions. He is getting beyond my reach; I don’t know what to do with him.”

When this mother was asked if she had supplied her boy with good reading, she replied:

“No, honestly, I did not. I well remember when he was just a wee boy, how, when tired of play, he would come pulling on my skirts and

beg for a story. 'Please, mamma, tell me a story! I'm tired of playing all the time. Oh, please, mamma!' he would implore. But I would say: 'Now, sonny, mamma is busy. When she gets time, she will read you a story.' He would go away discouraged, for he knew I never had much time. I was usually too busy.

"Soon he didn't ask me any more. He learned to read for himself, and would entertain himself with his books. He read fairy stories, but I forbade him to read them. But how he did love stories! No, I didn't trouble about finding things for him to read. Of course, there are good books in our library, but not many of them would appeal to a boy."

This mother failed, as others fail, in not directing her boy's reading. Had she told him the stories he craved, and, as he grew older, read that which was suited to his age, and talked with him about what was read, she would have saved the boy, and also saved herself many tears and regrets. But she was "*usually* too busy."

By changing one word of a question asked by the Master, we may inquire, "How much then is a boy better than a sheep?" Which is of greater value, the boy or girl, or the housekeeping, the business, or pleasure?

One writer declares: "One may become a veritable slave to the fiction habit, as much a slave as the drunkard or the opium fiend. And the taste, once acquired, is broken only by the most determined effort, and even then one can-

not always be sure that it is conquered; for it clings to one like the leprosy. Beware of allowing this pernicious and mind-destroying habit to fasten itself upon you."

Many lose their health and become invalids because of pernicious reading. Some are scarcely sane, because their novel reading creates nervousness; it wearies the brain, and the whole body suffers. Mental dyspeptics are common; and by reading fiction, they unfit themselves for the practical duties of life. They seem dazed, are easily irritated, and delight in nothing so much as daydreaming, fancying themselves heroes or heroines, living an exciting, unreal life. The mind becomes like a babbling brook, the water running to waste over its rocky channel.

It is well known that boys and young men are incited to commit robbery, to murder, and to give themselves up to the indulgence of evil, by reading stories of crime. The basest passions are aroused and indulged because of reading love stories and sentimental rottenness.

THE DEMAND FOR FICTION

Publishers have learned that to print stories spells financial success. The people demand them, and with few exceptions, the magazines that ignore the popular taste are not "good sellers." A little saving salt is found in some magazines, in the form of well-written articles on science, travel, or national affairs; but this part is passed over by the story fiend, who buries

his face in the fascinating tales which fill the other pages. Dealers supply that which the people demand, that which brings them most money. Lies are welcomed as truth, and truth is treated as a lie. Such literature loads tables and shelves in the most elegant homes. It is found in families called Christian; it is everywhere.

HOW SHALL WE TEST OUR READING?

Let us insist that our books and periodicals, when read, shall leave us stronger, purer, wiser, and better than before we read them. Some one has said: "Character in books is needed as much as in men. Let us insist that the books that we admit into our lives shall first of all be *pure* and *clean*."

The acid test which should always be applied to our reading is, Will this book or magazine take away my relish for reading the Bible? Can I ask God's blessing upon me while reading it? Would I feel ashamed to answer if Christ should stand before me and ask, What are you reading?

TESTIMONY OF A DIME NOVEL WRITER

In the *Ladies' Home Journal*, an article appeared, written by the author of one hundred twenty-five "dime novels." He says the publishers found the demand for "thrillers" was decreasing, so they planned the writing and publishing of what they termed "a good series," which was a rehash of the dime novel, with some

of the incentives to crime omitted, and—showing that punishment overtook the wrongdoer.

The writer concludes his article with this statement: “I have become disgusted with the whole business. Never will I write another ‘factory’ story.” Yet these books were advertised as “fit for any home.”

KNOW WHAT YOUR CHILDREN READ

Parents and teachers should be alarmed. If they themselves are addicted to the story-reading habit, let them first take themselves in hand and gain the victory. It will not be an easy task, as those can testify who have undertaken it. But there is a mighty Helper who has never failed to win in every conflict with evil. If the mental inebriate will flee to Him for strength, if he or she will *determine* to overcome, the battle will be won.

But one must not venture on forbidden ground. The evil is so fascinating, so bewitching, so overpowering, there must be no dallying with temptation. Of all ills, mind sickness is most difficult to cure; and those who feed their minds on trash are sick. But there is healing if they will accept it.

The only safe course is to allow in the home no books or periodicals that have not been carefully tested. Provide the best. Subscribe for periodicals that are informing. Let them be addressed to the children, so they will feel that such papers and books are their own property.

Read to them and with them, and so prevent the formation of the story habit. Come, let us read with our children.

In one home provided with popular literature, the son, a lad of ten or twelve, read in the book of Acts about the Ephesians who were converted when they heard Paul preach. These Ephesians had in their possession books on "curious arts"—books on divination, containing rules and forms for communication with evil spirits. They decided to burn their books in a public bonfire; and when the value was computed, it was found to be between nine and ten thousand dollars.

After the boy had read this story in the Bible, he concluded that some of *his* books were unfit for a Christian lad to read; so, forthwith, he gathered them together, took them to the back yard, and burned them. If this example were followed by others, a blessing would result. If parents find books or periodicals that will injure their children, they had better burn them and disinfect their homes.

Herbert D. Ward, whose father edited the *Independent*, and who is himself a scholar of rare attainments, relates how his father saved him from reading sensational literature.

In his home, there was a large upholstered chair; and where the back and the seat met, there was a deep place where articles could easily be hidden. In this chair the father sat

while conducting family worship. In the family were two aunts and a grandmother.

Mr. Ward says:

"On one occasion, when my father had finished his prayer, he arose to his feet with a most lurid sheet in his hand. It was a boys' cheap weekly. . . . Spreading this interloper out in his hand so that its vulgar indecencies could easily be seen, he glared at his younger sister.

"'Hetta, I am surprised at your hiding such a thing as this!'

"'But, William,' she most indignantly replied, 'I never saw it before.'

"Turning to the older sister, he said, 'Susan, confess!'

"'I wouldn't touch it with the tongs.'

"In the meanwhile, the son was squirming in his chair. Then the editor turned to his aged stepmother. . . .

"'Mother!' His voice was raised accusingly. 'Then it is you who has brought this literature into my house.'

"The old lady had little imagination and no sense of humor. With great dignity she arose from her chair.

"'William! How dare you insult your mother in this fashion?' She swept from the room.

"Then my father's gaze turned slowly to me. He crumpled the offending sheets in his hands and threw them into the open fire. His face relaxed, and lit with a proud smile.

"'I don't have to ask you!' he said, 'for surely *my* son *could* not read anything so vile as this.'

"That was the last vulgar periodical I bought or read. For months, my ears rang with that gentle, cutting rebuke. That episode did as much to stimulate me to good reading as the example of the ever-studious family itself."

Let there be bright, cheerful literature in the home. Boys like magazines and books which deal with mechanical devices and electricity and travel and exploration and wholesome adventure.

One lad who used his spare time in making an electric fan and a toy automobile, was asked where he obtained his knowledge.

“I read a book I found in the public library,” he replied.

“Have you read more than one?”

“Yes, quite a number. There were forty or more books in the library on electricity, but I read *only about half of them.*”

“Think what reading, if it is well ordered, can do for us,” says Amos R. Wells. “It introduces us to the best and wisest and strongest of all the past and present, and tells us more about them than their closest friends could know. It renders us participants in all the stirring scenes of human history, admitting us to the council chambers of kings, the cabinets of presidents, the consultations of great generals. It gives us the advantages of travel, transports us instantly to the pampas of Brazil, the steppes of Russia, the forests of Alaska, or the Strand of London. It carries us where only the most fortunate and courageous explorers have gone, and gives us, in an hour, the experience of years. It admits us also to the secrets of nature, and familiarizes us with the high designs of the universe. Carried safely in its paper canoe, we float backward on the stream of time, see antediluvian monsters along the banks, pass amid forests of strange foliage, and watch new continents arising from the deep. Lifted on its paper wings, we fly to other worlds, . . . consort with the comets and the meteors, and grow at home in Orion and the Pleiades.”

Almost all books and papers are now illustrated. Pictures make a deeper impression than words on the mind of a child. If only the best of papers and books are allowed, we have little to fear from the pictures in them. But those in which scenes of crime and violence are repre-

sented will tend to send children within prison walls in later years.

One writer has said: "Pictures of fashions also distract the mind from better things and turn many a foolish head. They need be consulted only often enough to insure being neatly, tastefully dressed."

The highly colored "funny page" of the newspaper is one of absorbing interest to most children. Edward Bok, editor of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, wrote an excellent article on this subject, showing that such pictures teach disrespect for parents, teachers, friends, and for God, portraying all sorts of tricks which we would not wish our children to copy.

THE ART OF CONVERSING

What is more attractive than the family seated at the table at mealtime, each eager to add to the pleasure, all talking, listening, smiling, all united in fellowship with one another? Father has reserved some experience or anecdote, and tells it for the entertainment of all.

Mother also takes part. One woman says: "I try to have some subject for conversation, just as I try to have good food. If there is an entertaining story, a kind-tempered joke, some success or pleasure any one has to relate, I try to have it kept for mealtime. A good laugh, cheerful talk, pleasant, kindly manners, help a meal wonderfully. I will not permit distressing ills to be discussed, nor will I have grumbling or

disputing. We seldom talk of our work. We take time for our meals, and make that one of the happiest hours of the day. Each meal is a sort of festival, no matter how plain it may be. That is the time we get acquainted with one another."

This woman was complimented on the neat appearance of her husband and children at the table. She replied that much of health and family affection depends on the way the meals are eaten. Her husband and sons did not come to the table until they had carefully washed and combed. Each had a pair of slippers and a coat near the wash room, which were quickly donned after work in field or shop. When at table, they looked neat; and each laid aside for the hour the work he was doing, and was ready for the social treat as well as the food placed before him.

Parents will reap rich reward if they will take thought to prepare their minds for home conversation. The golden rule will banish from the table, and from other places, the faultfinding and criticism of others. Father will be especially deferential and respectful in his talk to mother and in his treatment of her before the children. Mother will delight to please father. Thus children will learn to speak to parents with respect, and will copy their virtues.

Where there are children, the general conversation, if well directed, will not exclude them. All topics which they cannot understand will be kept for discussion when they are not present.

There is so much of interest taking place in the world, so much that is inviting and entertaining in literature, that no occasion when the family can be together should be dull and lifeless.

Read only that which is best, then talk of what is read. Thus reading and conversation will be closely allied, and each will serve the other.

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN

WORLDLY AMUSEMENTS

“Pleasures are like poppies spread —
You seize the flower, the bloom is dead;
Or like the snowdrift in the river,
A moment white, then lost forever.”

A MAN who wished to be a Christian was saddened by the thought that he must deprive himself of many pleasures he had before enjoyed.

“I shall have to give up so much!” he said. “There are many things I can do now that I can’t do then.”

“But,” said one who heard his lament, “there are many things you cannot do now. You can’t eat mud, nor drink it.”

“No,” was the reply; “but I don’t want to do anything like that.”

“Surely not,” came the answer; “and when you become a real Christian, everything you loved before that is sinful will be distasteful to you. You will not wish to indulge in anything that would grieve your best Friend. He asks you to give up nothing except that which would hinder your being brought into personal relationship with Him. You do not surrender your liberty, but your slavery to that which is harmful and wrong. As Christians, we do as we please, because we please to do that which God approves.”

There has been much discussion, and much has been written, on the topic of pleasures in which many commonly indulge, and which they believe to be not only pleasant but harmless. Whether attendance at theaters, card parties, picture shows, dances, and other popular sports and games is wrong is questioned. It is urged that many Christian people patronize them, that ministers and other good men declare they are educational; and why is it wrong for a person to add to his enjoyment by attending any place of amusement he chooses?

It will not be questioned that the love of pleasure has greatly increased. The Bible declares that in the last days, men will be "lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." Church pews are empty, while seats in the playhouses are filled. People go in crowds to races, ball games, and other "sports." They go because they love the entertainment they find there.

The war-tax receipts show that America's expenditure on amusements is about four hundred million dollars each month. The love of pleasure is so intense that the heavens are aglow with the light that streams from places of amusement in our cities.

In an address before the National Educational Association, Dr. Henry Van Dyke gave attention to the nudity and vulgarity that are so persistently flaunted before the world on the stage and elsewhere. He said:

"We must exclude deadly art as we would deadly weapons. But do not rely on law to make people virtuous. This must be a matter of spirit. What we need is more moral sense, not subject to sleeping sickness, and not more statutes."

Sisley Huddleson states the facts more fully in "The Menace of the World," in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May, 1920:

"There is, first, this crazy seeking after artificial amusements, generally of an unpleasant kind; there is a love of display that runs to the utmost eccentricity; there is a wave of criminality; there is unscrupulous profiteering, a cynical disregard of suffering; a mad desire to get rich quickly, no matter by what means; and there is reluctance to do any genuine work. . . . Men's mental outlook has changed. Those who were sober, industrious citizens, content to rear their families and to walk usefully and humbly in the world, are now stricken by the wild notion of having a 'good time,'—a good time that means the easy earning of questionable money, its prodigal dispersal, forgetfulness of the family, . . . and a lowering of moral values, a debasing of intellect."

Bishop Thomas Nicholson made an appeal to the Methodist Episcopal ministry, in which he made the following statement:

"People have more leisure than ever before. Men who care no more about religion and morals than a dog are making themselves multimillionaires out of the recreations of the people. Is it any wonder the divorce courts are overcrowded?"

It is said that in far-away China, the name of a noted motion-picture performer is known in every family. He commands a salary of more than a million dollars a year for making the world laugh.

One who makes cartoons for the daily newspapers receives a salary of two hundred fifty thousand dollars yearly for drawing one cartoon a day. The reason these men command such salaries is because the people generally demand this kind of entertainment.

THE BUSINESS OF MAKE-BELIEVE

There are two hundred seventy so-called first-class theaters in New York City, not counting those exclusively devoted to movies, according to figures given in the *Saturday Evening Post* of February 28, 1920. These theaters have an audience of eight million people each week during the season. The *Post* says that "the theatrical business is an industry with a total money turnover greater than that of any other business on earth. There are eighteen thousand motion-picture theaters in the United States, with an aggregate daily attendance of more than twenty millions of people."

Yet it was not till the world's fair in Chicago in 1893, that the first moving-picture machine was exhibited. This shows how amazingly this business has grown, until it now ranks as fourth among industries in this country.

And what do the theaters give back for the millions of dollars given them by the people? — Lowered ideas of morality, lost time spent in contemplating the evil passions of men, bad associations, an excitement that is called pleasure. "Wherefore this waste?"

“But there are good, high-class plays,” objects the theatergoer.

Read the testimony of actors themselves with reference to the character of the theater. These testimonials, quoted by A. C. Dixon in the *Western Recorder*, come from those most familiar with its workings.

“None of my children,” said Macready, the actor, “shall ever with my consent or on any pretense enter a theater or have any visiting connections with actors or actresses.”

Dumas, the playwright, wrote to a friend:

“You do not take your daughter to see my play? You are right. Let me say once for all, you must not take your daughter to the theater. It is not mainly the work that is immoral; it is the place.”

E. H. Sothorn, in a newspaper article over his own name, says:

“I have known some of our best performers who have found it necessary first to attend and see a play before they would allow their wives and daughters to go. Why? — Because they knew there was very little cleanness in those places; and who better than they should know?”

One of America’s most noted writers, speakers, and diplomatists, Dr. Henry Van Dyke, of Princeton, New Jersey, in an address given before the National Educational Association, said:

“From some plays one sees each season in New York, one might infer that there was only one commandment, the seventh, and mankind knew but one pleasure, breaking it.”

The stage is an index of the morals of the times. Some apologize for its indecencies, say-

ing that if we were right ourselves, we should get good at the theater instead of evil. It would be nearer the truth to say that if we were right, the stage would so disgust us that we would have nothing to do with it.

By beholding, we “are changed into the same image.” If we love to look upon sin, we soon love the sin itself. It may be gilded and charming to the senses, but the poisonous fangs of the serpent are there.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

— *Pope.*

THE THEATER PRESENTS A DEGENERATE LIFE

Henry W. Stough charges the theater with breaking down the moral barriers of the audience:

“How can a young man and a young woman who have come together to enjoy the play, and have looked upon and have listened to such things, fail to be contaminated? When they go home, they naturally are impelled to discuss what they have seen and heard. As one scene after another of the various acts is reviewed, and the oaths, curses, innuendoes, compromising positions, false morals, and vile costuming are discussed, they are bound to break down the barriers of modesty and reserve between them. Such conversation courts familiarity about topics that young people should never discuss together. The result is that each loses a certain respect for the other, making it more easy for them to talk about such things on other occasions, and at least *tempting* them to do the same things, especially when the theater’s false morals are also adopted. If the theater be a means of culture and education, and yet such things as are

seen there cannot be even safely discussed by young people, let alone practiced, then where is the moral value of the theater?"

With such an array of facts before us, can we conclude that the theater provides safe environment and entertainment for those who would be pure in character?

The following question and answer appeared in the *Christian Endeavor World*. The answer is given by Mrs. G. R. Alden, popularly known as "Pansy."

"Will you give several reasons why a Christian should not attend the theater?"

"In compliance with this request, let me quote a few sentences from several authors:

"Whatever may have been the character of actors and actresses when they went on the stage, it is undeniable that in multitudes of cases the stage has worked its degeneration. . . . Henry Irving committed at least fifteen thousand murders on the stage. Miss Ada Cavandish was betrayed, deserted, or abducted fifty-six hundred times. And true acting consists in entering into the spirit of the murderer, the betrayer, etc."

"What cannot be done without a tendency to moral harm cannot be seen without a tendency to moral harm."

THE MOVIE CRAZE

In his book, "Motion Pictures in a Typical City," J. J. Phelan states these facts:

"The city selected for study is Toledo, Ohio, and it is shown that the seating capacity of the motion-picture theaters of that city is forty-eight thousand people. The weekly attendance is three hundred and sixteen thousand, which is greater than the population of the city. As an economic factor in the life of the city, the movie show is important, for the investment in playhouses is over six million dollars, and the annual revenue is two millions four hundred and

fifty-seven thousand dollars. A study is made of the patrons of the shows, and the facts indicate that forty per cent of the attendants are men, thirty-five per cent women, and twenty-five per cent children. A large number of the children attend the shows without chaperons. The danger to the children is held to be considerable. There is the physical menace of late hours and of eyestrain. The moral menace is still greater. Many of the pictures might be considered as relatively harmless for adults which cultivate in children unwholesome curiosity. Instances are adduced which indicate that juvenile crime can be definitely traced to the influence of movie shows."

"The moving-picture show is doing more to ruin the youth of to-day than the liquor traffic ever thought of doing," states Judge Phillips, of the Juvenile Court of Denver, Colorado.

The *Outlook* for October 28, 1914, contains a paragraph worth quoting:

"At this moment, so far as children can be vulgarized through the eye, American children are in the process of vulgarization. In too many moving-picture theaters, many of the scenes which they are invited to look at rob life of its dignity, refinement, and sentiment. The love-making which is seen on a thousand stages is not actually indecent, but it is grossly vulgar; and no boy can look at these pictures without thinking more cheaply of women. It is perhaps not too much to say that most of the moving pictures representing love scenes turn love into broad and cheap farce. Many of these pictures, moreover, are highly offensive because they familiarize children with scenes of cruelty."

Teachers complain that children do not develop mentally as they should. They have come to the conclusion that thousands of them spend their time at the moving-picture shows instead of studying their lessons.

It is enlightening to note what officers of the law say with reference to the influence popular motion pictures have upon the morals of children who attend them:

The most insidious suggestion of evil in the land to-day.
—*A Pinkerton detective.*

In every performance some ignoble suggestion.—*Dr. Winfield Hall, a leading authority on social ethics.*

The worst said has not been strong enough.—*Judge Landis, of the United States District Court.*

Judge S. Graham, of Port Huron, Michigan, gives this as his testimony: "All delinquents brought before me are frequenters of motion-picture shows."

Judge Henry A. Fuller, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, declares, "The motion picture that is not legally regulated will do more harm than all the saloons."

The *Christian Herald* says: "Crime is increasing two and one half times faster among children than among adults, and the juvenile court judges of this country agree that the crime-creative film is largely responsible for this condition. . . . This country and every other country invaded by the motion-picture show, faces one of the gravest problems that has ever been dealt with by any nation."

"Since moving pictures were introduced, juvenile delinquency has increased to an alarming extent," is the testimony of Mrs. Ellen A. O'Grady, fifth deputy police commissioner of New York City, in an address delivered in New York. Commissioner O'Grady continued:

"Seventeen years ago, when I first came into this work, it was the exceptional thing to see a little girl, say from twelve to sixteen years old, ruined. Now it is the rule.

"Do you want to know the reason?—It is the moving picture. Children are thinking lust all the time, and they get it from the pictures. If you do not believe me, listen to this list of pictures which are being shown in the theaters

of the city to-night and which children are attending and absorbing."

She then read off a list of plays.

Ralph Parlett, in "The University of Hard Knocks," says:

"Look over the bills of the movies, look over the news stands, and see a picture of the popular mind, for these places keep just what the people want to buy. What a lot of mental frog pond and moral scum our boys and girls wade through! There are ten literary drunkards to one alcoholic drunkard. There are a hundred amusement drunkards to one victim of strong drink. And all are just as hard to cure."

Miss Kate Davis, founder and president of the National Legal Regulation League, gives an excerpt, in the *Mother's Magazine*, from an address delivered by "one of the best-known men in the moving-picture business," to a Parent-Teacher Association in one of our most progressive cities. The speaker said:

"You mothers are responsible for what your children do and see. It is your business to know where your children are and to take care of them. You cannot expect the moving-picture men to take care of your children."

In Cleveland, Ohio, a committee of representative citizens made a study of the moving-picture shows of the city, and gave this report. We quote it from M. E. Kern, in the *Youth's Instructor*:

"They found that forty per cent of the two hundred and ninety films examined were unfit for children to see; fourteen per cent represented robbery; thirteen per cent murders; eight presented indecent suggestions; five portrayed domestic infidelity. Others represented loose ideas of mar-

riage, kidnaping, and suicide. They also found that twenty-one per cent of the evening audiences were under eighteen years of age. A chief of police reports that many criminals who come under his charge confess that their fall came as a result of reading exciting tales of crime. This is unquestionably true. Others trace their fall to picture scenes of violence or to the theater."

The value of the moving picture, when rightly used, as a means of education, is confessed. While it *might* do great good, yet the minds of the majority prefer the wild, unnatural, exciting, thrilling. Educational, instructive films are sometimes advertised and exhibited; but these do not "draw." Interspersed with them are others of questionable character; so we have a mixture of the "knowledge of good and evil," as in our sensational dailies. There are sources of pleasure where only the good is found. It were better to obtain our education and pleasure from these.

"IS IT WRONG TO DANCE?"

How often this question is asked! Those who sincerely wish to know the right way are entitled to a fair answer. They must be given evidence based on experience. They should know the results of dancing, and why it is not best for those to dance who would lead pure, Christian lives.

Let us question the dance: *Does it make men and women better morally and spiritually?*

One writer has said, "The modern dance is sensuality set to music."

We certainly have enough sensuality without cultivating it. Many Christian workers have been told, "If I must quit dancing, I will not become a Christian." Others say, "If I become a Christian, I know I must give up dancing." The dance does not increase spirituality and hatred for sin.

Does it add to modesty, purity, honor, and strength of character?

A Chicago paper says:

"Any fool knows that young people do not go to dances to shuffle around the floor to ragtime. They go to hug and squeeze the girls sent out by their mothers without chaperons, dressed in the latest styles of negligees,—half dressed,—to dance with young men who take them home."

District Attorney Zabel, of Milwaukee, according to the *Lutheran*, bears this positive testimony:

"Ninety per cent of the cases of juvenile delinquency that come to the district attorney's office start in the dance halls. The dance hall situation is even worse than it has been painted. The dance halls where liquor is not sold are ultimately the cause of more trouble than the others, because parents allow their children to go to them when they would not allow them to go to the halls where liquor is sold. Not that anything very bad happens in the dance hall. It is simply a convenient meeting place, where no introduction is required. From there the young girls are taken to other places. Young girls—good girls—go there night after night, but they do not remain good very long. They meet other girls, and unscrupulous men who do not hesitate to take advantage of them. The woman of the street and the young girl meet in the dance hall on an equal footing, and the young girl soon becomes a woman of the street. I could name one dance hall that is responsible for the ruin of one young girl every day in the year—yes, and even more."

Does dancing exalt high ideals in the home, and strengthen family ties?

Dr. Charles A. Eaton, pastor of the Madison Avenue Baptist church of New York City, addressed himself to modern dances and present-day social conditions, in this significant language :

"The new style of dance is a craze and a form of nervous degeneracy. It has been stimulated, first, by unwholesome social conditions, and, second, by commercialism. People of all walks of life seem to have abandoned their common sense, their sense of self-possession, and in many cases their morals. . . .

"I don't know what the parents of our country are thinking about. They throw their children to the crocodiles as the Indian mothers used to do, but the former without any religious motive. They are consumed by an itch for social advance, and they think the only way to get into society is to dance in. The present condition is a result of spiritual degeneracy. It is time for the church, the home, and the press to use every legitimate means against these degrading conditions."

IS DANCING CONDUCTIVE TO HEALTH ?

Observation and experience both teach that the late hours, night banquets, the improper dress and consequent exposure, the nervous exhaustion, are all stimulating but not strengthening. How unfitted one is for real work after such a night of dissipation! There is an excitement attended by corresponding reaction, which must be exceedingly harmful to health and vitality. Time, strength, money, health, are all wasted in dancing.

Is it right for Christians to dance?

Christians take the life of Jesus as their example. They are to "walk even as He walked." We find no scripture commanding us to dance even as He danced. We cannot conceive that the pure and sinless Christ would be found in a dance hall, dancing with the godless merry-makers there. He will not go with those who profess to follow Him, when they attend such places of amusement.

The General Association of the Congregational Church in the state of Ohio says that "the practice of dancing by members of our churches is inconsistent with the profession of religion, and ought to be made a subject of discipline."

Bishop Hopkins, of the Episcopalian Church, says:

"Dancing is chargeable with waste of time, the indulgence of personal vanity, and the premature incitement of the passions, and no ingenuity can make it consistent with the covenant of baptism."

THE DANCE OF DEATH

Dr. William A. McKeever, in the *Amethyst*, the official temperance organ of the Presbyterian Church, says:

"The new social dance, with which millions of our adolescent young people are now crazed, is a dance of death. The devil is its author, and the underworld its place of origin and proper habitat.

"Young fifteen-year-old striplings are forced, by this lustful dance, into an intense sexualized type of mind, instead of the normal slowly awakening sex consciousness.

"The sex intoxication brought on by the close-grip dance, and which is to-day the one great outstanding social enticement among all the young people of America — this snaky

thing is new to the world. . . . For reason of policy, some of the experts have decried only the 'public dance'; but they are fully aware that the crux of the problem is not a matter of the public or private place of the 'party,' but the white-heat sex stimulation which is involved."

In spite of its fascinating, bewitching character, the dance leads to immorality and death.

T. A. Faulkner, an ex-dancing master of the Los Angeles Academy, said of the two hundred abandoned women with whom he talked personally, that while thirty-seven ascribed their fall to various other causes, one hundred sixty-three of them ascribed it to the dancing school and the ballroom.

Mr. Faulkner was president of the Dancing Masters' Association of the Pacific Coast before he was converted to Christ. He afterwards wrote the book "From the Ballroom to Hell." He states that it is the custom of evil-minded men of wealth to attend the most exclusive dancing schools, and to frequent parlor dances, for the sole purpose of robbing pure young women of their virtue. Their success is revealed by the fact that three fourths of the women in houses of ill fame were led to their downfall through the dance hall.

No one claims that all who attend the dance are ruined thereby; but enough are ruined to blacklist forever the dance hall. But in spite of all warnings, like moths attracted by the flame, there are those who venture on forbidden ground.

"When I go to such places again," said one young man, "I shall do other things I gave up

when I became a Christian. The reason? — Because it is my experience that they kill spirituality.”

“Ivamae,” said a brother to his sister, “have you asked Ralph if he is a Christian?”

Ralph was the young man to whom Ivamae was engaged. She replied that she had not, but she would the next night, at a dance both expected to attend. Later the brother inquired if she had kept her promise.

“Yes, I did.”

“What did you say?”

“I asked him if he was a Christian.”

“What was his reply?”

“He said, ‘No; are you?’ I told him ‘Yes’; but he said, ‘Why, what are you doing here then?’ ”

At the entrance of every questionable place of pleasure, the question may well be asked, “What doest *thou* here?”

HOURS OF RECREATION

CHAPTER NINETEEN

“**A**RE we, then, to have no pleasure at all?” This exclamation will be heard from those who read the indictment against the popular, exciting amusements of the day.

“What shall we do?” questions another.

Not less recreation, but more, may well be our motto. We need more playtime, less working time. Many shopgirls, factory workers, business men confined in offices, women in kitchens and workrooms, young people who should not work all the time, the boys and girls in school,—these and many others need recreation—re-creation—that will rest, restore, and freshen both body and mind.

But many so-called pleasures do not furnish true relaxation. They excite, stimulate, and consume the bodily vigor we already have, but do not create anew either mind or body. They do not invigorate, and give renewed strength for future labor.

“SHAM, SHAM, SHAM!”

George Wharton James, noted lecturer and author, has this to say concerning popular amusements:

“I firmly believe that one of the greatest curses of our present day is that people are saturated with a love for the wrong kind of pleasure. They are amusement mad. They long for cheap, tawdry, sensational, untrue, sham shows.

The highest are as worthless as the lowest; the fantasies of the grand opera and the theater as foolish, unreal, unsatisfying as the nickel vaudeville or moving-picture show of the very poor."

But there is pleasure that is not all sham and make-believe. It refreshes and re-creates mind and body. The Christian will seek only such pleasures as he knows his Master approves. He will not go where the One he serves will not accompany him.

The *Christian Commonwealth* has given the following list of questions by which to test our pleasures:

"Do your recreations rest and strengthen or weary and weaken the body?

"Do they rest and strengthen or weary and weaken the brain?

"Do they make resistance to temptation easier or harder?

"Do they increase or lessen love for virtue, purity, temperance, and justice?

"Do they give inspiration and quicken enthusiasm, or stupefy the intellectual and harden the moral nature?

"Do they increase or diminish respect for manhood and womanhood?

"Do they draw you nearer to, or remove you farther from, the Christ?"

Hannah More once said:

"A Christian's amusements must be blameless as well as ingenious, safe as well as rational, moral as well as intellectual. They must have nothing in them which may be likely to excite any of the tempers which it is his daily task to subdue; any of the passions which it is his constant business to keep in order. His chosen amusements must not deliberately add to the 'weight' which he is commanded to 'lay aside'; they should not imitate the besetting sin against which he is struggling; they should not obstruct that spirit-

ual-mindedness which he is told is life and peace; they should not inflame the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, which he is forbidden to gratify."

To these excellent thoughts we may add the Scripture rule, "Whether therefore ye eat, or drink, or *whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God.*"

BORDER-LINE AMUSEMENTS

In time of war, it is unsafe for a soldier to be found on the enemy's territory, even though very near his own line. He must not pass the border line. Questionable amusements are the devil's territory. The Christian is unsafe who indulges in them.

A young woman wished to enter a coal mine. With others, she was about to descend, when her friends noticed she was wearing a spotlessly white dress. They cautioned her that such attire was inappropriate for the occasion. Greatly displeased at their remarks, she turned to a grimy miner who was to act as guide, and petulantly inquired, "Can't I wear a white dress into the mine?"

"Yes, mum," he replied; "there's nothing to hinder you from wearing a white dress down there, but there will be considerable to keep you from wearing one back."

Our games and pleasures must not blacken the soul. Questionable amusements produce questionable characters. We cannot afford such transformation. Not only may our own souls

be blackened, but our influence and example will stain other lives.

COMPANIONSHIP BETWEEN PARENTS AND CHILDREN IN PLEASURE

In many homes, the question of amusements is a testing one. Parents who have experienced it, know the pleasure it gives their children when father and mother play with them and share their amusements. This companionship is one of the most precious we ever experience. It may be maintained as long as we live together, *if we begin soon enough*. But those who leave the children to devise their own sports, who have no time to plan and join with them, who say, "Go away and don't bother me; I am too busy,"—such parents will not be invited to share the pleasures of the children when the children become young people, though they would give much for the privilege.

SOME HOME PLEASURES

There are games in which all can join. Games of chance, which would lead to gambling, are to be discarded; but those which develop thought and skill, and which impart useful information, are to be encouraged.

And there is real pleasure in studying *together*. Father or mother can often give a suggestion which will save prolonged study, and conserve the time of the student. If difficult problems are studied together, thus establishing comradeship between the older and younger

members of the family, there will not be so much living apart.

Let the family "get together." If *all* work, then *all* can play; and parents are as much entitled to relaxation as are their children. The game or "good time" promised when tasks are finished will be an incentive to faithfulness and efficiency in service.

"THE HOME CLUB"

In an adapted story, this dialogue takes place:

TOM: Hello, Jack! Coming out to-night?

JACK: No, Tom, I can't come to-night. I have a date.

TOM: That so? Where?

JACK: Home Club.

TOM: Say, that's a new one, isn't it? Where does it meet?

JACK: At my house.

TOM: Who belongs to it?

JACK: My father and mother, brother Bob, sister Nellie, and I.

TOM: Huh! That's a great club. What's the idea?

JACK: The object is to enrich the home life of the family and to develop a deeper sympathy and understanding between us.

TOM: Sounds good enough. Tell me more about it.

JACK: Well, you see, we're all connected with so many organizations, they keep us busy most of the time, and we're not home much evenings. Take it all in all, we're hardly at home together except for meals.

Mother was reading to us about a man who was out so much he said he didn't feel at home with his family; and when it was not necessary for him to be out, he would go to the club, where he felt better acquainted than he did with his own kith and kin. That gave mother the idea for the Home Club. She said unless we had something like that, we would have to be introduced to each other before long.

One night when it was raining so we did not care to go out, mother suggested her plan. We set aside one night a

week when we agreed to stay at home and get acquainted. If something came up so all could not be at home in the evening, we were to set apart an hour after supper for the meeting of the club. We all agreed to it, and Thursday was named as the night best for all of us.

We organized right there, and laid our plans for meetings. We've met regularly ever since. This is Thursday, and that's why I can't go with you to-night.

TOM: That's a good reason, sure. If it isn't a secret, I'd like to know what the meetings are like.

JACK: We usually begin with music. Nellie looks after that; and when she finds a good piece, she brings it home. If it is for piano, she plays it; and if it's vocal, we all sing until we learn it.

After that, we have fifteen minutes for stories and experiences. Each tells some good story he has read or heard, or some interesting experience of the week. At one time, father met a Russian who told him many interesting things we had not seen in the papers about that country. We often save good stories for the club instead of telling them when we first hear them.

Next we discuss some point of interest, and we all express our opinions. Sometimes we have a chapter from some good book. The last part of the meeting we call the "Problem Hour," when we speak about anything that troubles us. Sometimes I read my English essay, or ask advice about a problem in arithmetic; sometimes father has a business problem that bothers him. These are talked over, and each one has a chance to offer suggestions about the problems that have come up.

After that, we spend the last fifteen minutes in a prayer service. We read a chapter in the Bible that seems to fit what we have been discussing, then each offers a short, simple prayer. We close by singing a hymn.

Family reading is a delightful pastime. The best reader need not always be elected to read aloud, but the younger people who can read fairly well may be called on, and thus receive

training in correct pronunciation and enunciation. The reading may occupy a pleasant half hour or more after study and tasks are finished, and thus become a real pleasure.

During the reading, hand sewing may be done, garments repaired, stockings mended, or other light but necessary work performed which will not prevent the listeners from hearing the reading. In this way, work and pleasure may be combined. Books on nature study, travel, biography, and other similar topics will furnish never-ending delight for both older and younger members of the family, and form a strong bond to unite them in the same interests.

Sometimes current events and their meaning may be discussed, and countries and cities located on the map. Scrapbooks may be made, and the time when this is done might be called the "pastry evening."

SOCIAL ENTERTAINMENTS

There will also be days and evenings when families may unite for social pleasure. Afternoons or evenings spent in some home where all can meet together may be profitable. It will not be difficult to hold an entertainment that will combine fun and frolic with that which is uplifting and instructive. Such occasions would be doubly beneficial if several families would unite and visit some river, lake, or mountain, taking their refreshments, and spending a day in the open air, with the works of nature about them.

Why not ask the young people to entertain their older friends occasionally? It would be a kindly act especially to invite those who may have but few social pleasures, those who are old and feeble, or such as may be financially distressed. An afternoon or evening that is not too hilarious would be greatly enjoyed by them. Some of the old songs could be sung for the old people who heard them many years ago. Those who have lost their friends would appreciate the kindly attentions of those who are young and buoyant in spirit.

REFRESHMENTS

In social gatherings, often one of the first considerations is, "What shall we have to eat?" This sometimes causes those who entertain, expense and labor that can ill be afforded. It is known that the guests will come for the "eats."

Would it not be better, on most occasions, to provide entertainment for the mind instead of the stomach? Most persons desire to be hospitable, and to entertain their friends in such a way as will promote their enjoyment; but surely there are ways to entertain without providing food that is unnecessary and unhealthful. It is time to educate ourselves to higher pleasures than those afforded at the table.

One young woman, on returning from a social, said: "That was one of the most delightful socials I ever attended. No one had to sweat over refreshments. How much nicer that was!"

All might not agree with these remarks; but some are trying to overcome the idea that the refreshments are the most important part of a social evening. Some who might be excellent entertainers have but few social functions, because they feel unable to provide this feature, which is thought by many to be indispensable.

None should understand, from what has been said, that occasions never come when refreshments should be served. Fruit in season is delicious, and harmless to most persons. Fruit drinks are also acceptable; but health and simplicity are appropriate watchwords while we are considering what the refreshments shall be. It is the good taste in serving, the kindness of heart, that give charm, more than a great variety, large quantity, or expensive provision.

BIRTHDAYS AND ANNIVERSARIES

Such occasions may be made both profitable and pleasant. When the boys and girls find that their birthdays are celebrated as days of thankfulness and joy, they do not soon forget them.

It does not seem advisable to bestow a great many presents on holidays or anniversaries, for they have a tendency to cultivate selfishness, and cause the recipients to miss the real spirit that should enter into such celebrations.

Would it not be more profitable to direct the mind to the thankfulness that should be felt for life, and to the privilege of being a blessing to others? A birthday letter or poem expressing

the love and hopes of parents and other friends would be treasured in future years. This is not to say that there should be no special entertainment or presents; but these should not be made the principal feature, that which receives most thought and attention.

All need to learn the lesson that "it is more blessed to give than to receive." The greater joy comes from entertaining, not in being entertained; in giving, rather than in receiving.

OUT-OF-DOOR RECREATIONS

All the "good times" of family life need not be confined to the home. Change of environment is helpful to all. A trip to the mountains, to lake, forest, or ocean beach, has charm. Not all homes are situated where nature is most attractive; but there is usually some form of sport, some locality, that may form the objective of a pleasant trip. If enjoyed by the whole family together, it may be a blessing to all.

Some parents suffer anxiety on account of their children's being subject to almost every ailment that is the foe of childhood. One mother in a family of this kind went for advice to a friend. It was found that these youngsters were so overfed, overcoddled, and overheated that they had become like hothouse plants, and every exposure brought on headache, stomachache, colds, croup, and sore throat. There were so many illnesses that called for the service of a physician, that the family revenue was depleted,

and the parents were worn out with care and anxiety.

The friend gave this advice, which is worth passing on:

“Give the children three meals a day of nothing but the simplest food. Take off their shoes and stockings, and let them run out of doors every possible hour of the day. Provide them with blue denim or some other rough clothing, so that you will not value their clothes more than you value the children. Pay no attention if they stay out when it rains, except to dry and thoroughly warm them when they come in. Never allow them to eat between meals, and give them as light a meal as possible at night. Never urge them when they do not want food. Better let them fast three days absolutely, than urge them to eat one meal they do not want. Whenever and wherever possible, let them sleep out of doors.”

A month after this advice began to be followed, the parents found their ills and worries gone. The children were rugged and well. So much had been saved, and the prospect was so flattering for further saving, from what had been formerly paid for doctor's bills, that the family planned to take a trip through several states in a camp wagon, thus securing months of playtime for them all. Who could measure the health and satisfaction resulting from such a trip!

Not all can take such an excursion as that, however; but shorter vacations can be arranged. And where possible, let the whole family go together. If they camp out in some attractive spot in God's great out of doors, the gain will be great. Frequent short vacations of this char-

acter are better than one long one of weeks or months.

Eugene Field has expressed the longing for such quiet times, in these lines:

“It seems to me I’d like to go
Where bells don’t ring, nor whistles blow,
Nor clocks don’t strike, nor gongs don’t sound,
And I’d have stillness all around —

“Not real stillness, but just the trees’
Low whispering, or the hum of bees,
Or brook’s faint babbling over stones
In strangely, softly tangled tones,

“Or maybe cricket or katydid,
Or songs of birds in the hedges hid,
Or just some such sweet sounds as these
To fill a tired heart with ease.”

Some devices at home will help in living the outdoor life. To the children, these will be a joy forever. A pole like a Maypole, with ropes instead of ribbons, will develop the chest and lungs of delicate little folks, as they hang on and swing.

A small tent makes a fine playhouse. A swing is a strength developer. A pile of sand, a little garden plot,—these, and others, are all sources of innocent enjoyment.

True pleasure, genuine recreation, that clears the cobwebs from the brain and strengthens body and mind,—these are not found in stuffy theaters, dark picture shows, the dance halls, or at the gaming table. In nature’s halls in the lofty

forest, by lake or beach or stream, we may “become as little children.” To drink in the beauty of sky, mountain, and valley, to wander among the flowers and grasses and trees in the fresh air and sunshine, will re-create and restore.

Shall we learn to play well and be companionable with our children? To drink together of the pleasure provided by a loving Father in His world of nature is the best recreation of all.

CHAPTER TWENTY

YOUNG MEN

STANDING by the railway track, you may have seen a postmaster hang a mail bag on a projecting arm. It is to be caught by the overland mail train, soon due. You hear a distant whistle. The train thunders round a curve. An iron hook on the side of a car swings out. It snatches the mail bag. The train speeds on and is soon lost to view.

Such is opportunity. This is an age that invites to action. It is given to young men to choose what their future shall be. The boys of to-day will be the men of to-morrow. Their destiny depends on their choice while young.

The young men in academy or college are those who will soon sit at the business manager's desk. They will be presidents of banks and colleges. They will sit in legislative halls and courts of justice. They will be our farmers and mechanics, our doctors, our secretaries and bookkeepers, our ministers and missionaries. They will be the husbands and fathers in the homes of the future. The welfare of the nation is wrapped up in them.

There is a clarion call for brave, clean, courageous, manly, Christian young men. The advice given them by Inspiration is, "Quit you like men, be strong." It is no time for weaklings or cowards. On every hand doors of oppor-

tunity stand opened wide, inviting those who are able to enter.

A successful business man was asked, "In what respect are our young men deficient?" He replied, "In their tendency to rely upon others."

"What will correct this tendency?" was the next question.

"Difficulties," was the ready answer.

But young men are inclined to shun difficulties, rather than to enter the world's battle-field and wrest victories where they have not already been won.

In other words, manly young men are needed. Difficulties, obstacles, rebuffs, met and overcome in early life, give strength and fiber to the character. Ability is gained for later conflicts, and the youth learns to walk erect and alone.

"Somebody said that 'it couldn't be done'—

But he with a chuckle replied

That 'maybe it couldn't,' but he would be one

Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.

So he buckled right in, with a bit of a grin

On his face — if he worried, he hid it;

He started to sing, as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done — and he did it!

"Somebody scoffed, 'Oh, you'll never do that —

At least, no one ever has done it;'

But he took off his coat and he took off his hat,

And the first thing we knew, he'd begun it.

With a lift of his chin, and a bit of a grin,

Without any doubting or 'quit it,'

He started to sing, as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done, and he did it!"

HOW WIN SUCCESS

It is pitiable to see a young man whining over his "bad luck," excusing his failures because he has met difficulty and discouragement. If he will turn his face toward the sun, and his back to the shadows, he can look the world in the eye without flinching. Parents are to blame if they have not taught their sons to face, fight, and conquer trouble.

These words of wisdom were penned by Dr. J. L. Miller:

"Strength is the glory of manhood. Yet it is not easy to be strong—it is easier to be weak and to drift. It is easier for the boy in school not to work hard to get his lessons, but to let them go and then at the last depend on some other boy to help him through. It is easier, when something happens to make you irritable, just to fly into a temper and say bitter words, than it is to keep quiet and self-controlled. It is easier, when you are with other young people and they are about to do something that you know to be unworthy, just to go with them, than it is to say, 'I cannot do this wickedness against God.' It is easier to be weak than to be strong."

Abraham Lincoln took as his motto: "I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. I must stand with anybody that stands right; stand with him while he is right, and part with him when he goes wrong."

It is in early manhood — yes, in boyhood — that true manliness and courage need cultivation. The boy who is helped and supported in every hardship is likely to be spineless and

flabby in character. "The University of Hard Knocks" has taken many a weakling and made a man of him. The Bible has given us bright examples in Joseph, Samuel, Joshua, Moses, Daniel.

But, of all young men who ever lived on earth, the Man of Nazareth was the most perfect. Those who would reach the highest excellence will take Him as their pattern. From His earliest years until He lay in Joseph's tomb, it could be said by all who knew Him, as it was said by the Roman governor who pronounced His death sentence, "I find no fault in Him."

But of all who have been best among men, it may be said, in Longfellow's words:

"The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

The manly young man will be a lifter, not a leaner. In every community, men are needed who will square their shoulders, and say, "Lean on me."

WHAT TO DO WITH FAILURE

The real test of manhood is what one does with failure, how he conducts himself as a "down-and-outer." Some begin to pity themselves and to blame everybody else. Nothing can be worse if one would make failure a stepping-stone to success. Dr. Frank Crane says:

"Get angry with yourself, pat yourself on the back, commend yourself — praise, blame, love, or hate yourself — do anything to yourself, but don't pity yourself. . . .

"One who is sorry for himself is already half beaten.

"The self-pitying are abused. Nobody treats them right. People talk about them. Others are promoted over them. They get no proper thanks. They are unappreciated. Alas! Also Alack! and Woe is me! *Exeunt omnes* into the garden and eat worms."

Play the man!
 With your body, keep it fit,
 By the highest use of it
 For the service of the soul,
 Every part in full control,
 Strong for labor, deft to do
 All that is required of you.

Play the man!

Play the man!
 With your mental powers free
 From all narrow bigotry,
 Search for truth, that it may bless
 All your days with happiness.
 Thus may brain with brawn agree,
 Make you what you ought to be.

Play the man!

Play the man!
 Keep your inmost soul as pure
 As your mother's virtue; sure
 If within no evil dwells,
 There's no power in all the hells
 Strong enough to drag you down,
 Rob you of your manhood's crown.

Play the man!

— G. A. Warburton, in "*Young People*."

HABITS GOOD AND BAD

The young man who would make life a success must look well to his habits. Already they have become part of his life. How will they

affect his usefulness? Because of them, will he constantly grow weaker, or stronger?

Young man, cultivate the habit of good health. In the great World War, the whole country was shocked to learn that multitudes of young men who were called to service were physically unfit.

Much of this unfitness was caused by bad habits, by indulgence in vicious, immoral practices. Young men, clean up. Cleanse your mind. Count your bodies sacred. Like Joseph, when you meet temptation, say, "How then can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?"

Flee from any practice that will soil the soul. Cultivate purity of thought and life even though you are tempted within, without. Unless you do this, you can never live a truly successful life. "Abhor that which is evil; cleave to that which is good."

Such habits as drinking, using tobacco in any form, playing games of chance, are always to be avoided.

Probably one of the first and most injurious of these soul-and-body destroying habits is that of using tobacco. When it becomes master of the lad, the outer line of defense is broken down, and the enemy is ready for assault on other lines. Indulgence in smoking cigarettes has ruined millions of boys and young men in soul and body.

Tobacco is the worst natural curse of modern civilization.—*John Ruskin.*

I feel a great interest in any effort to check the pernicious habit of tobacco using. It is not only a nuisance, but a moral and physical evil, and a shame to our boasted refinement and civilization.—*John G. Whittier.*

One of the most satisfactory habits a young man can form is to become a reader of good literature.

Lincoln was famed for his good memory, the very quality in such urgent demand to-day in every vocation. But his memory was acquired by careful, continuous, attentive reading. First he read what was worth while. At the age of fourteen he had mastered all the books he could lay hands on. In his reading, when he came to a passage that particularly impressed him, he would write it, and rewrite it, and repeat it, until it was fixed in his mind. This was the beginning of his career.

A boy was reading a thrilling novel. When he reached the middle of the book, he said to himself: "Now this will never do. I get too excited; I can't study so well after it. I have work to do in real life. So here goes." He threw the unfinished book into the river. That boy became the great German philosopher Fichte.

The sensible young man will find in good reading real pleasure; but he will be extremely careful in his choice of books.

Books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good;
Round which, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.

— *Wordsworth.*

BE A GENTLEMANLY MAN

He who wishes to reach the top round of the ladder of life will find good manners a matter of "first aid." He will cultivate good humor, and learn to smile. He may not be hailed as the conqueror of others, but he will be his own conqueror, the master of his moods and feelings. There are people who see nothing in a doughnut but a hole, and whose visage is dark enough to blot out a rainbow. Their ill nature is like a ball and chain on the ankle. It does not keep them from working, but they never get anywhere.

A man who makes people laugh can command a salary of a million dollars a year and does it; but the cheerful, sunny young man who whistles as he works, who smiles at criticism and defeat, who, when he falls, gets to his feet and goes on smiling — he is worth more than a million in any home.

Two boys answered an advertisement the other day, applying for a job in one of the big newspaper offices of the country. That is, the choice simmered down to the two; and the manager didn't know which one to choose. Each was neat and bright, each seemed to have plenty of brains and to know how to use them; but finally the manager turned to them and said, solemnly, "I guess I'll set you to work shoveling coal, and whichever gets the most done by noon will get the job!"

At this, one of the boys looked glum, as if shoveling coal didn't appeal to him; but the other smiled all over his face, and replied: "All right, sir! Hard or soft coal?"

"You have it!" said the manager. "Take off your coat right now!"

When two boys are about equal in every way, the fellow that smiles is bound to get the job every time. There's noth-

ing like a smile to make the work fly ; not a silly, meaningless grin, but an honest, cheerful smile that makes every one around you feel good.—*S. E. Kiser, in "Boys' World."*

BE FRIENDLY AND COURTEOUS

This is not difficult if a young man is with his special friends, or in the society he loves. To be obliging and respectful to those who are old and unattractive is a different problem. Mr. Schwab tells a story which illustrates this:

A certain clerk in a department store, with a small salary, had no present prospect of getting anything better. It was a gloomy day, and very few customers in the store. A number of the clerks were bunched together talking over games, and most of them did not notice an elderly woman who came into the store, wanting to be served. But this clerk saw her, and although one of the youngest in the crowd, he promptly left his companions and went to wait upon the lady.

She wanted to look at a number of articles, and he gave her the most careful and courteous attention. He politely answered all her questions and showed her all the goods she wanted to see. The other boys kept on talking baseball and such matters and having a jolly time among themselves, but he was carefully and faithfully attending to business.

Not long afterward the same woman sent a request to the head of the store, asking that she might have the assistance of this young clerk in making her selection of a very large order of goods.

"We shall be very glad to accommodate you," answered the head of the firm, "but this is one of the youngest and least experienced of all our clerks. May we not send you one of our older and more experienced young men? He might be able to serve you more efficiently than the one for whom you have asked."

"That may be very true," answered the lady, "but I want the one who waited on me the other day."

This woman was none other than Mrs. Andrew Carnegie, and she came to make a selection of goods to be used in re-

decorating the famous Skibo Castle, which is known everywhere as the home of the Carnegies in Scotland.

Mr. Schwab says that this was the beginning of promotion for that boy. His employer found how valuable his thoughtfulness and courtesy were to him, and gave him better chances to use these qualities.—*Selected.*

SEEKING ADVICE

A young man will be benefited by conferring with those of more experience than himself. Rehoboam, a youthful king in Israel, was unwilling to follow the counsel of older men. True, he asked their opinion; but what they said was displeasing, and then he held a conference with the younger men of his own age. They saw the affairs of government as he saw them. He and they decided to show the "old fogies" their mistake.

Result: The young king lost about ten twelfths of his kingdom.

"If I were twenty," says Francis E. Clarke, of Christian Endeavor fame, "I would learn to confer. Some men never learn this art; and the older they grow the more self-opinionated and contradictory they become. They cannot sit down and reason out a thing with others. They can make a speech; they can bluster; they can overbear opposition; but a real conference they cannot abide. This is an art that must be learned when young. To give the other man a fair chance to state his views, to keep an open mind, to be humble enough to listen, are great virtues."

SAVING AND GIVING

A young man will do well to learn to save part of his earnings. If he has the courage to wear his old suit when he has money in his pocket to buy a new one, if his mother or sister will darn his stockings and repair his other garments, if he is careful of his clothes, if he dispenses with tobacco, liquor, theaters, and luxuries, he will be able to save from his income, and not be left helpless and dependent if he loses his job or meets with misfortune. He may not be as popular as the free spenders, but he will have a satisfaction, an independence, which popularity cannot give.

A young man of the right kind will find pleasure in giving when once he has tasted its joy. If there is real necessity, work to undertake for others which costs, young men are the ones to lift their share of the burden. Giving is the way to learn how to give, and it is not a natural but an acquired accomplishment.

“Excuses are the patches with which we seek to repair the garment of failure.”

A straightforward young man will not deal in excuses. If he intends to do the right and fails, and if there is no good reason for failure,

he will own that it was his fault, and will henceforth avoid making the same mistake, instead of blaming others.

MANLY INDEPENDENCE

True manliness will suggest that a strong young man who has been provided for from earliest childhood at great sacrifice on the part of his parents should turn about and inquire concerning the debt he owes for such provision and expense.

A boy can never know the cost of his rearing until he has children of his own; but when he reaches manhood's estate, if he is the right sort, he will begin to consider how he can repay some of the care bestowed upon him. His demands will grow less, not greater. He will become the helper, the comforter, of the parents who have done so much for him.

Often the expense at school involves real sacrifice. A young man of good sense will seek to lighten the labors of the home toilers, as far as possible; will bear his own burdens, and plan to repay in kind those to whom he owes so much. While they are still with us, while they can be told of appreciation for their self-sacrificing labor, let parents hear unstinted praise and gratitude expressed both in words and in deeds.

Mr. Guest gives an example of his father's wisdom in teaching him a valuable lesson:

“‘Don't ever get the notion in your head that the people you work for cannot get along without you,’ he said. ‘There was once a very bright young man who made himself

valuable to his employer. He was clever, industrious, and sharp, and rose quickly to a position of some importance. One day a friend unkindly suggested to this clever young man that he was not being paid in just proportion to his work. The youth decided this was true, and asked for an increase in salary. This was readily granted. The additional money had been given so willingly that he concluded that he must be worth even more; and within a few weeks, he approached his employer with another demand. This, too, was met, but the youth remained dissatisfied. The third time he filed a request for more money, the firm demurred.

“““I know all about your business,” said the conceited youth, “and either you’ll pay me what I’m really worth, or I’ll leave. You can’t get along without me.”

“““Oh,” replied the president of the company, “that’s rather a broad statement! What should we do if you were suddenly to die?”

“““Well,” stammered the young man, “in that case, of course you would *have* to get along.””

“We laughed together over that conceited man’s downfall. My father thought it a splendid joke, or pretended to. ‘It taught him a lesson he sadly needed,’ he added; and I realize now that the purpose of my father’s frequent repetition of that story was to give me a lesson I might some day need. Later he amplified the idea by adding:

““Don’t think people can’t get along without you, for they can. The thing to do is so to live and act that they won’t *want* to get along without you.’”

HOME CORRESPONDENCE

If you are absent from home, frequent, newsy letters will be comforting. Say something more than, “I am well and getting on famously.” Father and mother will appreciate knowing who your intimate friends are, what salary you receive, how much you are saving, what your expenses are, the difficulties you meet, and the victories you gain.

“It seems ridiculous to keep telling the neighbors our boy is well,” said one mother, “but that is really all we know about him.”

The carelessness of some young men in this respect is almost incredible. A salesman in a department store was startled one day when a man came to his counter and inquired about his health, saying he had been asked to look up the young man the next time he came to the city.

“Who — what?” stammered the young man. “I wrote home last week — or the week before — or —”

“Nine weeks ago, they told me,” said the stranger, with a smile, as he turned away.

That night a letter was sent to the old home. “I can’t understand why you worried about me,” he wrote. “I’ve been very busy, and you know how I hate to write letters. I never can think of anything to say. I never wrote an interesting letter in my life.”

But father or mother or both are continually writing to the absent Johns and Williams and Henrys; and how greatly their letters would be missed if not written!

THE LETTER HE WAS ASHAMED OF

A young man had just completed his college course. Before leaving the institution, he wrote a letter to his mother. After her death, eighteen years later, this letter was found stained with tears and worn to shreds, having been read and reread, and prized as one of her most cherished possessions. This is the letter:

"My dear Mother :

"My college days are over. The other students have gone. The future is uncertain. The campus is still, and I have been thinking of you, with a heart too full to talk much, if I should see you, but I do want to write. I have been thinking how you must have felt when the last of us had gone and you were alone after the years of patience and anxiety in rearing a large family. What a life you have lived, so full of sorrow and sacrifice and suffering! You have given so much and have received so little! . . .

"But to-night, with the college days and the college friends gone, I can see how you have hovered over me all along the years. I remember one day, when I was so small that I wore the little red and white dress, that when bare-footed I stepped on a piece of glass, and when the blood gushed I screamed. You had me in your arms in a minute, the blood from my foot running down on your apron. You soon had the gash cleaned and bound, and then you took me in your arms and pillowed my head on your breast, and rocked me to sleep and contentment.

"To-night I wish I were a child again, pillowed in the same warm nest, with your arms around me, and could hear the soft tones of the old familiar hymn, 'There's a land that is fairer than day,' which you used to hum to us. . . .

"And then the typhoid came, and we were all sick but you. The fever ran its course with each of us, and you, mother mine, did all the nursing for many months, except what the kind neighbors did to help; and when there was no more of us to feed upon, the fever left. But some of us had gone never to return, and the rest were poor and young. I should think that would have broken your spirit, if not your heart. But I can see now that sickness and death are not the worst things that can happen, and that the worst was yet to come. The days which tried your courage and faith were the days when we came to our teens and fell into temptation.

"It is a triumph to rear a boy to manhood with a healthy body. It is a greater triumph to rear one to manhood with a healthy soul. And when I look back over my life, I wonder how a boy without a mother to love him ever comes through to a manhood of honor. It seems to me that you have saved

me a hundred times; and since I have been away from home, your faith and confidence in me, and your love for me, have gone with me all the way.

“Do you remember when I found the purse with six dollars in it, and how I wanted to keep it, because we needed the money so badly? But you said, ‘No, my son; we must find the owner. It does not belong to us.’

“For several weeks we failed to learn whose purse it was; and every day, I became more hopeful that we would never learn. But you would not let me spend the money. And the day we did find the owner was about the bitterest day of my youth, until I went with you to deliver it to the gentleman who had lost it, and then somehow my grief turned to joy.

“How wise you were to take me with you! In that hour, you taught me not to covet what might come into my possession by accident, and not to conceal and hold anything for myself which was not mine.

“Do you remember when Henry took me into his father’s cellar and gave me some wine? I was worried, because you had talked to us a great deal about the evil which liquor does in the world. I think you knew there was something on my mind. I tried to tell you that night before I went to bed, but couldn’t. I was afraid it would break your heart. I lay awake nearly all night, thinking; and next morning, after prayers, when you had prayed in your simple way that God would go that day with your boys and hold their hands and keep them from evil, I couldn’t stand it, and when we had started to school, I ran back and threw my arms around you and told you about the wine.

“O mother o’ mine! it must have been almost a death stroke. I could feel your body grow rigid, and then your arms closed about me and held me frantically, as if you feared I would be snatched away. For a long while, you said never a word, and we did not hear the ‘last bell’; but when I could look into your face, it was white and drawn and old, and all the soft lines were gone out of it, while your eyes were brimming with tears that dripped over the lashes and ran down your cheeks and fell upon your breast.

“Well, there was no school for me that day. Do you remember how we talked about life and what it means, and

how necessary it is that a boy should be strong enough to withstand temptation; and before the others came home, you took me to the bedroom and we both prayed about it till we found peace? When we came out of the room with your arm around me, I knew then that nothing could ever tempt me to touch liquor of any kind again. . . .

“And, mother (Are all mothers as wise as you have been?), you remember my first party, when I was to take my ‘first girl’? I remember it in every detail. It was an epoch in my life, as it is in every boy’s. I was very nervous and very anxious, and a little bit ashamed, and very, very proud, and pretty badly frightened, with all of it hidden, as I thought, beneath a demeanor of indifference and scorn. But you understood me, and many other things as well, and the evening before the party, you had me go with you to Mrs. Homer’s house, nearly a mile away; and when we were returning, the stars were coming out, and a soft wind was blowing, and we sauntered slowly, chatting in a familiar way. You led the conversation round to the subject of the party. . . .

“Mother o’ mine, at home in your own rocker, these and a thousand other things I have been thinking about; and to-night, with college days behind and life before, I want to tell you that now I can see what your life has been through the years of suffering and service and sacrifice.

“I want you to know that I know what a wonderful mother you are.

“And, mother, I love you. I love you, and shall love you always.”

After this letter had been written and posted, the young man felt ashamed that he had written in such a gushing manner; but is it not rather a cause for shame that more such letters are not written?

THE CHOICE OF FRIENDS

The sensible young man will guard his associations. From his acquaintances he will choose

the best for intimate friends. Thousands of young men have gone wrong because they were led away by evil companions.

That was the difficulty with Samson, the strongest and yet one of the weakest men that ever lived. He loved sinful pleasure, therefore he associated with sinners. Chasing pleasure is like joy-riding in an automobile,—it is liable to end in disaster and death.

The friendship of David and Jonathan was different. It was pure and unselfish. Jonathan's love for David was so sincere he preferred to have him honored above himself. He gave his friend the best he had. A true, unselfish friend is one of Heaven's best gifts.

The young man who has younger brothers and sisters can do much to help them. If he treats them kindly, they will imitate his example. If he has met and conquered temptation, he can encourage them to choose right associations and to form good habits. His watchful eye will discover that which even the parents may not know; and if tactful and patient, he can exert a great influence for good.

One test of the true gentleman is his manner of treating his sister. If he fails as a brother, he would be likely to fail as a lover or as a husband. A loyal brother will guard his sister from vicious young men, for he knows them better than she, and it is his privilege to stand between her and harmful associations.

A true brother will not by his own life cause his sister to stumble, but will walk the path of safety beside her.

GROW NEW WOOD

Longfellow was once asked how he was able to keep so vigorous and write so beautifully as age advanced upon him. Calling attention to an apple tree, he said:

"I never saw prettier blossoms upon it than those which it now bears. The tree grows a little new wood every year, and I suppose it is out of the new wood that these blossoms come. Like the apple tree, I try to grow a little new wood every year."

The answer is suggestive. The young men who would reach a high standard must grow. They are invited by that versatile writer, Amos R. Wells, to test themselves in different ways. The tests he gives are worth trial:

"You should be able to walk ten miles with ease. Are you? The only way to find out is to try it — not all at once, but see if you can work up to it.

"You should be able to enter into conversation with a stranger of your own sex (under suitable circumstances), courteously, agreeably, and profitably. Are you? Try it.

"You should be able to entertain company at your own table so that all present will enjoy themselves. Are you? Try it.

"You should be able to read a volume of history, biography, essays, or poetry with as much real enjoyment as a novel. Are you? Try it.

"You should be able to listen to a sermon or lecture on a substantial subject and carry away the main points so that you can repeat them afterward. Are you? Try it.

“You should have grace enough to submit to insult or injustice patiently, put up with coarseness serenely, and answer anger with love. Have you? Try it.

“You should be able to read your Bible by the book instead of by the chapter or verse, and delight in the reading. Are you? Try it.

“You should be able to pray for at least fifteen minutes by the watch (Mechanical? — There is no other way of getting at the facts), and still have much left that you want to talk over with your heavenly Father. Are you? Try it.

“These all indicate fundamentals of the physical, social, mental, and spiritual life. Have you ever tested yourself in regard to them, strictly and honestly? If not, do it. I dare you!”

Remember thy Creator now,
 O youth with pulses high,
 And passions strong, and happy hopes,
 And vision-seeing eye!
 The past has shut her gate behind,
 The future blossoms broad;
 Before the day of evil comes,
 Intrust thy heart to God!

.

Remember thy Creator now,
 And learn to love His law;
 Its mission is to save thee pain,
 And not to overawe.
 Love's self is He — the living God;
 Then ere thy light is dim,
 And twilight spreads her wings abroad,
 Intrust thyself to Him.

— *Arthur Goodenough.*

“WHAT LACK I YET?”

Every wise-hearted young man pauses sometimes to look within, and ask himself this question: “What lack I yet?” There was one who saw the Christ in His ministry, and as he beheld

His unselfish life, forgot self, forgot his wealth and standing, and ran after the humble Galilean Teacher, to learn how he could be His disciple.

“Good Master,” he said as he knelt before Him, “what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life?” While he did not suppose he was defective, yet he felt dissatisfied in the presence of One so pure and holy. Earnestly he questioned, “What lack I yet?”

Slowly came the answer: “One thing thou lackest.” “If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come and follow Me.”

Quickly the young ruler saw what was involved in the earthward side of this answer. Oh that he had looked heavenward and seen the royal robe and crown, and that his name might be chiseled in the glittering foundation of the New Jerusalem!

To many it seems too great a sacrifice to give all for Christ. While they desire heaven, yet the price is greater than they are willing to pay. Earthly prospects shut away the vision of eternal joy, eternal love, eternal riches, eternal life.

In the warfare with sin, men are willing to march on dress parade, but they refuse the discomforts, the hand-to-hand fighting. They will enlist if they may remain at home and enjoy its comforts. Yes, they will become Christians if they can have all of worldly pleasure and wealth they desire. “Really,” they say, “what is the

use of talking about warfare with evil? Every man for himself!"

A man visiting the Agricultural Department in Washington, D. C., found the secretary approachable, willing to talk. He looked like neither a farmer nor a scientist, but he commanded an army of experts.

"Corncobs," he said, "have long been a problem. Now we are extracting glue from them to the extent of forty-five per cent of their weight. Furfural, another extract, is useful in the dye industry and other manufactures. Acetate of lime is also a valuable by-product."

Wonders have been accomplished by this department in growing cotton from seed obtained from the South Sea Islands and from Egypt, so that in Arizona alone, twenty million dollars a year is realized.

The department has experimented with straw, obtaining enough gas from twenty pounds to drive a motor car twenty miles. A method was devised for using almost worthless land in California, so that rice valued at twenty million dollars a year is reaped from this acreage.

Orange and lemon culls, of no use in the market, were studied. Results in 1920: one million five hundred thousand pounds of citric acid; five hundred thousand pounds citrate of lime; fifty thousand pounds of lemon oil. Twenty factories produced six million pounds of marmalades and jellies.

What about the people who are doing this saving work, and making valuable that which, but for them, would be waste?

One young man showed the secretary an offer to pay him three hundred twenty-five dollars a month more than he was getting from the government.

“What shall I do?” he inquired.

The secretary replied: “You must take it, because men must grasp their opportunities; on the other hand, you must not take it, because here you can render service to one hundred million people.”

He stayed with the department.

Another, a chemist, receives from the government five thousand dollars a year. He has had numerous offers of higher wages, the last being sixteen thousand dollars a year. He declined every one of these offers, in the interest of public service.

Young men, the world needs your talents, your money, your service. It needs *you*. There are men, women, and children who need your help to exalt them from being comparable to cobs and culls and straw into noble, Christlike candidates for immortality.

Will you, then, seeing the need, the opportunity, turn away to a life of self-service and pleasure? or will you be a loyal, faithful soldier and servant for your Lord and His government? He bids you, “Follow Me.”

Young men have a prominent part to act in God's great plan for our world. There are problems to solve, burdens to bear, men and women to be saved. Like the youthful Isaiah, lay the need upon your own heart, saying, "Here am I; send me."

God give us men! A time like this demands
Strong minds, great hearts, true faith, and ready hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor — men who will not lie;
Men who can stand before a demagogue,
And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;
Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog
In public duty and in private thinking;
For while the rabble, with their thumb-worn creeds —
Their large professions and their little deeds —
Mingle in selfish strife, lo, Freedom weeps,
Wrong rules the land, and waiting Justice weeps!
— *J. G. Holland.*

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

WINSOME YOUNG WOMEN

THE young woman of this age is ambitious. She ought to be. No age in history has ever presented such opportunities for women as the present. College doors have opened to them. Various professions demanding skill and brains invite them to compete with men. A new era has dawned for womanhood.

Sensible young women are not slow to accept positions of trust and responsibility offered them. They are unwilling to live as their grandmothers lived. They are no longer dependent on men financially. They find they can earn their own money, spend it as they please, and be independent. They decide to be clerks, workers in homes and factories, teachers, nurses, physicians, stenographers, and business managers. They want to lead instead of being led.

But while the liberties granted women are a blessing if rightly used, they may become a curse if they cause her to look with scorn on her mission in the home. God created the woman to be a helper for man — his counterpart, each to supplement the other.

The highest and most worthy calling of woman is in the home, as a wife and mother. Circumstances may prevent one from sharing this honor; but she must not therefore conclude that in being useful and making her way in the

world alone, she occupies a higher, more exalted position than the home toiler.

There are unmarried women such as Whittier describes in his "Snowbound,"

"Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome wheresoe'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home."

But the lonely, homeless life is not ideal. To be the queen of a home, to be the companion and helper of a noble, kingly man, is the highest gift within woman's reach.

Every young woman recognizes that marriage is a possibility, and therefore it is right for her to prepare for this relationship. This preparation will not make her less acceptable as a worker in different lines of industry. It will not detract from her charm and womanliness. No young woman can foretell what the future may hold for her. While she may not determine that she will marry at all hazards, yet it is proper to cherish the instincts that are the basis of every true woman's life.

One young woman in Los Angeles, California, decided she would rather be useful than to shine in society. She folded her party gowns, tucked her curls under a nurse's cap, and went to work in a maternity hospital. This is what she said after she had proved to be so efficient she was

placed in charge of night nursing in the institution:

"It is fascinating work," she said as she trotted a whimpering baby on her knee.

"I'm a hundred times happier than I was before I knew what work meant. I feel like a real person, doing my share of the world's work. I especially like this hospital, because it takes us into the neighborhood so much, and we have a chance to bring help and a little sunshine into the lives of the poor.

"I work all night now — the hardest kind of work. And I enjoy it.

"Before I came here, I used to dance all night. And I was getting bored. All I did when I danced was to get cross and cranky. Now, when daylight comes I can go to sleep, with a clear mind and the satisfying feeling that I've done something for others who needed me.

"My father prophesied I wouldn't last a week. When I packed my suit case and left home, my mother shook her head. But I find, now I've made good, they're as proud of me as though I were a boy.

"My friends tried to make me stop by dropping me. They didn't telephone me, and they didn't invite me to parties. But I stood pat, and now all sorts of girls come to see me, and I'm getting quite a few of them interested in settlement work.

"I think society is too speedy now, anyway. No girl can devote herself exclusively to society, with its eternal tangos and mad rush, and not lose her freshness and her joy of life.

"It's work that keeps people young and happy. I wish every girl I know could find something to do and go at it seriously."

Girlhood and early womanhood is the time of preparation for the life to follow. The forward-looking girl will fit herself for the duties that await her. Our sensible young woman will guard her health of mind and body. Her hands will be

trained to work,—to cook, to sew, to do general housework. She can be her mother's and father's efficient assistant. There would be fewer divorces if so many girls did not marry quite unprepared for the obligations that supplement the wedding day.

But whether in a home of her own or in that of another, the girl who would win success and admiration,—above all, the one who would be useful,—is the one that “can do things.”

A young woman may be a graduate from college, she may be proficient in music and art, but a time will come when she will wish she knew how to do the common work of common life and do it well.

We may live without poetry, music, and art;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart;
We may live without friends; we may live without books;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.

—Owen Meredith.

This is not saying that a young woman should do without an education, without music or art; but, rather, that the sensible girl will put “first things first.” While still at home, she will learn the art of homemaking, how to be useful, how to care for others.

Her mother will be the wisest and kindest teacher in the world, and working together creates a bond of fellowship between mother and daughter which is both enjoyable and lasting.

But if there is no mother, or if, unfortunately, her education as a homemaker has been

neglected, daughter may learn from books, by experience, and from other sources, the proper methods in home-craft. If there is no other way, she can go to some wise woman and ask to be taught.

William A. McKeever has said:

“Go where you will throughout the length and breadth of this fair land of ours, and I challenge you to find among the children of men a more pleasing picture than that of a smiling, rosy-cheeked girl garbed in a neat, loose-fitting house dress and a dainty white apron, while with a snowy towel in her hand, she is engaged in drying the dinner dishes.

“It is much to be regretted that we do not give its just measure of honor and praise to home life. There is certainly need of a great poet or artist who will divert the attention of many young girls from the airy phantoms which they are now chasing, and help them to fix their affections upon things that make for more substantial character.”

Boys are usually trained for practical life. Dudley plans to be a farmer, a blacksmith, a mechanic, or a teacher. Why should not Gladys and Beulah plan for the work of their choice, keeping in mind, however, the possible husband and children? There is no business under the sun that a woman of the right sort will not forsake for a loving home and wifely cares. Her first thought, therefore, will be to qualify thoroughly as a good wife and mother; then she will add other graces and accomplishments according to taste, means, and opportunity.

“Live for something, have a purpose,
And that purpose keep in view;
Drifting like a helmless vessel,
Thou canst ne’er to life be true.

Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean,
If some star had been their guide,
Might have now been safely riding;
But they drifted with the tide."

There are lessons taught by the life of Alice Freeman Palmer. As a child, she was a poor farmer's daughter. She was "first aid" to her dauntless mother, and was her father's companion and friend.

In her girlhood, few women obtained a college education. She broached the subject to her father one evening, and he looked at her in amazement.

"Why, daughter," he said, "a little more Latin and mathematics won't make you a better homemaker! Why should you set your heart on this thing?"

"I must go, father," she answered steadily. "It is not a sudden notion; I have realized, for a long time, that I cannot live my life — the life that I feel I have it within me to live — without this training. I want to be a teacher — the best kind of teacher — just as you wanted to be a doctor."

And to college she went. She met obstacles, disappointments, privations, but conquered all. She taught with ever-increasing success till she became the beloved president of Wellesley College. For six years as "Princess of Wellesley," she ruled her kingdom wisely. She raised the standard of work, enlisted the interest and support of those who could help, added to buildings

and equipment, and won the enthusiastic cooperation of students, faculty, and public. Then, one day, she left others to go on with the work she had begun. She married Professor George Herbert Palmer, of Harvard, and (quite in the manner of fiction tales) "lived happily ever after."

"What a disappointment," some of her friends said, "that a woman of such unusual powers and gifts should deliberately leave such a field of usefulness to shut herself up in a single home!"

"There is nothing better than the making of a true home," said Alice Freeman Palmer. "I shall not be shut away from the concerns of others, but more truly a part of them; 'for love is fellow-service,' I believe."

Her home became an inspiration and pattern for other homes. Mrs. Palmer gave herself without stint to the betterment of other lives. She never worried. She lived one day at a time without "looking before and after." Her supreme test of life and of education was its "consecrated serviceableness." Her example is worthy of imitation.

DUTY TO PARENTS

Sometimes a girl's mother is her biggest problem. Likewise the daughter is a problem to the mother. They look at matters from different viewpoints. Some one has said:

"When a baseball team isn't playing a good game, when a quartet isn't singing well, when a parade isn't moving smoothly, some one from the crowd is likely to call out, 'Get together, there; get together!' It's slangy, but it has the right meaning. And when I see a mother who isn't interested, or is too busy, or can't understand; when I see a daughter who is pretty, and headstrong, and full of wild youth; when I see them playing the game unskillfully, or getting the music wrong, I want to call out, loud enough for them to hear, '*Get together!*'"

It is a human tragedy when mother and daughter living under one roof, find themselves in different worlds.

A girl once said to Marion Harland, "When I am in doubt as to the right or wrong of any course, I ask myself, 'Can I tell mother what I mean to do?' If I am not willing to talk it over with her, I know there is something wrong about it."

There is an old statute on the Law Book which still stands: "Honor thy father and thy mother." And this obligation is binding in youth as in childhood. Daughters are in debt to their parents. They have no right to rule the house, to laugh at father and mother as old-fashioned, and to pay no respect to their wishes or counsel.

It has been truly said: "Insolence is always ugly, and disrespect to parents is always wrong. No one can be more cruel than a full-grown girl."

"Is father's eyesight growing dim,
His form a little lower?
Is mother's hair a little gray,
Her step a little slower?"

Is life's hill growing hard to climb?
Make not their pathway steeper;
Smooth out the furrows on their brows —
Oh, do not make them deeper!

“There's nothing makes a face so young
As joy, youth's fairest token;
And nothing makes a face grow old
Like hearts that have been broken.
Much have thy parents borne for thee;
Be now their tender keeper,
And let them lean upon thy love —
Don't make the wrinkles deeper.”

“I never expect to eat cookies as good as yours, mother,” said a middle-aged woman; and she was shocked when she saw mother's delight at her words, for she remembered she had not spoken in years of the comfort and skill which had filled her girlhood with pleasure.

“How pretty you look in that dress, mother!” coming from daughter, will thrill the mother heart with joy.

In *one* family (Can you give the name?), it was mother who went without a new dress when it was sadly needed, that daughter might have a new suit. It was mother who stayed at home to look after the house while the young folks went to the lecture or concert. Somebody found her, after hunting a long time, on the attic stairs, having a lonesome cry all by herself. In this family, a council was called, and a law was made that whenever it was possible for mother to have a good time, she was to “run away” and have it, and the family would abide the consequences.

Daughters do not mean to be selfish, but mother has so long given up her own pleasure for them that they — well, let us say they *forget* she is human and would enjoy a lecture, an outing, a visit, or a new gown.

And father — what of him? He may not say much, but some daughters fail to treat him and his opinions with the respect that is his due.

It is father who carried daughter on his shoulder, told her stories, and bought her toys, in her early childhood. It was he who wore the threadbare suit or went without an overcoat, that she might have clothes, and pleasures, and schooling.

It is father who feels for his wayward child; and in secret, the tears course down his cheeks, as he thinks of his daughter's waywardness. What reward does he receive for all his sacrifice and toil? How it would cheer his heart to hear a few words of appreciation, to feel a pair of soft arms round his neck, and an occasional kiss on his cheek, when daughter does not wish to ask for some favor she fears he will think he cannot provide.

There are times when daughters are away from home. How greatly they are missed they cannot know. Then is the time to write the long, newsy letters which will bring such delight to the parents.

One girl while in school had not written to her mother for a month. It was a time when a deadly epidemic was abroad in the land, and

great anxiety was felt by the parents lest their daughter had been stricken. A telegram was sent, and then came this letter:

"Dear Mother: Why did you send that night letter? Of course I am well, but have been too busy to write. So much has been happening here — boys' reception, and other exciting things. Wore the new dress you sent me.

"The girls are waiting for me to play tennis, so I do not have time to write more now.

"Hastily,
"Alice.

"P. S. I need at least twelve dollars at once for a pair of new shoes.

"A."

In another home, a mother was waiting for a letter. She felt sure it would come, for Dorothy was faithful in writing every week. Nor was she disappointed. She found a long and loving missive, which read:

"'Mother o' mine': Only one more month, and I shall be with you again. I can just imagine myself watching for you to come up the path at night. But until then, mother dear, the best I can do is to send you a letter. I wish I could meet the man who invented letter writing. Just think of all the pleasure we have had these three years in writing and receiving letters!

"Mother dear, 'spring o' the year' is here. There is a perfect medley outdoors — the dance of the leaves, automobiles honking, myriad bugs, perfume of apple blossoms, flashes of bluebirds, laughter of children, balmy breezes, beckoning boughs, sunshine and shadow, rakes and hoes, and the urge of the open air. It is not the easiest thing in the world to attend to studies these days; but when I remember how you have worked for me in all kinds of weather, I decide that I must succeed. Of course I go out as often as I can, for I want to be well and strong when I come back to you.

"Now for the big news: All arrangements are completed for me to teach school at home next year! Can you imagine all that means? I shall be at home with you all the year, and you will not need to work so hard. I did not dare tell you all this till it was definitely settled. Isn't it wonderful?"

"I am so glad I have been in a school the past three years where high ideals are held before us. Last night our preceptress gave us a little talk on 'Look up, not down; look forward, not backward; and you shall find that which you seek — happiness.' That must account for your happiness, mother; for I could not help thinking that you have always done just that.

"God bless you, and repay you for all your love to me.

"Lovingly, as ever,

"Dorothy."

And the letter writing to dear ones at home should not cease when daughters have homes of their own.

A minister's wife had a book handed her one evening, and she thought she would spend the quiet time reading it. But as she opened the book, she remembered that was the evening to write to her parents, for it had been her custom for years to send them a long, interesting letter each week. She was tempted to delay; but her heart whispered, "You will not have them always." She closed the book and began her letter. A few days later the reply came; and as she read, how grateful she felt that she had written home instead of reading the interesting book! The mother's letter follows:

"Our dear, dear Child:

"Father and I had a rather dull day yesterday. It rained so hard he couldn't attend to anything outside. I was a trifle upset for me; nothing for you to worry about,

just a slight attack of grip, but it kept me on the couch, and I couldn't read aloud to father. He hates to read aloud himself, you know. We fell to talking about you, of your first day at school, and how proud you were of your new hair ribbons and your first lunch basket. I remember there was a little turnover hot from the oven in it.

"Then somehow we didn't talk any more for quite a while, and the rain beat on the windows, and the old clock ticked so slowly it seemed to be going to sleep. Along toward five o'clock father seemed to get restless. He kept getting up and going to the window. I didn't say anything, but we were both thinking of your letter, which was due.

"There, I just heard the train whistle. Didn't you, mother?"

"Yes," I said; "the mail will be in in a few minutes."

"Father went over to the corner cupboard and took out his overshoes.

"Are you going to the village in all this rain?" said I.

"It's let up a good deal," said he, putting on the rubbers.

"Why don't you send Hiram?" I asked.

"Well, you know, mother, I set store on seeing that letter lying in the box, and I like to have it handed out to me and drive home with it in my pocket. I keep thinking all the way what a good time we'll have reading it together. Katherine's a good girl. She never forgets us."

"The next hour seemed short to me, thinking of the treat that was coming; and when I heard the wheels coming up the lane, I almost forgot about the grip, getting the lamp lighted. We thought we'd have supper before we read the letter, because so long as we had it right in hand, it sort of made us happier to wait a bit. So afterward, when father had put another log on the hearth and was all settled in his chair, I drew up my little rocker under the light and managed to read it to him. I was pretty husky, but we didn't either of us mind that.

"Katherine, that was the best letter you ever, ever wrote. We laughed till we cried over your reading the Bible to old Mrs. Cook, and then walking off with her pocketbook. You always were absent-minded. But it was a funny thing for a pastor's wife to do, and we knew just how embarrassed you must have felt when you went back with it after prayer

meeting. And before we finished, we cried the other sort of tears, right from the heart, over the sweet, loving words you said of your old father and mother. God bless you, dear! You turned a dreary day into a bright and happy one. I'm much better to-day, although I did not venture out to church. Love from both of us.

“Your affectionate

“Mother.”

“THAT GOOD PART”

The young women of to-day will be the wives and mothers of to-morrow. While they are qualifying themselves for any position to which they may be called, one very important preparation is sometimes not taken into account.

Rosalie's experience as a Christian had been unsatisfactory. She confided to Aunt Millie the story of her failure:

“You see, my religion disappoints me. I joined the church, and thought I had given my heart to Christ, but I never understood what that meant. I go to church, I try to do right, but I can't see that religion makes things different. I suppose I don't go at it right.”

“There's but one way to do it, dear. Were you sincere in your wish to belong to the Lord, and willing to surrender all to Him?” Aunt Millie spoke very tenderly.

“Oh, yes! At least, I thought I was, auntie. I suppose it was because I didn't know how to give myself that it has been such a failure.” Rosalie looked downcast, but her aunt picked up her sewing and asked briskly, “How did your rehearsal go last night?”

“Lovely,” the girl responded. “This recital is going to be the best we've ever given.”

“That's encouraging,” and Aunt Millie nodded approvingly. “It must make you musicians happy to accomplish so much with so little effort.”

Her niece stared with wide eyes. “How can you say that, auntie? We work almost all the time. I've practiced

hours daily, and have given up almost every sort of good time this term. Not that I mind," she added hastily. "The music is worth it; and the knowledge that I'm acquiring will be a joy to me after all the parties and festivals are long forgotten."

"Why should you work so hard over your music, girly? You don't expect to teach; your father is amply able to care for you. It seems too much for your parents to expect you to endure such drudgery."

"If anybody but you said that, auntie, I'd scold." Even as it was, Rosalie's eyes snapped. "I love music too well to trifle with it; and if you want to succeed, you simply have to give yourself to it with all your heart. You don't call it drudgery when you love it."

"But, Rosalie dear, I understood you to say that you didn't know how to give yourself; that you had tried, and failed to understand the way this was accomplished."

The girl caught her breath; then she asked suddenly, "Is it the same, auntie?"

"The very same, my child. 'Give yourself to it with all your heart.' You couldn't have described it better."

"But, auntie, I love music so!"

"And not your Saviour?"

"Oh, I do, indeed I do! But somehow I feel so far away from Him — as if I were not acquainted."

"Child, do you ever get acquainted by keeping your distance? Did you and Dellice, whom you so dearly love, know each other at first as you do now? Did your affection develop through silence and absence, or through daily companionship?"

"The latter, of course, auntie."

"Then can't you draw the comparison? Two of my friends went to hear Paderewski play. One was overwhelmed with the beauty and brilliancy of his playing; the other thought our town teacher played better."

"Auntie, you can't mean it!" Rosalie's face looked horrified.

"Yes, dear. One critic had 'given herself' to the study of music and knew how to appreciate an artist. The other had never 'got acquainted.' It shocks you to hear of such ignorance; but there is a more important study than music,

a greater Master to whom you can give yourself than Beethoven or Liszt. But it is done the same way, my child."

The girl fixed her eyes on the work done by the slender fingers of her aunt, but she did not see it. Her thoughts were busy elsewhere, and auntie prayed that the puzzling problem might be solved. Rosalie sat up straight at last. "Aunt Millie, I see it. I was foolish not to know before. I just have to live it out, don't I?"

"Yes, dear. Just live it out. Show your love for your Saviour as you show your love for music, by being willing to make sacrifices for it, by letting it dominate your work and pursuits. Take my word for it, Rosalie, it is never our Lord who is 'far away' from us. We are the wanderers from Him, and the best way to lessen the dreary distance is to give ourselves unreservedly to Him."

"I see, auntie. Wasn't it Peter who once followed Him 'afar off'?"

"Yes, dear; and many Peters since then have done the same sad thing."

The girl bestowed on her aunt a clinging kiss. "I'm going to begin at once," she said with determination. "I've got a glimpse of possibilities and needs. O Aunt Millie, I feel as if I'd lost a heavy burden since talking with you!"

Auntie smiled. "It won't be altogether easy, dear child," she warned her; "but it is worth the struggle, and there is always the 'armor of God' for soldiers of the cross."

"I'll remember, and thank you!" exclaimed Rosalie.

Two months later there was another visit. "I'm glad to be back," she declared. "I've missed you greatly, auntie. Did you have a good time?"

"Lovely, dear. Did you?"

Rosalie slowly nodded assent. "Yes, I did, auntie. It hasn't always been easy, as you said, but it has already paid for what it cost — the effort, I mean."

"Of course, my child. Tell me all about it."

"It began the evening you went away," said Rosalie. "We had a rehearsal that night. I'd no idea my new discovery would be needed there, because you know if there is anything I try to be faithful about, it is my music. Ella Carey was there. She'd been absent three weeks, and anybody knows that no player in an amateur orchestra can miss

that many rehearsals and then perform soon after in an important recital. I certainly was angry when I saw her. We all were. We knew her mother had been very sick, but that didn't make Ella play any better. Excuses can never take the place of hard work, Aunt Millie."

"True enough. Always remember that," smiled the listener.

"I will," Rosalie agreed. "Anyway, I realized it hard and fast enough that night, and was so provoked at Ella's presumption that it would have done me good had Professor Chambers flung his baton at her when she made a dreadful break right in the middle of our gorgeous overture. He was angry, too; his eyes snapped as he rapped for order and made us start all over. If you'll believe it, she did the same thing again in the same place. Her violin fairly howled in discord.

"I won't bother you with all the harrowing details, but it finally occurred to me that I was not giving myself to the Lord while feeling so unkindly to one of His children. That sobered me, I tell you, after all my good resolutions. Early next morning, I went to Ella's; and I stayed with her all forenoon. We practiced together, and smoothed everything out straight and fine, and mastered all the catchy places. She declares she will never forget it—that I saved her from being dropped and disappointing her father and mother. They are so ambitious for her, and she hasn't had a fair show. Anyway, she has played beautifully ever since, and Professor Chambers beams instead of glowers.

"That's the way I learned that giving ourselves to God means giving ourselves to His creatures who need us. I've found lots of ways to do it since.

"The next day, it was Brother Ted. He's been such a trial to me, auntie, with his teasing and his loud voice. His songs were regular thorns in my flesh—not one thorn, but heaps, like pins in a dressmaker's cushion. I've snubbed him unmercifully most of his life. I did it conscientiously, because I thought it was the only way to keep him even as moderate as he was. But one day when I heard him picking out his dreadful ragtime on the piano, with one finger, it occurred to me to wonder how I'd feel if I didn't know how and nobody took any interest in me. Surely if I was giving myself to Christ, Ted ought to get a little benefit of it.

"Aunt Millie, maybe you think ragtime never did any good; but I believe it may, *sometimes*. I just swept that boy off the stool, and played his rollicking tangle as if I loved every horrid note. Then I played it again, and half a dozen others. You can't guess the reward I've had. We're good comrades already, and Ted acts as though he really loved his crosspatch sister.

"Yes, indeed. I'm playing ragtime regularly; but he asked for one of my sonatas last night, and listened as though he loved it all the way through. 'It's different, isn't it, sis — and better?' he said after I had finished. 'Could I ever learn?' So there's no telling but he may be a Paderewski himself some day. Stranger things have happened.

"Then there's mother, bless her, and dear old dad. I've imposed on them all sorts of ways — taking everything and giving nothing. But I shan't any more. Mother and I hobnob cozily over the mending basket, or dad rests his tired eyes while I read aloud, and improve my own mind with his favorite Emerson and Ruskin. I'm afraid I'd never have read them for myself under the shining sun; but I'm catching some sparks of wisdom, which I hope will stick fast.

"Next my girl chums — every one has some need I can help to meet; and our boy friends, who are a great responsibility. Auntie, the chances are everywhere. I wouldn't stop living for anything now. Life is more interesting than I ever dreamed it could be, though I have always had a pretty good time.

"I'm not boasting. I haven't done half what I ought; but I'm seeing the glimmer of sunrise, and I hope to see high noon some day."

"You think you are really His, my child?" Aunt Millie's question was solemnly put, but the girlish face glowed happily.

"I don't think, auntie; I *know* it. I'm giving my life anew to Him every day; and there isn't any doubt about His having accepted me, unworthy as I am."

"Then you've made His acquaintance? You know Him as your friend?"

Rosalie bowed her head reverently. "Yes, auntie, I know Him — my best and dearest Friend."—"Young People."

Every young woman may have Rosalie's experience in finding the joy and satisfaction of true living. To each the Saviour will be the personal, ever-present, loving Friend.

I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !
He loved me ere I knew Him :
He drew me with the cords of love,
And thus He bound me to Him.
And round my heart still closely twine
Those ties that naught can sever,
For I am His, and He is mine,
Forever and forever.

I've found a Friend ; oh, such a Friend !
So kind, and true, and tender,
So wise a Counselor and Guide,
So mighty a Defender.
From Him, who loveth me so well,
What power my soul can sever ?
Shall life or death, or earth or hell ?
No ; I am His forever.

— *J. G. Small.*

CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

“THAT OUTWARD ADORNING”

“**I** SUPPOSE you will say that I think too much about dress,” said a young woman to a friend. “You see, my engagement with the dressmaker put everything else out of my head,” she added in apology for having neglected a duty.

“No, I shall not say you think too much of dress,” was the reply. “I believe we do not think half enough about it.”

The astonished girl gazed at the plain, practical woman before her. “I thought surely you would say it is a waste of time, and that women are weak-minded if they give much thought to what they wear,” she slowly said.

“I believe one may think too much about it; but it all depends on *how* we think of our clothes, and the value we place upon them,” said her friend. “We may be idolaters, and worship dress as verily as a heathen bows down to an image. Sometimes we endure great suffering, deprive ourselves of health, wealth, peace of mind, comfort, and make ourselves and others miserable, by bowing down to the goddess Fashion. There is a demand for earnest, sensible consideration of the question of clothes by those who would not worship at this false shrine.”

Those who are wise will manifest good sense on this important subject. There is cause for

regret and alarm as the multitude are seen slavishly following any custom of fashion, no matter how indecent or shocking.

Viscountess Astor, the first woman to become a member of the British Parliament, deals with the subject of dress in a popular magazine under the heading,—

“WOMEN SHOULD DRESS DECENTLY”

“This opens up such a large field that I hardly know where to begin, but I hope I shall not be thought frivolous if I speak about dress. Man has a great argument against us there, and rightly. Every woman likes to look neat, and to be becomingly dressed. Even men like that; but women often do not stop there. We talk glibly of young girls’ being lured to their doom by wicked men; but before we lay the whole blame on the men, let us think for a moment whether we are always blameless.

“Too often immodest dressing is a heavy contributor to immorality. If more women realize this, they will give up the more alluring fashions, as thousands of men have given up drink for the same cause.

“Don’t forget that the fashions are often led by women whose very livelihood depends on calling attention to their physical charms, and thousands of modest, high-minded women follow in the wake, quite unconscious of what they are doing. Let us therefore look into this question of dress, and try, at the least, to appear as decent and modest as men in our clothes.”

Is it not surprising that men are more modest and sensible in their clothing than women? Modesty is supposed to be one of the chief charms of womanhood; and it is astonishing to know that prevailing styles have led women to lose that charm, and to imitate those who have fallen from purity and virtue.

Dr. Talmage once declared :

"Men are as much the idolaters of fashion as women, but they sacrifice on a different part of the altar. With men, the fashion goes to cigars, clubhouses, yachting parties, and banquets. In the United States, men chew and smoke millions of dollars' worth of tobacco every year. That is their fashion."

And now, not content with their own extravagance and folly, women are more and more imitating the fashions of men. According to a statement made by D. H. Kress, M. D.,

"Girls possess the same cravings that boys do for tobacco. The only thing that has in the past saved them from smoking cigarettes is public prejudice. Let this be removed, and millions of nervous women will find in the cigarette just what they have been longing for."

And when cigarette smoking becomes "the style," women will adopt it as quickly as other styles. Conscience, health, children, will not be considered. The motto is constantly adhered to, "As well be out of the world as out of fashion."

There are right principles in dress which sensible, thoughtful women will adopt. First in importance is dressing for health. "Is not the body more than raiment?" is still a question, though modern fashion declares that raiment is of more value than the body.

Clothes were given us on account of sin. Is it not an evidence of our perversity that that which should be our shame has become our pride?

Adam and Eve sewed fig leaves together and made themselves a scanty covering. But the

Creator saw that more than an "apron" was necessary, so He made "coats of skins, and clothed them." No sheer, transparent, abbreviated dress met His approval. That which was substantial and afforded protection was substituted. As the first man and woman looked at their garments, they remembered that their own sin brought death, and that only the death of Christ could save them from its consequences.

Clothing gives warmth and comfort to the body. In a steam-heating system, it is unnecessary to cover the engine so it may retain heat; but the long pipes that convey the steam to different buildings require wrappings to conserve the heat, that warmth may be furnished where needed.

So in dressing the body: the parts nearest the heart need least clothing, while the limbs require more. Men generally clothe their limbs equably; but women often load the trunk with warm wraps and furs, and chill the extremities by inadequate dressing.

If the garments are worn loosely, they will not compress the body, nor will it be hindered in its movements. Neither should clothes be burdensome because of their weight. If all clothing is suspended from the shoulders instead of the waist and the hips, it will add to the comfort, freedom, and health of the wearer.

Not so long ago it was fashionable to constrict the waist by tight, stiff corsets. Happily this custom has sufficiently changed so that women

may wear their dresses loose and still be counted well dressed. The clothing is also lighter in weight. It is no longer thought necessary to wear three or four wide, heavy skirts. Perhaps one extreme has followed another, the skirts worn later being so thin as not to give sufficient warmth.

With the heavy skirts, the long, trailing dresses also disappeared. These were once dragged through the streets till they were abominably filthy, and a constant menace to health. But as long as they were fashionable, they were worn; and if "in style," they would be worn again. There are few indeed who dare disregard Fashion's decree.

EXPENSIVE DRESS

One sound principle to be followed is, to avoid extravagance in dress. Pride leads to display, and garments are multiplied and made expensive to gratify the vanity of the wearer. This propensity leads to dishonesty. The husband's credit is overdrawn, and merchants and dressmakers are not paid. Women sometimes steal to gratify their pride. When love of dress is indulged at the cost of character, when temptation is constantly before women and girls that they may wear finer clothes than they can afford, it is time to call a halt.

One popular writer for women computes that the capital invested in the indulgence of personal vanity equals half the wealth of the world.

It is both foolish and wicked for women to rush to the shops with every changing season to buy some new novelty which is absolutely unnecessary, simply that they may be arrayed in the latest fashion.

The time is here and now for sensible women to dress sensibly and within their income. They have a right to appear beautiful and attractive in their clothes, to have what is necessary for comfort and protection if it can be afforded; but we may well pause before indulging a craving for showy, unnecessary articles, especially when we remember that others will imitate our example *if it is wrong*.

DRESS IN EDUCATIONAL INSTITUTIONS

Our schools foster pride and extravagance by permitting lavish display in dress at commencement exercises. Parents, already heavily burdened, must provide party dresses, class-night and graduation gowns, and all the accessories, which make a total expense that can ill be afforded. But they dislike to disappoint their children, so the outfit is secured.

But in some schools, the question of graduation dress has been studied, and the graduates have decided to wear uniform frocks, which would not be so expensive as to be beyond the reach of the poorer students. In one prominent school, the principal wrote to the mothers, urging them to discuss the matter of dress with their daughters, so they might be able to choose

wisely. The girls appointed a committee to select a suitable costume, and the young women made their own dresses. The material for each cost five dollars. This example is worthy of imitation.

FREAK FASHIONS

In tropical climates, the people wear very little clothing. Some esteem a girdle sufficient covering, but civilized people regard nakedness as improper and indecent.

The past few years, costumes have become more and more daring; and fashion dictates that instead of being modest and for protection, the dress must be conspicuous because of its immodesty and exposure of the form. Fashionable models are exhibited with the back naked to the waist line. The arms are bare, the throat and the chest uncovered.

Meanwhile skirts have grown shorter and shorter.* Women wriggle about in "tubes," for it is impossible for them to walk naturally. Finally "knee length" skirts came into fashion. Will they grow more and more scant and short? The lower limbs are barely covered by silk stockings so sheer that it is difficult to say if they are covered at all; and finally no stockings at all was the fashion, or if any were worn, they were folded at the top, thus leaving the knees exposed. With such costumes, expensive shoes were demanded, pointed at the toe, and with such high,

* Just now there is a change to longer skirts. How long it may last no one knows. Another freak in fashions may be born to-morrow. This book deals with principles entirely.— *Editor*.

narrow heels that it was impossible to walk with ease. The time may come when women who call themselves civilized will imitate the uncivilized savage in undress as far as the law will allow.

These immodest and indecent fashions have an influence on all grades of society. Bare chests, backs, and limbs are seen on the street, in business offices, everywhere. At first, people looked and gasped, then they tolerated, then imitated. It seems unnecessary to say that while being shockingly immodest, the dress described is most unhealthful and inconvenient.

A MONARCH AND THE SLIT SKIRT

King Albert of Belgium is strongly and rightly opposed to the freak fashions in woman's dress, and he evidently spares no pains to make his antipathy widely known. At a court ball, King Albert noticed a woman wearing a slit skirt of a most pronounced type. He immediately whispered instructions in the ears of the court marshal. The latter performed a delicate and disagreeable task in the following manner: Offering the woman his arm, he led her from the ballroom, remarking, "His majesty has noticed that you have torn your dress, and has requested me to escort you to your carriage to enable you to return home for repairs."

What is the effect morally of such costuming? Let a young college man answer:

"I rarely pick up a woman's magazine nowadays without seeing an article on the double standard of morals. They are all the same, essentially, and their common line of

thought runs about like this: When a boy baby is born, he is just as soft and sweet and clean as his baby sister. His soul is just as pure and his mind as unsullied as hers. His body is just as beautiful and holy as hers. Why, then, should she be brought up to regard her body as sacred and her procreative power a thing to be revered and held in submission for its normal and natural purposes, while he is allowed to get his sex instruction from the street and grow up with the idea that the things that are morally wrong for his sister are natural rights of his? Then the plea comes for a single standard of morals for the boy and his sister.

"This is all very true and very good. I should not care to criticize it for a single minute, for it may be the leaven working for a great reform. I do know this to be true: The boy will never grow up as pure as his sister, because his sister and the other fellow's sister will not let him. Perhaps that sounds strange, but I believe I can prove my case.

"I am a boy myself, a twenty-five-year-old boy, and I can speak from my own experience and the experience of dozens of other boys whom I have known and have come into intimate contact with in college and high school. Boys are not immoral at heart as a rule. Most of the boys I have known respect womanhood; and manhood, and try earnestly to keep themselves mentally and morally clean. And it is hard sledding, too. First of all, there is the ever-present, ever-functioning sex instinct. Then there are the stories and illustrations, even in the high-class magazines, that border always on the immoral and suggestive. With these we can class the movies and most theatrical performances. Finally comes the thing that to most of us is the biggest stumbling-block, the manner in which our women friends clothe themselves. As I have said, I am twenty-five years old, and I have kept myself as clean physically as any girl that has ever lived. Mentally I am unclean. Why? Because the women I know will not let me be clean. They are good girls, I know; tall and straight and strong, clear-eyed and red-cheeked, wonderfully alive and full of good health and good spirits. I know that such physically perfect specimens of womanhood could not have lived or thought wrongly, for they have the hall-marks of clean living and clean thinking written all over them. I respect them all, but still they constitute my moral problem. . . .

"They are in our classes, and we meet them constantly on the campus and the streets of the town. They are an ever-present and indispensable feature of all our social functions.

"Wherever we go we find them, clad in their waists of net or gauzelike silk that show bare arms, bare shoulders, and lingerie. Their skirts are short and light, and every passing breeze exposes to the knees daintily turned limbs clad in the sheerest of silk or lisle hose which are often striped or marked in other conspicuous ways. Very often the girl miscalculates the capacity of her skirts (let us give her the benefit of the doubt), and her form stands silhouetted in our bright Western sun as that of a classic dancer in her draperies would be. This is not alone true of the college girls or girls of college age, but even the little girls of high school age.

"What is a fellow going to do? We don't go around looking for these things, but we cannot help seeing them. No matter how much one may respect a girl, it is an effort for him to keep his thoughts from straying when she exposes too much of her body in the way she does. . . .

"I know, from the contact I have had with so many college boys, that the sensual thing about woman's dress is that it neither conceals nor discloses the body of the wearer. It is designed to show as much as society will allow, and the psychological tendency to complete in the mind an object that is imperfectly seen does the rest. It is the imagination that is called into play that does the havoc. . . .

"My 'roomie' has said many a time when his moral going was rocky: 'The way these girls dress! If they are going to wear clothes at all why don't they wear enough to cover themselves up!'"—*American Motherhood.*"

It is not only the religious press and the educators of the country that speak in condemnation of the styles of dress that have become so conspicuous in their daring and suggestiveness, but men and women of the world are voicing their protest in the secular press. They see in the immodest dressing a menace and a symptom

of the deadening of the conscience, and a depreciation of character of which the dress is only a symptom and not the disease itself.

Of the protests which one may read, a sample is quoted from the Los Angeles daily *Times* of February 8, 1921, from an editorial which makes this shocking arraignment:

“We had supposed that the decadence obvious in the sartorial modes for society women reached its limit last year, and that a saner and more decent sense of propriety would evince itself in the revulsion of public taste. But the tendency to bizarre indecency has increased, so that now we are offered in our public ballrooms the spectacle of criminal impropriety,—of women’s bare legs and painted knees, of naked backs and lewdly veiled bosoms, of transparent skirts and suggestive nudity, of decorated flesh and vulgar exposure generally,—this sort of thing that has ever preceded the downfall of civilizations. It has no relation whatever to the nudity of innocence, as is perfectly obvious with one glance at the type of dancing women that affects these disgusting extremes, for their whole deportment is so entirely in accord with their scant covering and nastily conceived exposures. They are brazenly inviting a certain kind of attention, and they get only the sort of attention they invite. They are degrading all womanhood with their shamelessness, at a time when the more worthy of their sex have striven to win and deserve that respect which should rightfully be theirs.

“The people are all overwhelmed with the appalling crime wave that has beset the world,—not only by murders, robberies, and holdups, but by the ghastly increase in marital unfaithfulness which clogs the divorce courts, and the attacks against women and girls which have become a daily department of the news.

“The incredible and loathsome conditions cannot be overstated. They are widespread, staggering in their viciousness. And we unhesitatingly declare that the preposterous vulgarity and criminal impropriety of that vastly increasing number of women who adopt these indecent modes for ‘party

gowns' is, if not responsible for the dirty conditions, at least a large and important factor. And it is deplorable that, as the extremists jump from extreme to extreme, the presumably decent women follow. They are slower to adopt the full measure of indecency, but each season finds them 'conservatively' following at a respectful distance, so that the modes for decent women to-day were the extremes of indecency a few short seasons back. . . .

"The modern unchastity of women's clothes, the crude, lewd, wholly indefensible appeal to man's lowest instincts, the deliberate trading on the unclean and lustful side of human nature, is, we repeat, a basic cause of that widespread dishonor and crime that are polluting civilization to-day.

"Surely there are enough decent, intelligent, noble-minded women left to halt this mad craze for criminal impropriety. Surely they can and will take the lead for purity, decency, and honor, rather than be content to follow at long distance the road which leads to nothing but degradation for all humanity. Women, and only women, can halt this mad delirium, this hideous craving for attention at any cost, at all costs. Where can it end, except in utter degradation, not only for their own sex, but for their husbands and their sons?"

A woman who had taught school for over thirty years gives some interesting information with reference to how she judged the character of her pupils. "When a new scholar was introduced," she says, "I always looked first at her dress. If that was plain, neat, and tidy, I was confident I had good material to work with. Our school was so expensive that none but the daughters of the wealthy could possibly enter it; so when a young lady came to the classroom in a plain dress, I was sure it was because of her idea of the fitness of things. This argued common sense. Common sense is always in direct antagonism to vanity; and where there is no

vanity, there is seldom self-consciousness. So, you see, a plain dress came to mean a great deal to me. I learned never to expect anything from a girl whose school dress was of silk or velvet.

"I shall always retain the impression made upon me by a quiet little body in a blue flannel dress. She came from one of the first families in wealth and culture, and was the most unobtrusive child I ever saw, as well as the most brilliant. When she told me, graduation day, that she had decided to study to be a physician, I was not in the least surprised. I was sure she would succeed, as she certainly has in the most marvelous manner. She carried off every honor, and though the girls in 'purple and fine linen' sneered at her plain attire and lack of style, there was not one who could ever compete with her."

But above all others, girls and women who profess to be Christians, should be modest and exemplary in dress. They will not be the first to adopt new styles, nor will they change their mode of dress with every freak of fashion. Perfect neatness and good taste are always in accord with Christian character. The Bible gives plain instruction to women on this point, that they may have highest authority for not patterning after the world.

"Whose adorning let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of wearing of gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the hidden man of the heart, in that which is not

corruptible, even the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which is in the sight of God of great price." 1 Peter 3:3, 4.

"In like manner also, that women adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety; not with broided hair, or gold, or pearls, or costly array; but (which becometh women professing godliness) with good works." 1 Timothy 2:9, 10.

The Twentieth Century New Testament renders the last text as follows: "I also desire that women should make themselves attractive by their discreet, quiet, and modest dress. They should not indulge in wreaths or gold ornaments for the hair, or in pearls, or expensive clothing, but,—as is proper for women who profess to be religious,—they should make themselves attractive by their good actions."

But some women who decry the fashions, injure, by their lack of order, neatness, and good taste, the cause they profess to advocate. There is no excuse for soiled garments, loose buttons, rips pinned with safety pins, slatternly, ill-fitting gowns, or anything that shows lack of care and refinement. Such attire is utterly unbecoming a lady or a Christian.

Clothes talk. They bear testimony concerning the character of those who wear them. The neat, sensibly dressed woman, even though her wardrobe may not be expensive, is attractive to those who are good judges of worth.

One young woman became aware of the fact that her clothes "preached to others." Every day, she crossed the city to her work. Somehow she seemed different from the swarm of young women who daily crowded the car. Finally the conductor approached her.

"Pardon me, madam," he began, "if I ask you a question; but every day, the neat, tasteful simplicity of your dress has attracted my attention. I am curious to know why you dress as you do."

"May I ask you a question before I answer yours?" she said pleasantly.

"Surely."

"Why do you wear that uniform?"

"Oh, I wear that to show folks that I am employed by the traction company."

"Well, I dress as I do to show all around me that I am a follower of Jesus Christ."

CHAPTER TWENTY-THREE

THRIFT AND ECONOMY

A PERSON without a home is like a ship without a haven. "O yes!" sneers one who has observed the family life of his acquaintances. "Anything but a home! Deliver me if my own must be like those of my friends."

WHY REAL HOMES ARE FEW

Many a young man fears he cannot afford to marry. He knows his earning capacity; he knows also that to keep up appearances and to meet the style of living the young woman demands, will require a larger income than he can hope to possess. There are few indeed who are willing to do without luxuries till they can afford them.

They count the cost too great to struggle till they secure a home where hearts count for more than outside glitter.

The science of doing without is unpopular in this age of the world. There are just two ways to live an independent life: one is to make money enough to cover your wants; the other is to limit the wants so but little is needed to cover them.

The wisest and wealthiest man that ever lived wrote some proverbs on thrift and good management. He was so rich that silver was unworthy a place on his table. He drank from a cup of gold. In fact, silver was not thought worthy to

be taken into account in the inventory of his riches. But though he was a multimillionaire, these were some of his maxims:

“He that loveth pleasure [or sport] shall be a poor man: he that loveth wine and oil [luxuries] shall not be rich.”

“There is treasure to be desired and oil in the dwelling of the wise; but a foolish man spendeth it up.”

“Be thou diligent to know the state of thy flocks, and look well to thy herds. [That is, attend faithfully to business.] For riches are not forever.”

“He that tilleth his land shall have plenty of bread: but he that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough.”

“Much food is in the tillage of the poor: but there is that is destroyed for want of judgment.”

“Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues [money gained by extortion and speculation] without right.”

“Better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than an house full of good cheer with strife.”

Our forefathers had two proverbs upon which they built their fortunes. The first was, “A penny saved is a penny earned.” The second was, “Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves.”

A wealthy man said to his wife, “It isn’t what you can do *with*, Maria; it’s what you can do *without*.”

A schoolgirl won first prize for a definition of thrift when she wrote, "Thrift is management of one's affairs in such a manner that the value of one's possessions is being constantly increased."

"I CAN'T AFFORD IT"

It is seldom that these words are heard. In fact, any effort to instill habits of economy and thrift is resented. The tide of extravagant spending has swept over the land, and no ebb has yet set in.

It is not only the rich who are extravagant. The price tag on any article desired is the last thing that concerns prospective buyers whether rich or poor.

Not so long ago a man and a woman entered a store on Fifth Avenue, New York, and asked to see chinchilla coats then on exhibition. These people did not seem wealthy, and the merchant hardly expected a sale. When the price was asked, the reply was,

"The price, madam, is fifteen thousand four hundred dollars, and —"

"Wrap it up," exclaimed the woman's escort, for they were even then late to the theater to which they were going.

A dealer mentioned that "moderately priced" furs were in "fairly good" demand, and when asked the price of these "moderately priced" garments, replied, "Oh, three thousand or five thousand dollar ones."

A woman, shopping one day in Los Angeles, rode in a twelve thousand dollar limousine, to the largest and most popular shop in the city. After watching manikins dressed like queens for several hours, she was measured, fitted, and gave her order. Three dresses were purchased, which cost five thousand three hundred dollars; three capes for twelve thousand five hundred dollars; an Alaska seal motor coat, two thousand five hundred dollars; a baby lamb coat at nine thousand five hundred dollars; a chinchilla coat at thirty-five thousand dollars; a sable coat, seventy-five thousand dollars,—making a total of one hundred and twenty-two thousand dollars for fur coats. Added to these were a scarf and muff of crown sable at thirty-one thousand five hundred dollars. In the bill was eleven hundred dollars for perfumes, and eighteen hats (price not quoted), making a total of nearly two hundred thousand dollars spent for clothes by one woman in one day.

That very day, poor wretches were searching garbage cans for a morsel of food in European cities. Millions in Asia were eating leaves, thistles, and grass roots. Thousands were dying of starvation. Children were perishing in icy Poland for lack of clothing enough to keep them from freezing. What can be said of the selfishness of this wanton spending when such conditions exist?

To be economical we need not be stingy. We may save to give. There cannot be liberality

without economy. Expending to benefit others, or saving that we may meet a need, is true thrift. Money, food, and clothing are not given us to be wasted or hoarded.

One expensive article bought demands others. Diamonds for which twelve and fifteen thousand dollars are asked are frequently sold; automobiles for which seventeen thousand dollars must be paid are popular.

Where the money comes from to meet such expensive buying would be a wonderful revelation.

RESULTS OF PRODIGAL SPENDING

Many a man has lost both money and character because of the demands made upon him by the woman he calls wife, who flits and flutters and flirts, and thinks only of her own foolish wishes and fancies. She married for dollars instead of the man, her object in getting married being to find some one who would furnish capital for her to spend.

Benedict Arnold, it is said, became a traitor because his wife worshiped dress. Many men struggle to keep up appearances, to satisfy the demands made upon their income by wife and children, till they yield to temptation and fall. Wives become the murderers of their husbands. Their pride and selfishness pierce the heart like a dagger. Many a fancy article of dress is stained with blood. Pride ruins. It is the god to which millions bow, both rich and poor.

How can a man meet such a situation? Steal? He is filled with horror to think of it, but there seems to him sometimes no other way. He may decide to borrow. Then comes bankruptcy. If he tries doing without luxuries, he meets repining and reproaches, tears and bitter words. Heart and courage fail, and he becomes desperate.

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE WIFE

A story contributed to the San Francisco *Examiner*, before the great war, is worth careful study. It is of a man who was made a thief by evil associations.

She sat before me the other day — the wife of the Thief. She had come to ask mercy for her husband, who had been caught stealing.

She was young and she was pretty, and her black eyes shone from under a hat of late design, and she wore a coat of fine cloth, and the shoes on her small feet were good, and the gloves on her little hands were not cheap.

"You see," said the wife of the Thief, "it's this way: I was away, and he got lonesome, and wanted me to come home; and he was out of work, and he got into bad company, and he is not strong-minded, and they made him think it was all right. And that's how he got into trouble — bad company — that's the whole thing. I hope you won't prosecute him."

"What was your husband's business?" said I to the wife of the Thief.

"Bookkeeper."

"What does he get a month?"

"Fifty dollars," said the Thief's wife.

"You make your own clothes?"

The Thief's wife swept her modish dress with the tail of her dark eye and laughed a little, like a mischievous child.

"Who? Me?" she said. "I can't sew."

"You do your own washing then?"

The Thief's wife looked down at her little white, useless hands. She looked as if she didn't know whether to laugh or frown. She chose to laugh.

"Why, no," she said. "I never did that kind of work."

"How do you get on with the cooking? You do that, of course."

The Thief's wife smiled this time; and what a dimple she had, to be sure!

"That ain't so hard," she said. "There's a delicatessen store, and I get everything, or almost everything, from there. I don't know how to cook."

Fifty dollars a month the Thief made, and his wife does not cook, can't sew, would not wash for anything, and she says he is in trouble because he got into bad company. I didn't say a word to the Thief's wife about the company.

I went in to see the Thief. He was locked up — as a thief should be. He sat on the edge of his cot, and he looked as if he had been crying, and he told me about the trouble.

"I lost my job," said the Thief, "and my wife went home on a visit. I had to give up the flat, and I couldn't pay my room rent, and I owed the laundry people, and the delicatessen man was after me, and I went into this flat you've heard about, and took what I could see."

"How did you lose your job?"

"I don't know," said the Thief. "They just let me out, that's all."

"Do you know who took your place?"

"Yes. A fellow that lives in the same house where our flat was."

The new bookkeeper's wife wasn't at all like the Thief's wife. I went to see her and found out. She isn't as good-looking as the Thief's wife, but she is sweet-faced and rosy, and her eyes are bright and true and loving, her hair is pretty, and her neat little house dress was well made and hung right.

She made it herself, she told me; makes all her own clothes — oh, yes, indeed! She could not afford to hire them made.

Her hats, too, she trims; and the laundry — well, the collars, she sends them, but the rest she does herself.

The delicatessen shop—is there one near by? She didn't know. She does all her own cooking. It is cheaper so, and better, and her husband does not like ready-cooked things.

I went to see the man who pays the bookkeeper's salary.

"Yes, we let him out," said he. "No, nothing definite against him, you might say; but he and his wife were picture-show fiends—went every night; and once I saw them there, and the wife was dressed better than my wife. I can't see where he got the money for that hat. He handled



He was locked up — as a thief should be.

money for me sometimes, and I didn't think it was fair to put him under such a strain, so I got a different sort of man."

"A different sort of man?"

"Well, no, not exactly. I mean a man with a different sort of wife. It amounts to the same thing; don't you think so?"

Bad company — that's what got the poor, weak-chinned Thief into trouble. There's no doubt about that. The worst kind of company. A silly, vain, selfish, lazy, wasteful wife. The foolish girl who marries a poor man and then will not wash, will not iron, will not cook, and will not sew! Bad company indeed! Poor, silly Thief! Bad company, indeed!

He is out of jail now, is the Thief. We asked the judge to be lenient with him, as it was a first offense.

I wonder if it will be his last.— *Annie Laurie.*

And he was not the only man made a thief because of the lack of thrift and economy.

THE PASSING OF SIMPLICITY

The change from the simple life of the past to the complicated existence of modern times is astonishing. Our pleasures are costly. Common men now live like princes of former days.

Pleasures have increased while real joy has declined. There are plenty of things,—expensive things, too; but when they are possessed, they soon grow old and must be replaced by newer and more costly articles.

One hundred years ago the wife of Dr. Lyman Beecher had the first carpet made in the village where they lived. After it had been tacked to the floor, a deacon called to visit Dr. Beecher.

"Walk in, deacon, walk in," Mr. Beecher called out cheerily.

“Why, I can’t help stepping on it,” was the response after surveying the new carpet. Then he asked,

“Do you think you can have all that, and heaven too?”

But now, whether heaven is attained or not, the extravagant and senseless furnishing and spending goes on. *Things*—more and more things—are in the saddle. Life is spent in acquiring and caring for possessions, which add nothing to the comfort and pleasure of life.

True, simplicity is advocated, but it is an expensive simplicity that does not lessen expense. We must have “dull mahogany,” “soft-toned pictures,” “rich rugs,” “expensive porch furniture,” “lovely lines in living rooms,” “distinction in dining rooms,” “delicate draperies,” “personality in bedrooms.” Such simplicity spells elegance, and an added drain on the family resources.

When mother went away to school, if she had one best dress for Sabbath, two for week days according to season, with one or two of thin material for warm weather, she was thought to be well supplied. The material for her clothes was selected not for its sheen, its daintiness, or transparency. But daughter must have reception gowns, evening dresses, and sport suits, besides many others for common wear, all selected with reference to style instead of service.

When graduation year arrives, the dresses to be worn are studied and discussed for months

before the final day. Then comes the purchase and making; and one might suppose the girl was to be presented at a royal court. Class entertainments and functions of all sorts call for clothes and still more clothes, causing perplexity and great expense to father and mother. Almost any occasion demands new dresses, new accessories; and thus children and young people form habits of useless and extravagant spending, which are still continued when they have homes of their own. Few indeed are those who have the wisdom or the courage to mark out a method of spending for themselves without regard to the decrees of custom or fashion.

WHY ECONOMIZE?

“Very few men know how to use money properly,” says Orison Swett Marden. “They can earn it, lavish it, hoard it, waste it; but to deal with it wisely as a means to an end, is an education difficult of acquirement.”

One wealthy man wrote this sage advice:

“True economy consists in always making the income exceed the outgo. Wear the old clothes a little longer if necessary; dispense with the new pair of gloves; mend the old dress; live on plainer food, if need be; so that, under all circumstances, unless some unforeseen accident occurs, there will be a margin in favor of the income. A penny here, and a dollar there, placed on interest, go on accumulating, and in this way the desired result is obtained. It requires some training, perhaps, to accomplish this economy; but when once used to it, you will find there is more satisfaction in rational saving than in irrational spending.”

But money is given to be used. He who economizes to hoard becomes miserly. Many men of wealth are liberal givers.

“I will give twenty-five dollars to the city mission,” said a man to a minister whom he met on the street. The minister wondered why one who was known to be very saving should be so liberal.

“Wait a minute,” called back the giver. “I have the twenty-five dollars with me, and I will give it now instead of sending it. It will save a postage stamp.”

He had learned that to save even the cost of a stamp enabled him to give liberally.

In the household and in business, little savings amount to more than one would suppose. One housekeeper throws dry bread, cold potatoes, and other left-overs into the garbage can. The prudent wife never wastes a morsel of food. The remnants are combined into palatable dishes, and home expenses are reduced by such small economies. Garments are mended before they are past mending. Lights are not left burning when not needed. Fires are regulated so fuel is not wasted. Tools and utensils are cared for and kept in order. Help is not employed that can be dispensed with.

“Be it ever so humble,” is a sentiment that does not appeal to the modern home. Individuals and nations would be better if they would love the home more and its furnishings less. There would be more happy homes if there were more thrift and economy.

CHAPTER TWENTY-FOUR

HOSPITALITY

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
In the place of their self-content;
There are souls like stars, that dwell apart,
In a fellowless firmament;
There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
Where the highways never ran;
But let me live by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
Where the race of men go by;
They are good, they are bad, they are weak, they are strong,
Wise, foolish, and so am I.
Then why should I sit in the scorner's seat,
Or hurl the cynic's ban?
Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
And be a friend to man.

—*Sam Walter Foss.*

A PATRIARCH was sitting in the door of his tent one hot summer day. As his eye scanned the landscape, he saw three men approaching. He knew them to be strangers, but his kind heart prompted him to urge them to receive entertainment. His invitation, so hearty, so hospitable, was accepted.

These visitors, though not relatives nor acquaintances, were treated to the best the home afforded. The host himself made provision for their needs. He was so interested, so enthusiastic, that he even *ran* as he waited upon them. He bade his wife hasten. He himself served the

food. No labor or inconvenience was thought too great to lavish upon these stranger guests.

The old man was Abraham. His visitors were angels and the Lord Himself. His act of hospitality is recorded as an example; and the apostle writes, "Be not forgetful to entertain strangers: for thereby some have entertained angels un-awares."

But some who seek entertainment are not angels. A man who claimed the hospitality of a woman, repeated the exhortation quoted above, and said to her that if she did not receive him as her guest, she might turn away an angel from her door.

"No danger whatever in this instance," replied the woman. "If you were an angel, you would not appear at my house smoking a pipe, as you are now doing. Angels do not use tobacco."

Hospitality consists in enjoying with others that which we call our own. True hospitality welcomes one from the outside to the home circle. Guests are treated with kindness and generosity. The host expects no reward for his effort and consideration, but receives his guests with a joyful heart, and for the sake of the good he can impart.

The appreciative guest will bring pleasure to the home, and will carry with him the cheer and warmth found there. Thus there will be mutual giving and receiving.

To sit together, break bread together,—our own bread,—then sit before the fire,—our own fire,—and tell what has befallen us on our pilgrimage, and speculate on what is yet to befall—that, whether in an Indian wigwam or a lordly castle, is the soul of hospitality.

Its real essence is for one outside the home circle to be welcomed within it. For the time being, all are members of one family. They eat together, talk together; and the purpose of hospitality is to form and maintain friendship.

But times and customs have changed. Our home life and our manner of receiving guests are different. Now one “entertains” at a club, at a hotel, or a restaurant. There are plays, music, games; but such entertainment is a free show, not true hospitality. We are hospitable when we share with others bread for the body and food for the mind.

One writer says:

“By hospitality I mean the outflow of heart and overflow of spirit which moves you to give a feast to the poor, to search out and hearten up the victims of a ‘hall room’ desolation, to throw your doors wide open to the waifs in the street. A home is not a home unless it shelters the homeless.”

Those who entertain in these modern times are much concerned about eating. Those who invite guests are puzzled to know how to provide dainty, sumptuous, and expensive refreshments; and those who are invited feel it is necessary, if possible, to furnish in turn something still more novel and extravagant. Thus all vie in wanton

waste which is injurious to health, and adds nothing to happiness. There are jealousies, strife, and envyings, instead of the friendship, communion, and fellowship which accompany true hospitality. People are apt to confine their invitations to personal friends, and their own "set"; and those who most need help and comfort are not taken into account.

"Do you know, sweetheart," said a fond husband to his wife, "of all the holiday entertainments we have ever given, that one when we invited the teachers near us who were far from their own homes, and dear old Miss Mason, who never had husband or children, and we had our Thanksgiving dinner together,—*that* was the very happiest party we ever had?"

"Do you remember," he continued, "how pleased Miss Mason was, and that the next day, she came to thank us again, to tell what a pleasant day she had spent, and then she gave you a beautiful handkerchief as a memento of the occasion? Poor old lady! She had enough for her support, but her heart was hungry for friends — to feel that she was wanted and welcome somewhere. I am glad we gave her that pleasant day before she went to her long rest.

"And the teachers, too — how much they enjoyed helping you get the dinner! That was a Thanksgiving to be remembered, dear. Do you suppose there are any people in this community whom we could invite to visit at our home, and thus help them?"

OUR OPPORTUNITIES

Our time here is short. We can pass through this world but once; as we pass along, let us make the most of life. The work to which we are called does not require wealth or social position or great ability. It requires a kindly, self-sacrificing spirit and a steadfast purpose. A lamp, however small, if kept steadily burning, may be the means of lighting many other lamps. Our sphere of influence may seem narrow, our ability small, our opportunities few, our acquirements limited; yet wonderful possibilities are ours through the faithful use of the opportunities of our own homes. If we will open our hearts and homes to the divine principles of life, we shall become channels for currents of life-giving power. From our homes will flow streams of healing, bringing life, and beauty, and fruitfulness where now are barrenness and death.—*Ministry of Healing*, page 355.

ALONE

Over the city, the sun hangs low.
 People are hurrying to and fro,
 Cars are crowded, and autos race
 To thread where a guardsman assigns a place.
 All is astir; but whither I,
 Who have not a nest where I may fly?
 Out where the street bares its heart of stone,
 Lost in a crowd — bereft, alone!

Lost in a crowd! Though my purse is fair,
 And signboards are beckoning here and there,
 Listless I scan every passing face,
 But never a thought of the wanderer trace.
 Lost in a crowd, as I aimless roam,
 Earth's treasures nothing, without a home!

—*Joy Hope.*

A woman who lived in a city said:

“We’ve been having a regular epidemic of luncheons, teas, and dinners lately. Really there’s very little satisfaction in such functions unless one thinks primarily of what

one gets to eat. I've made up my mind to do what entertaining I do, in a different way. I'm going to invite my friends in twos and threes, and give them a taste of our home life; I'm tired of seeing people on parade."

There are members of churches and societies who might look after the entertainment of the strangers within our gates, and invite them to lunch after the morning service or on other occasions. There are genial people who could take it upon themselves to help young men and women who are lonely and beset with temptations and dangers. There are hosts of evil agencies that provide pleasure and companionship for young men and women, and who extend the "glad hand" as the first step in enticing to evil. Why should not good men and women — those who see the danger, those who have both ability and courage — meet these young people and invite them to their homes, where they would find rest, comfort, and shelter?

Some will find themselves condemned by the great Judge, in the final day, by the words, "I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in: naked, and ye clothed Me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited Me not." Matthew 25:42, 43.

"Oh, little place where friends will come
The tangled world to flee!
Brave little nook where peace will bide,
And hospitality!"

THE UNEXPECTED GUEST

Often when the hostess is least prepared, visitors arrive unannounced, and perhaps uninvited. What shall she do?

Six men who were friends agreed to take turns in inviting one another home to lunch, without saying anything to their wives about it beforehand. This is what happened: Mr. A was obliged to sit in a cold parlor with his friend while the tablecloth was being changed. Mr. B had to excuse himself and make several trips to the grocery store before the meal was served. Mrs. C insisted on changing her own gown and the clothes of two children before luncheon was announced. Mr. D and his guest were kept waiting so long while additions were made to the menu, that they had time only to snatch a bite and run for their car.

Mrs. F was the only woman of the six who really rose to the occasion. When her husband opened the front door, she was found mounted on a stepladder, dusting a cornice. She had a sweeping cap on her head and a smudge on her face. But she actually smiled a radiant smile as she came down from her perch, saying, "How lovely!" when her husband explained that he had brought his friend home to luncheon. "Come right into the dining room," she said; "I'm afraid the parlor is not very warm." In a minute or two, she emerged from the kitchen with a clean face and a clean apron; and in an astonishingly short time, she had an appetizing meal on the table.

"It is hardly fair to the rest of you," her husband said to his friends afterward. "Maggie makes a kind of specialty of entertaining unexpected guests; in fact, most of our entertaining is done in just this way. I telephone from the office, 'I'm bringing Jones up to dinner,' and she telephones to Mrs. Jones to come too. We can't afford to give elaborate company dinners, and people don't expect them when they are invited in this informal way. Maggie always keeps an emergency shelf in the pantry and some fresh fruit in season. She says it's no trouble at all to make a few additions to the usual bill of fare when one does this."—"*Home and School.*"

It is often not a lack of kindness of heart, but the hostess is puzzled to know how to entertain guests as she desires, and this causes her to dread unexpected arrivals. But the wise woman will provide the "emergency shelf," furnished with that which may be quickly prepared, and thus assure a meal satisfactory to both herself and her friends.

But it is not the elaborate provision that comforts and heartens the visitor. That can be found at a hotel or an eating house. It is the home spirit, the welcome that cheers and makes guests feel that their coming gives pleasure. Dean Swift once said: "A fig for your bill of fare! Show me the bill of your company."

A woman received a distinguished man at dinner in her home. She worked hard to provide what she thought would be a suitable meal, so had little time to converse with the guest, but left his entertainment to her husband. As the man was leaving after being invited to return at some future time, he said to the hostess, "When I come again, give me less dinner and more of your company." The kindly reproof was taken to heart, and practiced in later years.

But now the tendency is to omit the "guest room," and it is understood that overnight visitors are not expected or desired. This results in sharing our homes less and less with others, and the loss of blessings we might otherwise receive.

Ships that are passing mid billows and spray,
Greeting we give as they bear on their way,
Speaking in passing,—like touch of the hand,—
Bidding Godspeed to a far-away land.

Friendships are fleeting, the best we may boast,
Only a meeting, a moment at most;
Earth offers little,—to last but a day,—
Speeding ships, passing, and sailing away.

Still do we cherish these friends of a day,
Slight though the knowledge, and brief though the stay,—
Brief as the stay of the mid-ocean ships,—
Short though the greeting of little-known lips.

Handclasp of fellowship, welcoming word,
Common the impulse by warm feelings stirred,
Smiles through the teardrops, a laugh with a sigh,
Happy the greeting — God bless you — Good-by.
— *Max Hill.*

MUTUAL OBLIGATIONS

But not all the responsibility rests upon those who entertain. The guest should take care not to overstay his welcome. His presence may bring real inconvenience, and sometimes the atmosphere of the home becomes tense and perplexing on this account. The visitor, as well as the host, has obligations.

If a hostess invites guests, it is very proper to indicate in the invitation the time and length of the anticipated visit. She might write: "I want you to come and visit us a week this summer. The first of August would be a convenient time for me. If this is not the best for you, tell me when you can come, and we will try to arrange a time that will be agreeable to both of us."

When one is guest in any home, it should be a pleasure to do all possible to assist in the household tasks, and thus lighten the labors of the hostess. Guests may entertain the younger members of the family, and in unobtrusive ways enter into the family life.

Margaret Sangster tells her experience with a guest who visited the home of her childhood:

“Through all the years between the flaxen and the silver hair, I recall most gratefully the presence of a fair young woman who once spent a week at my father’s house, when I was a wee lassie, conning my Webster’s spelling book. Her pretty gowns, her merry laugh, and her sweet notice of my small self are with me still. She was to wade through seas of trouble, poor lady! But she did not dream of that then; and in her queenly beauty, she was not too radiant, nor too happy, to add sweetness to the cup of a small person who was blissful in touching her garment’s hem.”



(400)

One of the best remedies for sorrow is to find others who are afflicted, and try to "comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God."

CHAPTER TWENTY-FIVE

THE HOME IN SORROW

There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there;
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair.

— *Longfellow.*

IN every public assembly, we see the black badge of mourning. Watch the people on the thoroughfares of travel, and how true the saying that "the mourners go about the streets." The countenances of those we meet express a sadness they cannot hide. "Even in laughter the heart is sorrowful; and the end of that mirth is heaviness."

There are many who bear heart-breaking grief, yet hoist no signal of distress. Crape is not worn for loss of character, for secret heart-aches, for bitter disappointment, or because friends betray our trust.

We sometimes bestow our deepest sympathy on those who suffer least. There are sorrows worse than death, sorrows that are a blacker black than any covered by the coffin lid. The parents who mourn over son or daughter who has brought them disgrace and sadness would sometimes esteem their burden light had the child lived a pure, holy life and then been laid to rest beneath the lilies of the valley. In their sorrow is found no peace, no comfort.

The wife who has been forsaken and betrayed by him who promised to love and cherish till death, almost envies the widow clad in sable who mourns the husband ever loyal and true. Ah, a living sorrow is far harder to bear than a dead one! We may cover close the sting, the disgrace, of our grief, that none may see. Those bereaved by death receive help, sympathy, and love which are denied to those suffering a sorer need.

Then there are other troubles that bring the blinding tears, the groan of despair. Affliction sometimes comes in the form of lingering illness, of financial losses, of disappointed hopes and ambitions. There are days of watching, delay, and painful waiting, and nights when sleepless eyes stare out into the blackness, times when there seems no hope, no respite, no comforter. Yes, "there is sorrow on the sea; it cannot be quiet"; and likewise on the earth "behold trouble and darkness, dimness of anguish," and sadness reigns supreme. Many are ready to exclaim, "Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." The wail of agony reaches to heaven. At some time, in some form, intense grief pierces every soul.

Seeing the sadness and the troubles we must bear, Jesus our Saviour laid aside His kingly crown, His royal robe, and came to our earth to suffer with us.

One day, He sat on a mountain side. The people had assembled in crowds to hear His gra-

cious words. He said, "Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted." A poor mother with reddened eyes, who was mourning over her lost child, said to herself, "That means me; I am a mourner." The forsaken wife, cringing on the outskirts of the crowd, murmured, "He said that for me, for my heart is broken." A guilty man whispered, "That is for me; I am mourning over my wicked life." All found comfort in the message.

At the grave of Lazarus, "Jesus wept"—not for the sisters who mourned the loss of their brother, for he would soon live again; but He wept for all the mourners who would live, to the end of time. He wept for you, for me. He wept for every one that "shall know his own sore and his own grief," the grief he cannot share with even his best friend; and He styles Himself "the God of all comfort." Christ's mission was to "comfort *all* that mourn; . . . to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

Many have experienced this comfort when the dark shadow of grief has fallen upon their hearts and homes. They have been able to rejoice even in affliction and suffering.

It is sweet to know,
When we are tired, and when the hand of pain
Lies on our hearts, and when we look in vain
For human comfort, that the Heart Divine
Still understands these cares of yours and mine.

.

There is no sorrow that He will not share,
No cross, no burden, for our hearts to bear
Without His help, no care of ours too small
To cast on Jesus; let us tell Him all —
Lay at His feet the story of our woes,
And in His sympathy find sweet repose.

— *Author Unknown.*

The Christian religion is the only one that sympathizes with sorrow and brings comfort to the mourner. And in this fact lies evidence of its heavenly origin, its sufficiency for every human need. It brightens the tomb, and points to the Father above, who “shall wipe away all tears,” who promises a “new heaven,” and a “new earth,” where “there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.”

FELLOWSHIP IN SUFFERING

We are never able to sympathize deeply with others in their griefs till the sword has pierced our own soul. One who enjoys perfect health cannot know the suffering of the one who experiences long days and dreary nights of bodily distress. The rich know not the worth of gold, or the keen distress of the poor, till they lose their possessions and are left helpless and destitute. Those blessed with friends have no understanding of the sadness and desolation of those who are friendless and alone.

We attend funerals and look upon the faces of the dead, but we have no acquaintance with

death till we battle day after day and night after night for the life more precious than our own. We never know the meaning of a funeral till we hear the crunch of the wheels of the hearse on the gravel before our own door.

But when sorrow grips the heart and writes its story on the brow, when the hair whitens and the heart fails — it is in *that* trying hour that the divine Comforter is closest and most precious; and like the skillful surgeon, He binds up our wounds and applies His healing balm.

Sometimes we lose the blessings that sorrow brings, by questioning and rebelling against the circumstances in which we are placed. Better is it to say, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.” Our doubtings and repinings only add to our sorrow. The time of affliction and bereavement is the time to walk by faith and not by sight, to trust where we cannot see.

Never is God’s goodness questioned when He sends joy and blessings for which we pray. We trust and love Him then. Why not trust Him in the darkness and gloom the same as in the light and joy? He “changeth not,” and His love for us is strongest when we need Him most.

“WHAT DOES IT MEAN?”

It does not matter what it means, poor heart!
The dear Lord knows; to bear it is your part,
Nor think some strange thing happens unto you,
Which He would not allow so if He knew.
He does know. In His all-wise fatherhood,
He knows it, and allows it for your good.

He is not hard ; you do not think He is,
When, in the dark, you find your hand in His.
When it was light, you tried to walk alone,
And thought the strength He gave you all your own.
You did not question what the blessing meant,
Just smiled and took it, satisfied, content.

— *Anna J. Granniss.*

A young man found he was losing his sight. Life was very bright before him till this affliction came. He was expecting to marry a young woman whom he loved devotedly.

Feeling that perhaps if she knew he was to be blind she might wish to be released from her engagement, he wrote offering to end their relationship if she desired it. He was greatly surprised and pained when she replied that she thought it better for them to live apart, and the poet-preacher passed through a veritable Gethsemane of sorrow.

But though in his distress he was ready to exclaim, "All Thy waves and Thy billows are gone over me," yet in time his feet found the Rock of Ages, he came into a fellowship with his Saviour he could not otherwise have known. To the "Man of sorrows," Him who was "acquainted with grief," he poured out his complaint. In his travail of soul, he wrote:

"O Love that will *not* let me go,
I rest my weary soul in Thee;
I give Thee back the life I owe,
That in Thine ocean depths its flow
May richer, fuller be."

That consecration brought comfort, and then he could offer this prayer of resignation in the face of overwhelming disappointment and impending blindness:

“O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine’s glow its day
May brighter, fairer be.”

And he could even rejoice in tribulation, for he sang:

“O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow in the rain,
And feel the promise is not vain,
That morn shall tearless be.”

Finally, with still clearer vision, knowing that victory was his own, George Matheson concluded his immortal hymn, that has comforted and inspired thousands of hearts, with these words of triumph:

“O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to hide from Thee;
I lay in dust life’s glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red,
Life that shall endless be.”

But what shall be said of the young woman who rejected the cross offered her, when she turned aside from such a love, and left that noble, kingly soul to suffer in sorrow and darkness alone? Hers was surely a self-seeking affection; and she was utterly unworthy of the

love of the man she abandoned to his fate. Of true, unselfish love she knew nothing. His was the gain, hers the loss.

Many of the loveliest songs of peace and hope which God's children sing in this world they have been taught in the hushed and darkened chambers of sorrow. In like manner, many of the rarest beauties of character are touches given by the divine Spirit in the hours of affliction. . . .

The photographer carries his picture back into a darkened room, that he may bring out its features. The light would mar his delicate work. God brings out in many a soul its loveliest beauties while the curtain is drawn and the light of day shut out. . . .

Many a home is saved from wreck by a sorrow that comes and draws estranged hearts close together again. Many a cold, icy nature is made warm and tender by the grief that crushes it.—*J. R. Miller, in "Week-Day Religion," pages 90, 91.*

THE MISSION OF SORROW

The sweetest music has its minor chords. Sorrow, if borne aright, brings with it a blessing and sweetens our lives. It makes us more sympathetic toward others, more kind and tender. It develops patience, humility, and the better qualities of the heart. Fiery trials lessen our hold on earthly objects, and cause us to look beyond the earthly realm to a better world.

Some of our saddest experiences come suddenly and give no premonition of their approach. Yesterday our hopes were high; to-day our hearts are crushed. The earth seems dim with anguish. Our calamity seems so cruel, so unexplainable! We are ready with the question, "Why is all this befallen us?" There seems

to be no light even in the heavens. To us, no sorrow can be compared with ours. Other husbands and wives are happy in each other's companionship; ours are sleeping in death. We hear a childish laugh in the street; our child will never smile again. Others are not tearful, anxious, or bereft. We were as happy as they yesterday; now everything is shrouded in gloom. Why, oh, why does the God we have loved and served permit us to be so afflicted?

When overtaken by trouble or bereavement, there is a better way than to clothe our souls in gloom, to shut ourselves away from those who need us, and yield to complaining and rebellion. There are still others for whom we should live, a work we still have to do. By our patience, we may tell others that we are sustained, cheered, strengthened; and their courage will be renewed by our example. This will be better than to become a heavy burden to the friends left us, or to indulge in doubt and stormy grief.

“Arise and all thy tasks fulfill,
And as thy day, thy strength shall be;
Were there no power beyond the ill,
The ill would not have come to thee.

“Though cloud and storm encompass thee,
Be not afflicted nor afraid;
Thou knowest the shadow could not be
Were there no sun beyond the shade.”

To shut one's self up to grief and lamentation and woe, to burrow in the darkness like a mole,

does not honor the dead. Grief may be very selfish, and is one of the most difficult forms of selfishness to overcome.

Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That life is ever lord of death,
And love can never lose its own!

— *Whittier.*

One of the best remedies for sorrow is to find others who are afflicted, and try to “comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.” We shall find them everywhere,— those who bear heavier burdens than our own. Our courage, hope, and faith may give them strength.

“Why should we grieve that for a little while
Our loved are gathered from our arms away,
And laid to rest beneath the flowers’ bloom,
To wait the dawning of a brighter day?
We cannot miss them long; the darkest night
Is but a little while — and then the light!”

With all the promises we have, with the evidences all about us that God still loves us as His own, we must seek to live for those yet with us, that when the great roll call comes, not one name among our loved ones shall be missing.

Our comfort must be that the time will come when we, with those we love, “shall be caught up

together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air: and so shall we ever be with the Lord. Wherefore comfort one another with these words.”

Drop the warm tear — for Jesus wept;
Sorrow shall find relief in tears.
But let no secret grief be kept
To waste the soul through nameless years.
They rest in hope; their hallowed dust
Is watched, and from the grave shall rise;
Earth shall restore her sacred trust,
Made all immortal for the skies.

— *J. Loton.*

CHAPTER TWENTY-SIX

LENGTHENING SHADOWS

How often have I watched the sunset glow
Fall on some western windows, whilst the slow,
Majestic beauty of the closing day
Crept softly o'er the valley, till it lay
More perfect than at noontide! So I hope
When our life's sun shall reach the western slope
Of its horizon, that its rays may throw
Across ripe fields but an intenser glow
And deep'ning of the noon.

— *Grace Adele Pierce.*

AN ordinary day represents human life in miniature. The sunrising is an inspiration. All is robed in beauty. But as the hours go by, the sun scorches and withers the earth with its heat. By and by a storm cloud covers the sky. The lightning flashes. The thunder rolls. For a time, the sun is hidden. In the late afternoon, the shadows begin to lengthen. The day is closing. The clouds roll back. There is a vision of beauty that brings heaven very near. No hour of the day has been so filled with peace. The tasks are nearly done. The twilight falls. Night comes on. We soon fall asleep, and the weary day is over.

At the dawn of life, all seems fresh as the morning. We laugh, we play, we sing. But soon the burden and heat of the day press upon us. Stern toil fills the busy hours. Our steps falter. The storms and troubles of the years

compass us about. We long for rest and peace. The hair whitens. We begin to realize that we are growing old. The shadows of life's afternoon fall about us. Then comes the sunset, the twilight turns to darkness, and we go to sleep.

The things we reverence most are old things. The old mountains that seem to pierce the sky; the old rivers; the old ocean; the old stars that seem to be —

“Forever singing, as they shine,
‘The hand that made us is divine;’”

old cathedrals; the old Bible; old pictures; old monuments commemorating old events,— all are cherished and valued.

But old age in persons is not considered desirable. We look forward with dread to the weakening of bodily and mental powers; for age brings death, and death is an enemy. “The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death.” We ward off its approach as long as possible.

It has been said, “No snow falls lighter than the snow of age; but none is heavier, for it never melts.”

No, it never melts — never. The whitening hair never recovers the color of youth. Time keeps the snow falling — quietly, steadily falling. The wheels turn steadily on and on, and they never turn back. We may sing,—

“Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight;
Make me a child again just for to-night;”

but we grow older while we sing, and the wheels cease not their onward revolution.

“Our birthdays used to be so few,
So long to next from last;
But now, that we don’t want them to,
They’re coming thick and fast.”

But old age has its consolations, its delights. If the morning and noon of life have been wisely lived, age brings the quiet and rest of evening. Sunset is usually more beautiful than the sun-rising, “and thine age shall be clearer than the noonday.”

We need not speak disparagingly of the old. Age is beautiful, honorable, eloquent, worthy of love and reverence. “The hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness.” The lengthening shadows bring the afterglow of an unselfish, useful life. “At evening time it shall be light.”

Some are very sensitive over evidences of advancing years, and apply lotions and dyes to efface the marks of time. Others bravely sing,—

“My face, I don’t mind it;
You see I’m behind it;
The people in front get the jar.”

There is a beautifier that gives charm to the most deeply wrinkled face and makes the whitened hair glorious. But this remedy does not come in jars or bottles, nor is it applied to hair or skin. It is the character formed before age comes on, an interest in the pleasures and pur-

suits of others, a steady purpose to be useful and happy till the time of resting comes.

We have all known such people. Their presence was a joy, an inspiration. Their old age seems as exquisite as the bloom of youth.

"I love old mothers — mothers with white hair,
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes.
Sweet mothers! As they pass, one sees again
Old garden walks, old roses, and old loves."

In a photograph of an old lady, every feature seems to reflect goodness and grace. Why was her life so long? and why does she look so happy? This is why:

"She knew how to forget disagreeable things.

"She understood the art of enjoyment.

"She kept her nerves well in hand, and inflicted them on no one.

"She believed in the goodness of her own children and in that of her neighbors.

"She cultivated a good digestion.

"She mastered the art of saying pleasant things.

"She did not expect too much from her friends.

"She never forgot that kind words and a smile cost nothing, but are priceless treasures to the discouraged."

Another important point was that she refused to worry about anything she could or could not help. Thus she kept her poise, her self-control, and retained her charm to an astonishing age.

As leaves are borne on the river's breast,
Floating along in a sweet unrest;
As clouds pass over the summer sky,
And one by one drift dreamily by,—

So have glided away, with their smiles and tears,
Seventy changing, beautiful years.

Like pearls that slip from a shining strand,
But are caught and held by some careful hand
That weaves them anew into braid and band,
To gleam on the brow in some distant land,
So our years from the thread of life must fall,
But the hand of an angel gathers them all,
And into a coronet, brightened by tears,
He will bind the seventy beautiful years.

—*Selected.*

CAN WE LENGTHEN OUR LIVES?

There is no guaranty to be relied on which will lengthen life. One may join a "Hundred Year Club," but that does not insure his living a hundred years.

Professor Hufeland says: "If you would live long, live moderately, and avoid a stimulating, heating diet, such as a good deal of fish, flesh, eggs, chocolates, wines, and spices." He might have added strong drink and tobacco to his list.

Thomas Parr, it is said, died in his one hundred and fifty-third year. At death, his bodily organs were found in perfect condition. Probably he might have lived much longer, but the king of England heard of him, and invited Parr to visit him. After a few days of living on dainties instead of on his ordinary frugal fare, Parr died.

Because we are growing old, we should not therefore become inactive. Exercise should be taken moderately; but it is well to have some-

thing in which one is interested, to occupy both mind and body. Excessive work and athletic feats may be left for those who are younger.

Abundant sleep is required by elderly people. A short nap during the day is an excellent restorative.

Small ailments are not to be worried over, yet they should not be neglected. A cough, continuous pain in any organ, and other danger signals are to be heeded. If repairs are kept up, any machine will last longer.

Growth of mind should never cease while we live. "Mental locomotor ataxia should be resisted and overcome." Paul, in his old age, wrote, "*Forgetting the things which are behind, and stretching forward to the things which are before, I press on toward the goal.*"

A writer of ability well says:

"It is sad to see how many elderly and middle-aged women take it for granted that life holds nothing for them but the passive rôle of grandmother. Many a woman has but little time for study while rearing a family; but when the children are married and gone to homes of their own, then comes the time when she needs some outside interest. If she has not something to take her out of herself, she will turn to gossip and fancywork to keep her busy. This is just the time to devote herself to some particular study. . . . The women who never grow old are the student women, those who daily drink in some new chyle through memorizing, thoroughly analyzing, and perfectly assimilating subjects apart from themselves. Study is development,—it is eternal youth. The student woman who makes wise use of her acquisitions, has no time to corrugate her brow with dread thoughts of the beauty destroyer leaping fast behind her. Not considered or invited, Old Age keeps his distance.

“Orison Swett Marden declares: ‘If you do not want the years to count, look forward instead of backward, and put as many interests into your life as possible. Monotony and lack of mental occupation are great age producers. . . . The greatest conqueror of age is a cheerful, hopeful, loving spirit.’”

“‘It is too late!’ Ah, nothing is too late
Till the tired heart shall cease to palpitate.
Cato learned Greek at eighty; Sophocles
Wrote his grand *Œdipus*, and Simonides
Bore off the prize of verse from his compeers,
When each had numbered more than fourscore years.”

VALUE OF PHYSICAL LABOR

Many men who have prospered in business retire from active life to “rest” and “take life easy,” as it is sometimes expressed. Their lack of occupation leads to inactivity, and often they become victims of disease and death long before these are due. While elderly people should “slow down,” yet if unoccupied, they lose the stimulation and satisfaction that work gives. Work is a valuable means for preventing illness, and also a good remedy for some diseases.

One woman advanced in years had long been an invalid, but she decided that some out-of-door work would be beneficial. She began to cultivate a few flowers; and even though she became weak and dizzy and weary, she found herself gaining strength. Then she turned her attention to raising poultry. These occupations kept her out of doors, interest was aroused, and she again enjoyed good health.

A man of my acquaintance began life with a tendency to tuberculosis. Four of his elder brothers and sisters died of that disease when they reached the early twenties. He decided that he would live, not die. After an active life, at seventy-three years of age, he is still able to wield the woodman's ax or to preach a good sermon. Physical examination declares him to be in almost perfect health.

CHANGES IN THE HOME

Among the saddest experiences that come to the aged is when the life companion is gone, and the bereaved one is left to journey alone. One mother who was called "the woman who wouldn't grow old," thus states how she passed through this trial:

"My arteries have grown a little hard; my heart a little slow, but it still pumps good red blood with some of the dance of youth in it. Only once, except for weakened moments here and there, moments that youth also experiences, did I feel old. That was when, after forty-three years of companionship with one I never ceased to love, I knew that I must finish my journey alone. And then I hoped it might be a short journey.

"When I saw the home that we had builded together broken up, the little things, trivial to others, but dear to us because we had selected them, treasured them, packed away; when I saw this — I was an old, old lady.

"For I was indeed alone. My children were married and away. It was decided — by them — that I should make my home with my eldest daughter, and visit the others when I chose. And though the 'breaking up' was done with loving hands, it seemed as though it marked the beginning of my disintegration. . . .

"Yes, then I was old. Too old to be transplanted, I thought. No child can understand. It matters not how great the love, how beautiful the surroundings, it is then that age creeps in and tries to lay one away on the shelf. That is the great battle of life."

But after a year, this woman rallied, as many others have done. She interested herself in the affairs of family, church, neighborhood, and nation. She became a blessing, not a burden; the comforter of many in sorrow and trouble.

Only those who have long had homes of their own, and who are compelled by circumstances to live in other homes, can know the shadow that creeps into the heart and enshrouds the life.

Young people sometimes make a mistake in bringing father and mother into their homes. True, they should always be heartily welcomed there; but those who for years have managed their own affairs find it difficult to adjust themselves to such changes. They do not want to sit with folded hands with nothing to do. So father may say too much about his son's business, and mother may "meddle" with her daughter's housekeeping. Friction comes in, and the young people show they wish no interference, and the anxious, active old people carry about a wounded heart.

In that sad day to father or mother when the house is left desolate, when the life companion is laid low and the one who remains is left alone, it will be a comfort if the children who are married rally round the stricken one with assurances

of love, and as circumstances demand, give companionship and support. It may be necessary for the father to accept the invitation of his children to live with them; and while father may be a care, he will also be a blessing. But if possible, father and mother should still remain in their own home, for no other will ever seem the same.

“Keep your home, dear mother,” says Margaret Sangster, “if you possibly can, and let your children come to you. The plainest shelter that belongs to you is a better choice than the most luxurious resting place in a home that is not yours. In your own house, or in your own small apartment, you are free to do as you please, and this you will never be if you dwell in another household.”

DISPOSITION OF PROPERTY

Sometimes a grave mistake is made by old people who have property, in turning it over to their children, to receive in return care and a home. It would be far better to hold what they have, while they live. That which we possess is a talent lent of God, and the owner is responsible for its investment.

It is important that all who have property consult proper authority and make a will, or better, provision in deed of trust. It should be drawn so it will stand the test of the law. Everything must be made very clear. Death will come no sooner if provision is made for this emergency, and those we support may be saved much loss and perplexity by the exercise of foresight on our part. Wife and children

should not be left destitute. Often an active business man dies suddenly, without a moment for preparation, and when his business is examined, it is found in such condition that lawyers' fees and other expenses consume a large share of that which might have gone to the bereaved family.

We certainly should not delay preparation for the future life till we are on our deathbed, nor make the mistake of leaving the adjustment of business matters till our stewardship is about to end. The time to set everything in order is before illness and death come. This should never be postponed.

In bequeathing property to relatives and friends, it is well that we remember our best Friend, to whom we owe all we have. God gives power to acquire wealth; and all possessions are lent to those He makes His stewards, as talents to be increased by service. There are many enterprises in need of support, those which are calculated to bless mankind.

Old folks are sometimes forgotten by those who ought to remember them. There may be a heartache in the aged breast because the son or daughter does not write; the message hoped for did not come; their birthdays were entirely forgotten. They feel keenly that they are no longer needed, that their opinions are not respected.

We sometimes see the wistful, yearning wonder in the eyes when no word is spoken. If the

absent son and daughter could only know how the old folks at home would prize a letter, how they wait and long for it when it does not come! But they are "so busy"! Yes, but father and mother were never too busy to come at the call of their children.

Why not send a loving "night letter"? How it would surprise them! Then write oftener — the long, newsy letters filled with experiences, and telling them of the gratitude you feel for all they have done for you. Perhaps a gift now and then would not be out of place. Such little attentions make the heart sing for joy.

"How sharper than a serpent's tooth
It is to have a thankless child!"

BEAUTIFUL OLD AGE

Some make a botch of old age, instead of making it beautiful. They become sour, peevish, critical. They bemoan the evil of the times, and complain: "It was not so when I was young. Then everything was brighter and better."

"The wise man does not grow old," declares Victor Hugo, "he ripens." He is like the luscious autumn fruit. He still loves to minister to others, and becomes a safe counselor. The youth are warned and strengthened by his influence. The children love him.

Edwin Markham wrote the following poem for his friend who was retiring from arduous labor after editing the *Christian Herald* for thirty years. We quote in part only:

“Now take a little time to play
And look at life the other way.
God rested when the world was made!
Rest now, old friend; be not afraid.

“But think not that your work is over,
That you are now a foot-free rover,
A Rambler upon idle ways,
Whittling away the golden days;
Not so, for in God’s rounded plan
There’s no long furlough for a man.
There’s no long pause; on every night,
Another summit swims in sight.
The long road rises scene by scene,
With little restings in between.
Then let me say that every end
Is only a little secret bend
In the eternal road we go
To peaks above from peaks below.
The yesterdays are shells we shed!
The best is always on ahead!

“The wage of work is more work. Ho,
This is a joy you did not know!
When earth has labored and men reap,
Then she turns over and goes to sleep;
But in her rest she softly dreams
Of April birds and rushing streams,
Of leafy nests and blowing wheat,
And rains that run on silver feet.

“Old friend, you seeded well your field,
And God has counted up the yield;
Now let, for a time, old furrows lie
To take new tinctures from the sky.

“Rest for a season, then depart
To other labors of the heart.
Young men will turn to you to find
Peace to emparadise the mind.
Others will find a power and grace

In simply looking on your face.
Others will gaze and only say :
'He won, and yet he went the way.
Nobly he fought the battle through;
And what *he* did, *our* souls can do.'"

“BUT WHAT CAN I DO?”

This question comes in a quavering voice from dear old saints who know that their days for deeds of strength are past. They feel they are “laid on the shelf,” that they are “has-beens,” while all about them they hear calls for help and see tasks for which they have no sufficiency.

One old lady was heard to say, “I cannot even write letters now; my sight has failed, and my hand is so crippled it can hardly hold the pen.”

“I wrote texts and placed them in a basket which bore the invitation, ‘Please Take One,’ said another. “I called them ‘Crumbs of Comfort.’ But — but it’s beyond me now to do even that,” and the aged hands wiped away the blur that tears brought to her eyes.

But there is one avenue of usefulness closed to none, however aged or feeble, while life and reason remain.

That avenue is *intercessory prayer*.

A widow of great age, named Anna, *served God* with fasting and prayer. Her prophetic vision saw needs unseen by younger and more active workers. She prayed, and God heard her pray, and sent remarkable answers to her prayers. None are so old and feeble but that

they can pray. They may intercede with God, and present to Him names and objects that need prayer.

“Prayer is the key in the hand of faith to unlock heaven’s storehouse, where are treasured the boundless resources of Omnipotence.”

What encouragement is this to pray! The aged may use that key. Think of opening the “boundless resources of Omnipotence”! In behalf of all in need, let us pray.

Those who are old can still *smile*. Smiles are cheap. Anybody can smile. The cheerful smile imparts courage to those bearing heavy burdens.

They can *speak the word of courage*. So many need encouragement! They can cheer on the younger workers, and thus share their labors. By their example of patience and cheerfulness amid hardship and suffering, they greatly hearten others.

Older people can *give counsel to the young*. It may not always be gratefully received, but perhaps it will be heeded later on. The inexperienced feet must travel the road the veteran has traveled. If advice is given, coming not as from a dictator but from a friend, it will often be remembered and prized. This phase of usefulness is thus described by an unknown poet:

THE BRIDGE

“An old man, going a long highway,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,

The sullen stream had no fear for him;
 But he turned when safe on the other side,
 And built a bridge to span the tide.
 'Old man,' said a fellow pilgrim near,
 'You are wasting your time with building here;
 Your journey will end with the ending day,
 You never again will pass this way;
 You've crossed the chasm deep and wide.
 Why build you this bridge at evening tide?'
 The builder lifted his old gray head.
 'Good friend, in the path I've come,' he said,
 'There followeth after me to-day
 A youth whose feet must pass this way;
 This chasm, that has been as naught to me,
 To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;
 He, too, must cross in the twilight dim.
 Good friend, I'm building this bridge for him.'"

Dr. A. J. Gordon met an old man singing.
 "Friend," said Dr. Gordon, "why should an
 old man be so cheerful?"

"Not all are," was the reply.

"Well, then, why are you?"

"Because I belong to the Lord."

"And are none others happy at your time
 of life?"

"No, not one, my friendly questioner," said
 he, and his form straightened. "Listen to the
 truth from one who knows; and no man of three-
 score and ten shall be found to deny it: *The
 devil has no happy old men.*"

The psalmist prayed: "Cast me not off in the
 time of old age; forsake me not when my
 strength faileth. . . . Now also when I am old
 and gray-headed, O God, forsake me not."
 God's answer is: "Even to your old age I am

He; and even to hoar hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear; even I will carry, and will deliver you."

During the more active period of life, some do not find time for Bible study that they desire. That holy Book is the staff of age. If read daily, its pages will be as an anchor to keep the soul in every perplexity and sorrow.

"We all do fade as a leaf," says the prophet Isaiah. The time of fading is not a time of wailing to the child of God. He is nearing home. Who that has witnessed the closing hours of life for the Christian has not exclaimed, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!"

"Paul the aged" struck the chord of victory as he neared the close of earthly life. He exclaimed: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only, but unto all them also that love His appearing."

The executioner's sword had no terror for Paul. He was "ready." His eye was on the "crown," the reward he was to receive.

CHAPTER TWENTY-SEVEN

THE HOME EVERLASTING

“One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o’er and o’er:
I’m *nearer home* to-day
Than I ever have been before.”

ONE evening, a little girl was gazing with delight at the brilliant stars shining in the darkened sky. Suddenly she exclaimed:

“I was thinking if the *wrong side* of heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?”

Our view of the heavenly home has been marred because of sin. We see the “wrong side” of heaven. The earthly home, at its best, is a type of the better one for which we long.

On a mountain summit stands a large building surmounted by a circular dome. Night after night, a sleepless watcher points his telescope toward the stars and looks into infinite space. He studies the secrets of the heavenly bodies, and watches suns and worlds and systems, and records their movements.

How far away they seem! Men often inquire if other worlds are inhabited. Astronomers cannot tell us. Science can only reason from conditions in our own earth, and these conditions form a basis for speculation only, in which astronomers are not agreed. Doubtless other worlds like our own were formed to be inhab-

ited. Definite knowledge must wait for future revealings.

But astronomers do tell us the approximate distance and size of many of these luminaries in the celestial heavens, such as Sirius, Polaris, Arcturus, and others. For instance, it is estimated that mighty Antares, of the constellation of Scorpio, has a diameter of 400,000,000 miles. It would take more than 150,000 beads as large as the earth to encircle the great sun. Other suns are nearly as large.

The power of our imagination is inadequate to conceive the size of those stupendous heavenly bodies. And on, and *on*, and ON, defying all our power to see or our wisdom to comprehend, satellites, suns, and systems march in perfect order, obedient to the will of their Creator.

So when we try to understand the truth about our home in heaven, "as yet we see things dimly, reflected in a mirror; but then,—face to face! As yet knowledge is incomplete; but then [when we reach that blest abode] it will be as full as God's knowledge of us is now." 1 Corinthians 13:12, Twentieth Century New Testament.

In ancient times, mirrors were made of polished metal, which did not give back a perfect reflection. One translation of the above text reads, "Now we see through a [dim] glass obscurely." Long ago thin plates of horn, transparent stone, ill-prepared glass, were used in windows to admit light through which objects might be imperfectly seen.

As the traveler rejoices at the end of a long, wearisome journey, as he hastens his steps when he sees his native hills, so the Christian who has reached the last stage of his earthly pilgrimage eagerly inquires, "Are we almost there?"

HEAVEN IS A PLACE

We are traveling to "a country." This world is "a strange country" to those who, like Abraham, look "for a city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God."

Those who have died in faith "confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth." This was not their home. They desired "a better country, that is, an heavenly: wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God: for He hath prepared for them a city." "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

HEAVEN IS A HOME

Those who live in that country form one large, loving, united family. None lack "good society" there. None but pure, holy beings dwell in heaven. "Thy people also shall be all righteous." There is no caste there, and every one will have right to the glories, beauties, and privileges of that home.

When we reach that abode, we "shall go no more out." We shall "move no more." No packing and picking up, no loaded van leaving the door with our earthly belongings! We shall have a permanent home, a residence lacking in

nothing that is desirable. The chief joy will be that we shall see our best Friend, we shall be “*forever with the Lord.*”

A PLACE OF REUNION

Where the faded flower shall freshen,
 Freshen nevermore to fade;
 Where the shaded sky shall brighten,
 Brighten nevermore to shade;
 Where the sun blaze never scorches,
 Where the star beams cease to chill;
 Where no tempest stirs the echoes
 Of the wood, or wave, or hill;
 Where the morn shall wake in gladness,
 And the noon the joy prolong;
 Where the daylight dies in fragrance,
 Midst the burst of holy song —
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 With the holy and the blest.

Where no shadow shall bewilder;
 Where life's vain parade is o'er;
 Where the sleep of sin is broken,
 And the dreamer dreams no more;
 Where the bond is never severed;
 Partings, claspings, sobs, and moan,
 Midnight waking, twilight weeping,
 Heavy noontide — all are done;
 Where the child has found its mother,
 Where the mother finds her child;
 Where dear families are gathered,
 That were scattered on the wild —
 Brother, we shall meet and rest
 With the holy and the blest.

— *Horatius Bonar.*

FOOD AND CLIMATE

There will be an abundance of food there. No one will be hungry or thirsty, for “they shall

hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb . . . shall lead them unto living fountains of waters.”

The climatic conditions will combine and exceed the best features of the most salubrious climate on earth. There will be no tornadoes or hurricanes, no thunderstorms, no tempests or earthquakes. Through the clear atmosphere, multitudes of happy homes can be seen, and music will echo and reëcho from hill to valley through all that fair land.

UNNECESSARY PROFESSIONS

No doctors, nurses, dentists, or lawyers will be needed there. “The inhabitant shall not say, I am sick,” “neither shall there be any more pain.” The undertaker’s services will not be required, for “there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying.” All have been changed from mortality to immortality, and the saying has been brought to pass that is written, “Death is swallowed up in victory.”

“THAT GREAT CITY”

Heaven has a grand metropolis. It is a more wonderful city than the imagination can conceive. It baffles all powers of description. But we have a few of its marvels and beauties made known. “The city lieth foursquare.” It is three hundred and seventy-five miles in length and breadth. It is surrounded by a wall

“great and high,” and twelve flashing, glittering, precious stones form the foundation of this wall. On the north, the south, the east, and the west, three gates give entrance to the city. “And the twelve gates were twelve pearls; every several gate was of one pearl.” There is an angel guardian at each one; “and the gates . . . shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there.”

No electric power plant lights this great city; “for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.” Through its broad street flows a glorious living river. On its banks is the tree of life, bearing its fresh, luscious fruit of different variety each month.

After reading the description of that city of wonders, the poet has attempted thus to describe it:

Past the setting of sun stands the city Elysian,
Unrevealed save to spirits anointed and free,
Which the chosen behold as a glorified vision
In splendor unveiled by the crystalline sea,—
The clear, azure sea,—the wide-flashing sea,—
The wonderful, odorous, music-toned sea,—
That flows round the shores of the country of God,
Which only the feet of His freemen have trod.

Its walls stand superb in the sunshine eternal;
Round its turrets in ether the cloud billows curl;
Not a fair stone is stained by a shadow diurnal,
And each massive gate is a portal of pearl,—
One lustrous, great pearl,—a bewildering pearl,—
A glorious, fathomless, mystical pearl,—
That haunts me and taunts me with far-off delight,
In visions of daytide and dreams of the night.

I dream of it often when sickness and sorrow
Pass over my spirit and scourge as a rod,
And fill me with longings for some glad to-morrow,—
Some glimpse of that city whose builder is God,—
Whose founder is God,— whose maker is God,—
Where the blest reign forever and ever with God;
And then how it seems to grow nearer,— so near
That the strains of its music break low on my ear!

And then, as its splendors are spread out before me,
Enchanting my senses, alluring my soul,
What billows of rapture roll o'er me and o'er me,
Till earth and its troubles from under me roll;—
Beneath me they roll,— far away from me roll,—
As distant as east from the west is their roll;—
And I seem like a child on the warm, loving breast
Of a mother who soothes it and lulls it to rest.

Shall we see it? Ah, yes! for us it was builded,—
For us its foundations were measured of old,—
For us were its turrets of ivory gilded,
Its battlements burnished with silver and gold,—
With virginal gold,—with yellow, bright gold,—
And metals more precious than silver and gold,—
For us it is waiting who wearily roam
As aliens afar from our country and home.

How often — God help us — far from it we wander,
Our bruised feet marking the way with our blood;
Of the joys of this life growing fonder and fonder,
As if over yonder no proud city stood,—
No bright city stood,—no light city stood,—
No royalest, comeliest, white city stood,—
While we who are heirs of a kingship divine
Are content with the husks and the huts of the swine!
—*Springfield "Republican."*

THE VALUE OF A HOME THERE

What will a residence in such a city be worth?
How much shall we invest in it? It is a part

of the "inheritance . . . reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time."

Have you made your reservation?

This great city, New Jerusalem, is the queen of the new earth. To her, "from one new moon to another, and from one Sabbath to another, shall all flesh come to worship before Me, saith the Lord." In that holy city, "God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God."

"And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

"For the Lord shall comfort Zion: . . . and He will make her wilderness like Eden, and her desert like the garden of the Lord; joy and gladness shall be found therein, thanksgiving, and the voice of melody."

LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

The "nations of the saved" who enter the city of God may also have residence in the country. The whole earth will be made new, and God's purpose will be fulfilled that it shall be inhabited. There "the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose."

"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing: for in the

wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert."

"They shall not hurt nor destroy in all My holy mountain: for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea."

"NO MORE CURSE"

The fatal malady which has been the curse of our world will be forever cured. Sin shall never exist again. The controversy between good and evil will eternally end. There will be no more death. After millions of years in that holy, happy land, there will be as many millions multiplied by millions more still to live; and on and on, ever and forever on through the ages of eternity, the inhabitants of that world shall live, with the certain knowledge that "they shall die no more."

We may have a home there. We may invite others to go with us. Our children must not be left behind; but like Moses, we say, "We will go with our young and with our old, with our sons and with our daughters . . . will we go."

WHERE HEAVEN BEGINS

Heaven for us must begin on earth. What we make our homes here will, in a measure, determine what they will be there. We cannot imagine that those who are unfaithful and unloving in their home here would be prepared for a home in heaven. This life is a training school

where the lessons of patience, fidelity, faithfulness, and obedience must be mastered.

One writer has beautifully said: "The colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful morning and the shining sea, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers, are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of everyday, common, and unpoetic life."

No other work committed to us is so important, none other reaches into the future so far, no other is so often or so easily marred, as our homemaking. The goldsmith works on precious stones and metals. The artist skillfully paints his canvas. It matters little if their work is not entirely perfect; but the imprint our lives and characters leaves on human souls with whom we associate in the home is as lasting as the ages, and it will never — no, never be effaced.

We must have a home in God's land. Those who have bravely borne the trials and tests of life, those who have patiently labored and fainted not, will be there. Those who have striven to attain highest excellence as husband, wife, father, mother, brother, sister, son, and daughter, shall, through the merits of Christ and by His grace, inherit the home everlasting.

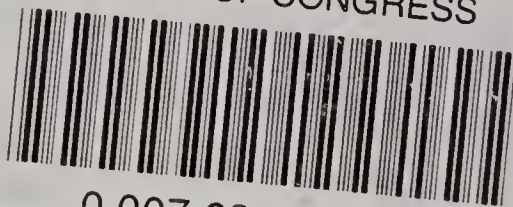
"O dear, dear native country!

O rest and peace above!

Christ bring us all to the Homeland

Of Thy redeeming love."

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